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THE WRIGHT BROTHERS' AËROPLANE

BY ORVILLE AND WILBUR WRIGHT

WITH PICTURES FROM PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY THE AUTHORS

THE article which follows is the first popular account of their experiments prepared by the inventors. Their accounts heretofore have been brief statements of bare accomplishments, without explanation of the manner in which results were attained. The article will be found of special interest, in view of the fact that they have contracted to deliver to the United States Government a complete machine, the trials of which are expected to take place about the time of the appearance of this number of THE CENTURY.—THE EDITOR.

THOUGH the subject of aërial navigation is generally considered new, it has occupied the minds of men more or less from the earliest ages. Our personal interest in it dates from our childhood days. Late in the autumn of 1878, our father came into the house one evening with some object partly concealed in his hands, and before we could see what it was, he tossed it into the air. Instead of falling to the floor, as we expected, it flew across the room till it struck the ceiling, where it fluttered awhile, and finally sank to the floor. It was a little toy, known to scientists as a "hélicoptère," but which we, with sublime disregard for science, at once dubbed a "bat." It was a light frame of cork and bamboo, covered with paper, which formed two screws, driven in opposite directions by rubber bands under torsion. A toy so delicate lasted only a short time in the hands of small boys, but its memory was abiding.

Several years later we began building these hélicoptères for ourselves, making each one larger than that preceding. But, to our astonishment, we found that the larger the "bat," the less it flew. We did not know that a machine having only twice the linear dimensions of another would require eight times the power. We finally became discouraged, and returned to kite-flying, a sport to which we had devoted so much attention that we were regarded as experts. But as we became

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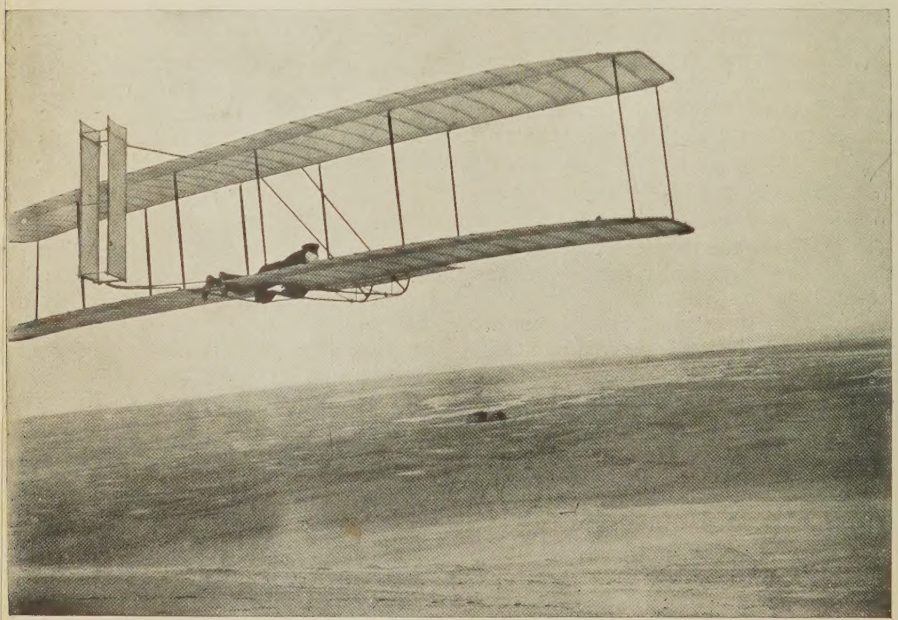
older, we had to give up this fascinating sport as unbecoming to boys of our ages.

It was not till the news of the sad death of Lilienthal reached America in the summer of 1896 that we again gave more than passing attention to the subject of flying. We then studied with great interest Chanute's "Progress in Flying Machines," Langley's "Experiments in Aërodynamics," the "Aëronautical Annuals" of 1905, 1906, and 1907, and several pamphlets published by the Smithsonian Institution, especially articles by Lilienthal and extracts from Mouillard's "Empire of the Air." The larger works gave us a good understanding of the nature of the flying problem, and the difficulties in past attempts to solve it, while Mouillard and Lilienthal, the great missionaries of the flying cause, infected us with their own unquenchable enthusiasm, and transformed idle curiosity into the active zeal of workers.

In the field of aviation there were two schools. The first, represented by such men as Professor Langley and Sir Hiram Maxim, gave chief attention to power flight; the second, represented by Lilienthal, Mouillard, and Chanute, to soaring flight. Our sympathies were with the latter school, partly from impatience at the wasteful extravagance of mounting delicate and costly machinery on wings which no one knew how to manage, and partly, no doubt, from the extraordinary charm and enthusiasm with which the apostles of soaring flight set forth the beauties of sailing through the air on fixed wings, deriving the motive power from the wind itself.

The balancing of a flyer may seem, at first thought, to be a very simple matter, yet almost every experimenter had found in this the one point which he could not satisfactorily master. Many different methods were tried. Some experimenters placed the center of gravity far below the wings, in the belief that the weight would naturally seek to remain at the lowest point. It was true, that, like the pendulum, it tended to seek the lowest point; but also, like the pendulum, it tended to oscillate in a manner destructive of all stability. A more satisfactory system, especially for lateral balance, was that of arranging the wings in the shape of a



A GLIDING FLIGHT (WITHOUT MOTOR) FROM KILL DEVIL ' man on D
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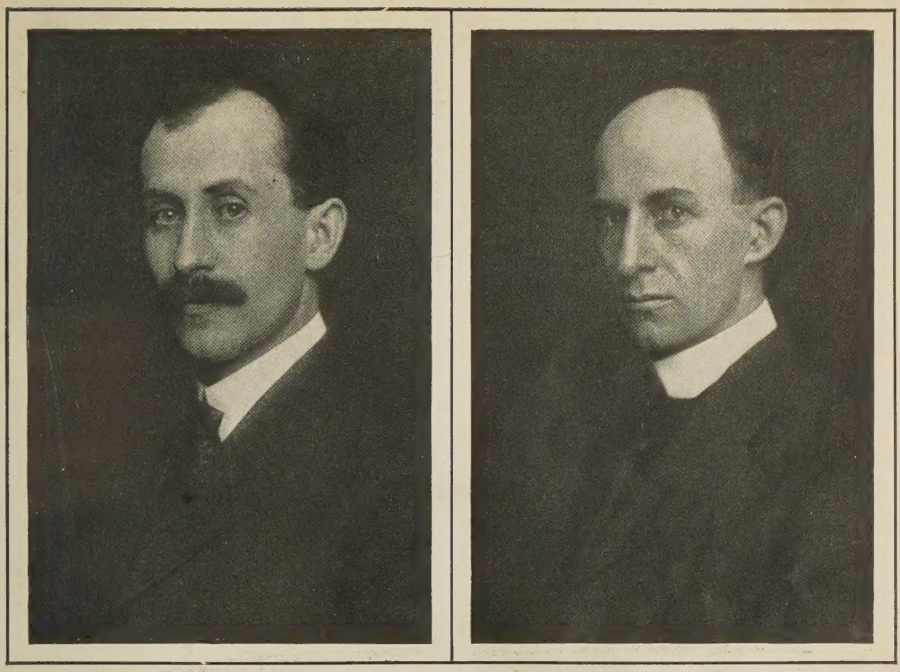


From photographs by Hollinger

ORVILLE WRIGHT WILBUR WRIGHT

broad V, to form a dihedral angle, with the center low and the wing-tips elevated. In theory this was an automatic system, but in practice it had two serious defects: first, it tended to keep the machine oscillating; and, second, its usefulness was restricted to calm air.

In a slightly modified form the same system was applied to the fore-and-aft balance. The main aëroplane was set at a positive angle, and a horizontal tail at a negative angle, while the center of gravity was placed far forward. As in the case of lateral control, there was a tendency to constant undulation, and the very forces which caused a restoration of balance in calms, caused a disturbance of the balance in winds. Notwithstanding the known limitations of this principle, it had been embodied in almost every prominent flying-machine which had been built.

After considering the practical effect of the dihedral principle, we reached the conclusion that a flyer founded upon it might be of interest from a scientific point of view, but would be of no value in a practical way. We therefore resolved to try a further different principle. We would arrange the machine so that it would not tend to right itself. We would make it as inert as possible to the effects of change of direction or speed, and thus reduce the effects of wind-gusts to a minimum. We would do this in the fore-and-aft stability by giving the aëroplanes a peculiar shape; and in the lateral balance, by arching the surfaces from tip to tip, just the reverse of what our predecessors had done. Then by some suitable contrivance, actuated by the operator, forces should be brought into play to regulate the balance.

Lilienthal and Chanute had guided and balanced their machines by shifting the weight of the operator's body. But this method seemed to us incapable of expansion to meet large conditions, because the weight to be moved and the distance of possible motion were limited, while the disturbing forces steadily increased, both with wing area and with wind velocity. In order to meet the needs of large machines, we wished to employ some system whereby the operator could vary at will the inclination of different parts of the wings, and thus obtain from the wind forces to restore the balance which the

wind itself had disturbed. This could easily be done by using wings capable of being warped, and by supplementary adjustable surfaces in the shape of rudders. As the forces obtainable for control would necessarily increase in the same ratio as the disturbing forces, the method seemed capable of expansion to an almost unlimited extent. A happy device was discovered whereby the apparently rigid system of superposed surfaces, invented by Wenham, and improved by Stringfellow and Chanute, could be warped in a most unexpected way, so that the aëroplanes could be presented on the right and left sides at different angles to the wind. This, with an adjustable, horizontal front rudder, formed the main feature of our first glider.

The period from 1885 to 1900 was one of unexampled activity in aëronautics, and for a time there was high hope that the age of flying was at hand. But Maxim, after spending $100,000, abandoned the work; the Ader machine, built at the expense of the French Government, was a failure; Lilienthal and Pilcher were killed in experiments; and Chanute and many others, from one cause or another, had relaxed their efforts, though it subsequently became known that Professor Langley was still secretly at work on a machine for the United States Government. The public, discouraged by the failures and tragedies just witnessed, considered flight beyond the reach of man, and classed its adherents with the inventors of perpetual motion.

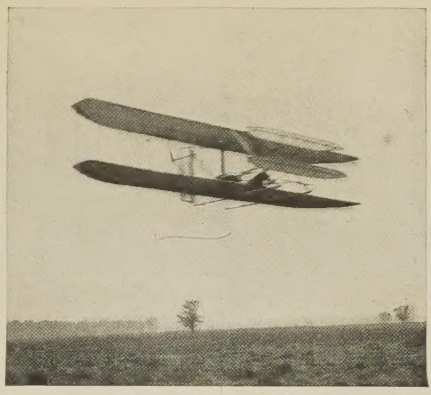
FIRST FLIGHT OF THE WRIGHT BROTHERS' FIRST MOTOR MACHINE, AT KILL DEVIL HILL, DECEMBER 17, 1903

This picture shows the machine just after lifting from the track, flying against a wind of twenty-four miles an hour.

We began our active experiments at the close of this period, in October, 1900, at Kitty Hawk, North Carolina. Our machine was designed to be flown as a kite, with a man on board, in winds of from fifteen to twenty miles an hour. But, upon trial, it was found that much stronger winds were required to lift it. Suitable winds not being plentiful, we found it necessary, in order to test the new balancing system, to fly the machine as a kite without a [illegible]board, operating the levers th[illegible] from the ground. This [illegible] practice

anticipated, but it inspired confidence in the new system of balance.

In the summer of 1901 we became personally acquainted with Mr. Chanute. When he learned that we were interested in flying as a sport, and not with any expectation of recovering the money we were expending on it, he gave us much encouragement. At our invitation, he spent several weeks with us at our camp at Kill Devil Hill, four miles south of Kitty Hawk, during our experiments of that and the two succeeding years. He also witnessed one flight of the power machine near Dayton, Ohio, in October, 1904.



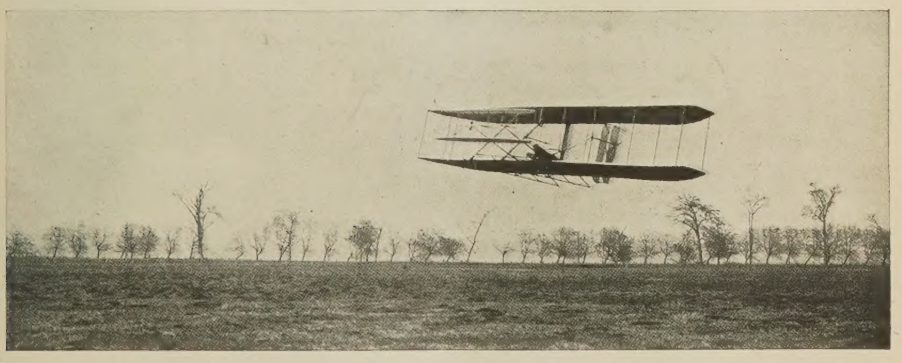
FLIGHT AT SIMMS STATION, NEAR DAYTON, OHIO, NOVEMBER 9, 1904

The machine described almost four complete circles, covering a distance of three miles in five minutes and four seconds.

The machine of 1901 was built with the shape of surface used by Lilienthal, curved from front to rear like the segment of a parabola, with a curvature $\frac{1}{12}$ the depth of its cord; but to make doubly sure that it would have sufficient lifting capacity when flown as a kite in fifteen- or twenty-mile winds, we increased the area from 165 square feet, used in 1900, to 308 square feet—a size much larger than Lilienthal, Pilcher, or Chanute had deemed safe. Upon trial, however, the lifting capacity again fell very far short of calculation, so that the idea of securing practice while flying as a kite, had to be abandoned. Mr. Chanute, who witnessed the experiments, told us that the trouble was not due to poor construction of the machine. We saw only one other explanation—that the tables of air-pressures in general use were incorrect.

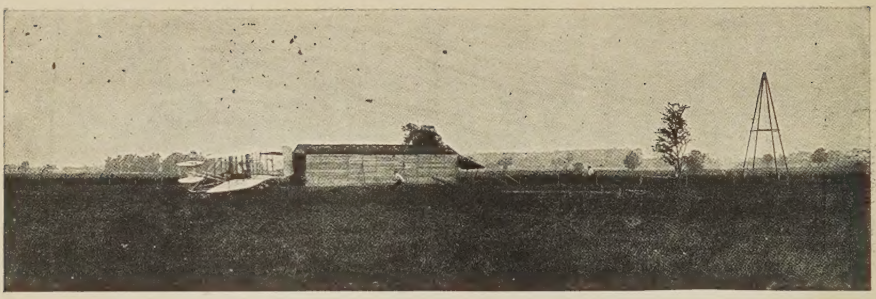
We then turned to gliding—coasting down hill on the air—as the only method of getting the desired practice in balancing a machine. After a few minutes' practice we were able to make glides of over 300 feet, and in a few days were safely operating in twenty-seven-mile [1] winds. In these experiments we met with several unexpected phenomena. We found that, contrary to the teachings of the books, the center of pressure on a curved surface traveled backward when the surface was inclined, at small angles, more and more edgewise to the wind. We also discovered that in free flight, when the wing on one side of the machine was presented to the wind at a greater angle than the one on the other side, the wing with

[1] The gliding flights were all made against the wind. The difficulty in high winds is in maintaining balance, not in traveling against the wind.



THREE-QUARTER VIEW OF A FLIGHT AT SIMMS STATION, NOVEMBER 16, 1904

The location of the Springfield turnpike and the Springfield electric road is indicated by the trees.



THE START OF THE FIRST FLIGHT OF 1905

The machine is seen just leaving the track, the initial velocity being obtained by its own motive power, assisted by a cable with falling weight, rigged to the derrick, especially for use in calm weather.

the greater angle descended, and the machine turned in a direction just the reverse of what we were led to expect when flying the machine as a kite. The larger angle gave more resistance to forward motion, and reduced the speed of the wing on that side. The decrease in speed more than counterbalanced the effect of the larger angle. The addition of a fixed vertical vane in the rear increased the trouble, and made the machine absolutely dangerous. It was some time before a remedy was discovered. This consisted of movable rudders working in conjunction with the twisting of the wings. The details of this arrangement are given in our patent specifications, published several years ago.

The experiments of 1901 were far from encouraging. Although Mr. Chanute assured us that, both in control and in weight carried per horse-power, the results obtained were better than those of any of our predecessors, yet we saw that the calculations upon which all flying-machines had been based were unreliable, and that all were simply groping in the dark. Having set out with absolute faith in the existing scientific data, we were driven to doubt one thing after another, till finally, after two years of experiment, we cast it all aside, and decided to rely entirely upon our own investigations. Truth and error were everywhere so intimately mixed as to be undistinguishable. Nevertheless, the time expended in preliminary study of books was not misspent, for they gave us a good general understanding of the subject, and enabled us at the outset to avoid effort in many directions in which results would have been hopeless.

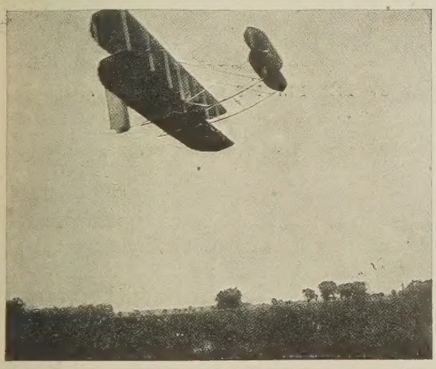
The standard for measurements of wind-pressures is the force produced by a current of air of one mile per hour velocity striking square against a plane of one square-foot area. The practical difficulties of obtaining an exact measurement of this force have been great. The measurements by different recognized authorities vary fifty per cent. When this simplest of measurements presents so great difficulties, what shall be said of the troubles encountered by those who attempt to find the pressure at each angle as the plane is inclined more and more edgewise to the wind? In the eighteenth century the French Academy prepared tables giving such information, and at a later date the Aëronautical Society of Great Britain made similar experiments. Many persons likewise published measurements and formulas; but the results were so discordant that Professor Langley undertook a new series of measurements, the results of which form the basis of his celebrated work, "Experiments in Aërodynamics." Yet a critical examination of the data upon which he based his conclusions as to the pressures at small angles shows results so various as to make many of his conclusions little better than guess-work.

To work intelligently, one needs to know the effects of a multitude of variations that could be incorporated in the surfaces of flying-machines. The pressures on squares are different from those on rectangles, circles, triangles, or ellipses; arched surfaces differ from planes, and vary among themselves according to the depth of curvature; true arcs differ from parabolas, and the latter differ among themselves; thick surfaces differ from thin, and surfaces thicker in one place

than another vary in pressure when the positions of maximum thickness are different; some surfaces are most efficient at one angle, others at other angles. The shape of the edge also makes a difference, so that thousands of combinations are possible in so simple a thing as a wing.

We had taken up aëronautics merely as a sport. We reluctantly entered upon the scientific side of it. But we soon found the work so fascinating that we were drawn into it deeper and deeper. Two testing-machines were built, which we believed would avoid the errors to which the measurements of others had been subject. After making preliminary measurements on a great number of different-shaped surfaces, to secure a general understanding of the subject, we began systematic measurements of standard surfaces, so varied in design as to bring out the underlying causes of differences noted in their pressures. Measurements were tabulated on nearly fifty of these at all angles from zero to 45 degrees, at intervals of 2½ degrees. Measurements were also secured showing the effects on each other when surfaces are superposed, or when they follow one another.

Some strange results were obtained. One surface, with a heavy roll at the front edge, showed the same lift for all angles from 7½ to 45 degrees. A square plane, contrary to the measurements of all our predecessors, gave a greater pressure at 30 degrees than at 45 degrees. This seemed so anomalous that we were almost ready to doubt our own measurements, when a simple test was suggested. A weather-vane, with two planes attached to the pointer at an angle of 80 degrees with each other, was made. According to our tables, such a vane would be in unstable equilibrium when pointing directly into the wind; for if by chance the wind should happen to strike one plane at 39 degrees and the other at 41 degrees, the plane with the smaller angle would have the greater pressure, and the pointer would be turned still farther out of the course of the wind until the two vanes again secured equal pressures, which would be at approximately 30 and 50 degrees. But the vane performed in this very manner. Further corroboration of the tables was obtained in experiments with a new glider at Kill Devil Hill the next season.



SIDE VIEW, SHOWING THE MACHINE TRAVELING TO THE RIGHT, WITH DOUBLE HORIZONTAL RUDDER IN FRONT, AND DOUBLE VERTICAL RUDDER BEHIND

This flight was made September 29, 1905, and the distance covered was twelve miles.

In September and October, 1902, nearly one thousand gliding flights were made, several of which covered distances of over 600 feet. Some, made against a wind of thirty-six miles an hour, gave proof of the effectiveness of the devices for control. With this machine, in the autumn of 1903, we made a number of flights in which we remained in the air for over a minute, often soaring for a considerable time in one spot, without any descent at all. Little wonder that our unscientific assistant should think the only thing needed to keep it indefinitely in the air would be a coat of feathers to make it light!

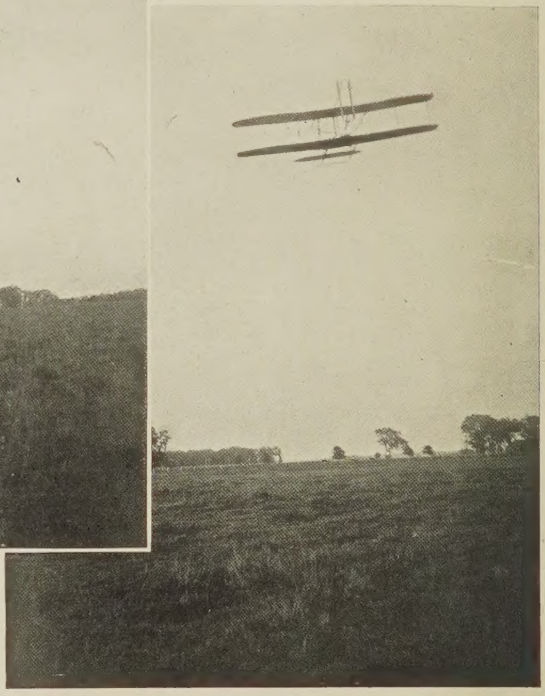
With accurate data for making calculations, and a system of balance effective in winds as well as in calms, we were now in a position, we thought, to build a successful power-flyer. The first designs provided for a total weight of 600 pounds, including the operator and an eight horse-power motor. But, upon completion, the motor gave more power than had been estimated, and this allowed 150 pounds to be added for strengthening the wings and other parts.

Our tables made the designing of the wings an easy matter; and as screw-propellers are simply wings traveling in a spiral course, we anticipated no trouble from this source. We had thought of getting the theory of the screw-propeller from the marine engineers, and then, by applying our tables of air-pressures to their formulas of designing air-propellers

suitable for our purpose. But so far as we could learn, the marine engineers possessed only empirical formulas, and the exact action of the screw-propeller, after a century of use, was still very obscure. As we were not in a position to undertake a long series of practical experiments to discover a propeller suitable for our machine, it seemed necessary to obtain such a thorough understanding of the theory of its reactions as would enable us to design them from calculation alone. What at first seemed a simple problem became more complex the longer we studied it. With the machine moving forward, the air flying backward, the propellers turning sidewise, and nothing standing still, it seemed impossible to find a starting-point from which to trace the various simultaneous reactions. Contemplation of it was confusing. After long arguments, we often found ourselves in the ludicrous position of each having been converted to the other's side, with no more agreement than when the discussion began.

It was not till several months had passed, and every phase of the problem had been thrashed over and over, that the various reactions began to untangle themselves. When once a clear understanding had been obtained, there was no difficulty in designing suitable propellers, with proper diameter, pitch, and area of blade, to meet the requirements of the flyer.

FRONT VIEW OF THE FLIGHT OF OCTOBER 4, 1905



REAR VIEW OF THE FLIGHT OF OCTOBER 4, 1905

In this flight twenty miles were accomplished in thirty-three minutes and seventeen seconds. The machine used in the extensive experiments at Kitty Hawk, North Carolina, last spring, was virtually of similar construction, adapted to two passengers.

High efficiency in a screw-propeller is not dependent upon any particular or peculiar shape, and there is no such thing as a "best" screw. A propeller giving a high dynamic efficiency when used upon one machine, may be almost worthless when used upon another. The propeller should in every case be designed to meet the particular conditions of the machine to which it is to be applied. Our first propellers, built entirely from calculation, gave in

useful work 66 per cent. of the power expended. This was about one third more than had been secured by Maxim or Langley.

The first flights with the power-machine were made on the 17th of December, 1903. Only five persons besides ourselves were present. These were Messrs. John T. Daniels, W. S. Dough, and A. D. Etheridge of the Kill Devil Life Saving Station; Mr. W. C. Brinkley of Manteo, and Mr. John Ward of Naghead. Although a general invitation had been extended to the people living within five or six miles, not many were willing to face the rigors of a cold December wind in order to see, as they no doubt thought, another flying-machine *not* fly. The first flight lasted only twelve seconds, a flight very modest compared with that of birds, but it was, nevertheless, the first in the history of the world in which a machine carrying a man had raised itself by its own power into the air in free flight, had sailed forward on a level course without reduction of speed, and had finally landed without being wrecked. The second and third flights were a little longer, and the fourth lasted fifty-nine seconds, covering a distance of 852 feet over the ground against a twenty-mile wind.

After the last flight, the machine was carried back to camp and set down in what was thought to be a safe place. But a few minutes later, while we were engaged in conversation about the flights, a sudden gust of wind struck the machine, and started to turn it over. All made a rush to stop it, but we were too late. Mr. Daniels, a giant in stature and strength, was lifted off his feet, and falling inside, between the surfaces, was shaken about like a rattle in a box as the machine rolled over and over. He finally fell out upon the sand with nothing worse than painful bruises, but the damage to the machine caused a discontinuance of experiments.

In the spring of 1904, through the kindness of Mr. Torrence Huffman of Dayton, Ohio, we were permitted to erect a shed, and to continue experiments, on what is known as the Huffman Prairie, at Simms Station, eight miles east of Dayton. The new machine was heavier and stronger, but similar to the one flown at Kill Devil Hill. When it was ready for its first trial, every newspaper in Dayton was notified, and about a dozen representatives of the press were present. Our only request was that no pictures be taken, and that the reports be unsensational, so as not to attract crowds to our experiment-grounds. There were probably fifty persons altogether on the ground. When preparations had been completed, a wind of only three or four miles was blowing, —insufficient for starting on so short a track,—but since many had come a long way to see the machine in action, an attempt was made. To add to the other difficulty, the engine refused to work properly. The machine, after running the length of the track, slid off the end without rising into the air at all. Several of the newspaper men returned the next day, but were again disappointed. The engine performed badly, and after a glide of only sixty feet, the machine came to the ground. Further trial was postponed till the motor could be put in better running condition. The reporters had now, no doubt, lost confidence in the machine, though their reports, in kindness, concealed it. Later, when they heard that we were making flights of several minutes' duration, knowing that longer flights had been made with air-ships, and not knowing any essential difference between air-ships and flying-machines, they were but little interested.

We had not been flying long in 1904 before we found that the problem of equilibrium had not as yet been entirely solved. Sometimes, in making a circle, the machine would turn over sidewise despite anything the operator could do, although, under the same conditions in ordinary straight flight, it could have been righted in an instant. In one flight, in 1905, while circling around a honey locust-tree at a height of about fifty feet, the machine suddenly began to turn up on one wing, and took a course toward the tree. The operator, not relishing the idea of landing in a thorn-tree, attempted to reach the ground. The left wing, however, struck the tree at a height of ten or twelve feet from the ground, and carried away several branches; but the flight, which had already covered a distance of six miles, was continued to the starting-point.

The causes of these troubles—too technical for explanation here—were not en-

tirely overcome till the end of September, 1905. The flights then rapidly increased in length, till experiments were discontinued after the 5th of October, on account of the number of people attracted to the field. Although made on a ground open on every side, and bordered on two sides by much traveled thoroughfares, with electric cars passing every hour, and seen by all the people living in the neighborhood for miles around, and by several hundred others, yet these flights have been made by some newspapers the subject of a great "mystery."

A practical flyer having been finally realized, we spent the years 1906 and 1907 in constructing new machines and in business negotiations. It was not till May of this year that experiments (discontinued in October, 1905) were resumed at Kill Devil Hill, North Carolina. The recent flights were made to test the ability of our machine to meet the requirements of a contract with the United States Government to furnish a flyer capable of carrying two men and sufficient fuel supplies for a flight of 125 miles, with a speed of forty miles an hour. The machine used in these tests was the same one with which the flights were made at Simms Station in 1905, though several changes had been made to meet present requirements. The operator assumed a sitting position, instead of lying prone, as in 1905, and a seat was added for a passenger. A larger motor was installed, and radiators and gasolene reservoirs of larger capacity replaced those previously used. No attempt was made to make high or long flights.

In order to show the general reader the way in which the machine operates, let us fancy ourselves ready for the start. The machine is placed upon a single rail track facing the wind, and is securely fastened with a cable. The engine is put in motion, and the propellers in the rear whir. You take your seat at the center of the machine beside the operator. He slips the cable, and you shoot forward. An assistant who has been holding the machine in balance on the rail, starts forward with you, but before you have gone fifty feet the speed is too great for him, and he lets go. Before reaching the end of the track the operator moves the front rudder, and the machine lifts from the rail like a kite supported by the pressure of the air underneath it. The ground under you is at first a perfect blur, but as you rise the objects become clearer. At a height of one hundred feet you feel hardly any motion at all, except for the wind which strikes your face. If you did not take the precaution to fasten your hat before starting, you have probably lost it by this time. The operator moves a lever: the right wing rises, and the machine swings about to the left. You make a very short turn, yet you do not feel the sensation of being thrown from your seat, so often experienced in automobile and railway travel. You find yourself facing toward the point from which you started. The objects on the ground now seem to be moving at much higher speed, though you perceive no change in the pressure of the wind on your face. You know then that you are traveling with the wind. When you near the starting-point, the operator stops the motor while still high in the air. The machine coasts down at on oblique angle to the ground, and after sliding fifty or a hundred feet comes to rest. Although the machine often lands when traveling at a speed of a mile a minute, you feel no shock whatever, and cannot, in fact, tell the exact moment at which it first touched the ground. The motor close beside you kept up an almost deafening roar during the whole flight, yet in your excitement, you did not notice it till it stopped!

Our experiments have been conducted entirely at our own expense. In the beginning we had no thought of recovering what we were expending, which was not great, and was limited to what we could afford for recreation. Later, when a successful flight had been made with a motor, we gave up the business in which we were engaged, to devote our entire time and capital to the development of a machine for practical uses. As soon as our condition is such that constant attention to business is not required, we expect to prepare for publication the results of our laboratory experiments, which alone made an early solution of the flying problem possible.

THE JUNIOR EXAMINER

AN EDUCATIONAL FANTASY

BY MARY L. LYLES

ABOUT a score of young women of varying degrees of youth and prettiness sat, or rather huddled, together in an upper room of the great building devoted by a mighty city to educational uses.

It was an afternoon of early September, and the heat reflected from the asphalt below poured in through the open windows, and added to the wretchedness of the group. They looked not unlike sacrificial lambs as they sat with apprehensive eyes staring at the inner door of the large room in which they were penned. It was the day of oral examinations for kindergartners, and behind that oaken barrier was hidden the examiner.

An occasional whisper broke the stillness as some timorous girl questioned her neighbor as to what she thought "he" was likely to ask.

"Ask? Whatever he *hopes* we don't know," was the embittered answer. "Why, I have been here five times, and I expect to keep on coming till—"

The opening door cut off the statement midway, and the Junior Examiner, trim, even jaunty, in his light suit and natty shoes, bowed gravely to the assembled lambs, and invited them into the mental slaughter-house. He was young, conscientious, consecrated to his work by much study of psychology and writing of themes on infantile characteristics; and he was apparently unaffected by the weather.

"I hate him for looking so cool," whispered one of the victims to her neighbor.

"You 'll hate him worse, and for other things," was the gloomy reply.

Then the weary work began. Program *versus* spontaneity, gifts and occupations, free play and games—all were brought up and discussed with such courage as lambs so deadly afraid of the shearer could summon. The ethical purpose underlying each was thoroughly considered until one bolder or more desperate than the others admitted letting the children "blow soap-bubbles because they liked to," and completed her ignominy by saying frankly that "she did n't mind the muss."

"Now," said the Junior Examiner, breaking in his blandest tone the hush that followed this avowal, "we will take up a few practical illustrations of the games."

The lambs, aghast at this last requirement, bunched hopelessly in a corner, and mingled bleats of protest and misery arose. "I just *can't!*" wailed one in answer to a whispered suggestion. "I 've written pages on gifts and mother-plays, and I 've answered every one of his questions; but I can't be a chickadee, and no one need ask me!"

The Junior Examiner frowned. "If you object," he began stiffly, and his blue pencil gleamed like the sacrificial knife in his hand.

"Object?" There was a stir, and the prettiest and sweetest of the group disengaged herself from her weeping neighbor and moved toward the piano. "We 'd just *love* to,"—touching the keys lightly as she faced the now quiet group.—"Form your circle, children," and to the familiar strains of a kindergarten march, the "bunch" disintegrated, formed anew, and sank to the floor, crossing their feet and clapping their hands in true kindergarten fashion.

"Are there any games you specially care to see?" asked their leader, turning her mutinous, dark eyes upon the Junior Examiner. Her tone was deeply defer-

ential, but there was a bit of unlamb-like spirit in her gaze. The Junior Examiner was aware of an unpedagogic thrill, but stiffly expressed a wish that she would make her own selection. "First we will sing," and, led by the piano and the player's merry voice as well, the lambs bade good morning to all things available, averred their "hearts were God's little gardens," and welcomed "the glad new day." Then came the games: chickadees went flying through the air, even the recalcitrant consenting to be one of those fluffy birds and to waving her arms with the rest; "little mice went nibbling, and the old gray cat came creeping" to softened echoes of the gay music; and "little travelers" came and went, the last two from "examining-land, where they are all examining." These waved pencils and marked imaginary papers, and the Junior Examiner forgot his dignity, clapped his hands, and cried "Good!" Thus encouraged, the music grew gayer and gayer, and "little lassies" performed surprising feats, and "happy families" were made and unmade, with cheerfulness and even laughter.

Suddenly the player arose, and called another to her place. "Now we 'll do the wheelbarrow," she said, and turned a flushed, audacious face to the Junior Examiner. "*You* must be It."

How it happened, no one, not even the instigator of the act, will ever know. Maybe the rollicking music, maybe the memory of days when he was Susan Blow's prize pupil, maybe the laughing eyes and outstretched hands impelled him, but down went the Junior Examiner upon his hands, extending his neatly clad feet to be firmly grasped by two dainty hands. "Now, go!" and to the inspiring sound of the piano, the two began a tour of the room, amidst the hand-clapping of the circle.

Suddenly the driver's grip relaxed, the Junior Examiner's natty toes struck sharp upon the hard floor, and he looked up, to meet the amazed gaze of the City Superintendent!

The gay circle resumed the sacrificial lamb aspect, and faint bleats of horror stirred the air. The player sat rigid, with fingers firmly holding down the piano keys. Slowly the Junior Examiner got upon his feet and stood, staring helplessly at his chief.

Before either could speak, the instigator of the young man's downfall flung herself between him and his astonished superior.

"It was *my* fault," she cried, clasping the Superintendent's fatherly arm with both her hands. "I don't know what made me so silly, but *he*"—with a swift glance at the Examiner—"was so stiff, and—" A burst of tears finished the sentence.

The great man patted her heaving shoulders gently. "You were quite right, I am sure. A practical illustration—" He broke off to glance at the Examiner. "I think we may assume that these young ladies have passed, and may now be excused?" The Junior Examiner gave a limp assent, and opened the door that led for them to freedom.

In the silence that followed their departure, the Superintendent turned his benign gaze on the Junior Examiner, who, white and limp, gazed helplessly back.

"It might be well in future, Mr. Examiner, to confine your investigations to the theory of the games. The results are less exhausting." Then laying a kindly hand on the young man's shoulder, he added: "She was very pretty, was n't she? I presume at your age I should have been —by the by, *what* were you?"

"A wheelbarrow," stammered the Junior Examiner.

"I should have been a wheelbarrow myself," said the City Superintendent.

ANDREW JOHNSON IN THE WHITE HOUSE

BEING THE REMINISCENCES OF WILLIAM H. CROOK

WRITTEN BY MARGARITA SPALDING GERRY

FIRST PAPER

WHEN I left Washington to accompany Mrs. Lincoln and Tad on their journey back to Illinois, the new President was occupying temporary offices in the west front of the Treasury Building. On my return, I found that he had moved into the White House. He did not, however, take Mr. Lincoln's old office for his own use. Because of the larger office force, a change in the arrangement was necessary, and Mr. Lincoln's room was used by clerks. The President had his desk in the former anteroom, which had been enlarged by taking away the partition used by Mr. Lincoln to give him private access to the library. Mr. Johnson's secretaries worked in the corner room which we had become accustomed to associate with Mr. Nicolay and Mr. Hay.

I must admit that it was a relief to me not to see Mr. Johnson in the familiar corner of the office from which for so many days Mr. Lincoln's deep eyes had smiled a kindly good morning. The new President was different from the dead President, whom we missed every day. Even in his appearance he was as great a contrast to Mr. Lincoln as was possible where two men are of the same country, the same period and of somewhat the same class. He was short, while Mr. Lincoln was remarkably tall; he was burly, while Mr. Lincoln was gaunt. With his black hair and eyes and Indian-like swarthiness, he had an Indian-like impassiveness of expression. There was none of the lines in his face which, with Mr. Lincoln, showed just how many times he had laughed and how many times he had grieved. Instead of these, there were two lines of decision drawn from the corners of his mouth, and two from his nose. A strong nose and a square chin jutted toward each other from obstinate angles. Very few persons got beyond these things, and saw that he had a cleft in his chin. I know I did not for a long time; I imagine the women and children were quicker.

Even at that time Mr. Johnson was an unpopular man, and I shared in the common prejudice against him. Even before that April day when, in gloomy haste, he had taken the oath of office, circumstances determined that his position would be a difficult one. He had been thrust into responsibilities and honors to which no man had dreamed of his succeeding; his nomination to the Vice-Presidency had been a political accident. He was from the South, and had profited by the crime of a Southerner—a crime which had destroyed the one who, at the time of his death, was the best-loved man in the country. His origin and early conditions had been sordid, and of this sordidness he was entirely unashamed. Neither thing helped his position with a narrow circle of New England theorists who, with their inheritance of inflated ideals and incomplete sympathies, had come to replace, by way of aristocracy, the social traditions of colonial times.

In addition, there were certain drawbacks of a more personal nature. The unfortunate circumstances of his inaugu-

ration as Vice-President were fresh in people's minds. It had been currently reported that on that occasion Mr. Johnson was intoxicated. He had certainly acted in a manner to offend the men who were about him and to lower the Vice-President before his subordinates. Since then the matter has been explained. We all know now that he was then recovering from a severe attack of typhoid fever. He was not in a condition to go through even the simple ceremonial which marked Mr. Lincoln's second inauguration. In order that he might be able to perform his part in the exercises of the day, he had taken a stimulant. The effect of alcohol upon typhoid convalescents is well known, the smallest amount being intoxicating. This incident brought about a reputation for drunkenness which clung to the President throughout his administration. The slander was used by Mr. Johnson's enemies for their own purposes. To offset these disadvantages, there was nothing in Mr. Johnson's self-contained, almost somber manner to take possession of the hearts of those about him, as did the man with whom we were forced to compare him.

But I had not been many days about the White House before I began to change my opinion of Andrew Johnson. My prejudices against him began to die away. I grew to follow his directions with alacrity and to welcome his rare and laconic remarks. I was not alone in this change: all of the employees began to feel his influence. He was a man who, through association, swayed insensibly the men who were with him. I very soon began to realize that the reports of his drinking to excess were, like many other slanders, entirely without foundation. I will state here that during the years he was in the White House there never was any foundation for it. Except in the time of his absence in the autumn of 1865, I saw him probably every day, from the time of my return until he left, and I never once saw him under the influence of liquor. With regard to his life before and after this period, of course I can offer no direct testimony; but I have heard the indignant denials of the men who were associated with him. For my part, the record of his energetic and forceful life would be proof enough for me, even if I did not know from my own observation. No man whose wits were fuddled with alcohol could have done what he did in Tennessee and Washington. He drank, as did virtually most public men of the time, a notable exception being Mr. Lincoln. The White House cellars were well stocked with wines and whiskies, which he offered to his guests at dinner or luncheon, but in my experience he never drank to excess.

I learned another thing, too, and that was that the President was destined to conflict. He was a man who found it impossible to conciliate or temporize. As uncompromising as the terms of his speech, as straight as the challenge of his eye, Andrew Johnson's opinions and policies did not change. His goal being ahead of him, and seen in clear light, he neither saw nor considered possible an indirect path to that goal. It was inevitable, when other men were going in opposite ways, that there should be collision.

There was nothing of this conflict apparent at first, however; for there were practical details to absorb him. Mr. Johnson was a hard-working and business-like man. Except for an hour or so in the afternoon and at meal-times, he rarely left his desk until midnight. He immediately went to work to organize an executive office, which had never been done before. This was imperative, because of the mass of details caused by the end of the war. The numerous exceptions to the Amnesty Proclamation, embracing the cases of the men who had been the leaders of the Confederacy and all men possessing $20,000 or more of property, made it necessary to grant a great many pardons. At the beginning of his administration the President was prejudiced against the natural leaders, who, he considered, had led the South astray. The $20,000 exception to the first Amnesty Proclamation was his own idea, introduced because of his prejudice against aristocrats and in favor of the "plain people." It was generally expected that he would prove severe in his attitude toward the excepted classes; but he merely wished to make their probation long enough to enforce the lesson of loyalty upon them. Therefore the granting of pardons became part of the routine of office. From April 15, 1865, to June 15, 1866, I have been told that 1963 pardons

were granted. It is easy to see how much clerical work this matter alone entailed.

Mr. Johnson employed six secretaries, instead of two, as Mr. Lincoln had done. They were classified as one secretary and one assistant secretary, with the others detailed from the War Department. At the beginning, William H. Browning was the secretary, and Robert Morrow the assistant. Mr. Browning did not serve long, however. When he died, the President's son, Colonel Robert Johnson, took his place. For a time Mr. Cooper, representative-elect from Tennessee, while waiting the decision of Congress relative to the re-admission of Tennessee, served as secretary. Colonel Long, Colonel Wright Reeves, Major William C. Moore, and General Mussey were detailed from the War Department. For a long time Colonel Long had charge of the business of pardons.

Besides the private secretaries, Mr. Johnson had six clerks detailed from the departments to assist in the work of the office. These, as I said, were stationed in Mr. Lincoln's old room. For the first time in the history of the White House, records of the office were kept. There had never been anything before but lists of appointments. The books would repay any one's study. A small one which I have chanced to retain contains the first records of the case against the conspirators implicated with Booth in the murder of President Lincoln. In it Mr. Johnson submitted this question to the Secretary of War: Should the trial be delegated to a military tribunal? There are references to manuscripts in the case. Everything shows a painstaking desire to understand thoroughly the details. There is evidence, too, of a wish to consider the authority of the Secretary of War. One amusing entry is the plea of an Episcopalian minister who, too evidently disapproving, desired to be released from his obligation to pray for the President of the United States.

Mr. Johnson not only kept this official account of his actions, but preserved every letter of his correspondence. He had scrap-books of newspaper clippings compiled. After a time these were my special charge. All this material—records, correspondence, scrap-books—is now in the Manuscript Division of the Congressional Library at Washington. It is possible to see there, side by side with receipts for hats and shoes, and pink leaflets containing the Sunday School lessons of small grandchildren, the gravest political documents.

It was August, and the routine of the office was fairly under way, when the White House finally became the home of all the President's family. There were Mrs. Johnson, Colonel Robert Johnson, the President's son; Senator Patterson and his wife, who was the eldest daughter, with her children, Belle and Andrew; Mrs. Stover, a widow, with her three children, Lillie, Sarah, and Andrew. There was also a young son of the President, Andrew, who was sometimes called Frank, to lessen the confusion arising from the other two young Andrews. The eldest son, Charles, who had been a surgeon in the army, had died before this time. The White House has never been so full of children. They were an important interest in the President's life.

Mrs. Johnson was so much of an invalid that outside of intimate family friends very few knew her. She appeared only twice in public during her husband's administration. Still, her influence was a strong one, and it was exerted in the direction of toleration and gentleness. A slight movement of her hands, a touch on her husband's arm, a "Now, Andrew," made it easy to see that the woman who had helped him through his struggling youth and given her health to his service, who had taught him to write and had read to him through long winter evenings in the little tailor shop that his active mind might be fed while he was practising his trade, still held her place in his life. She was a sweet-faced woman who showed traces of beauty through the sharpened lines caused by the old-fashioned consumption which was wearing her out. Her face was not unlike that of the late Mrs. McKinley. The death of her eldest son was a blow from which she never fully recovered. The life in Washington was not a happy time for her. She told me herself that she was far more content when her husband was an industrious young tailor.

Mrs. Stover was not at the White House during all of her father's term,

and Mrs. Patterson was the real mistress of the establishment. No woman could have acted with greater sense or discretion. She had passed her girlhood days in Washington, had been educated at a school in Georgetown, and during the Polk administration had been a frequent guest at the White House, so she was not entirely unfamiliar with official life in the capital. She made no pretenses of any sort, but was always honest and direct. She said to a lady who called upon her soon after she came to the White House: "You must n't expect too much of us; we are only plain people from Tennessee." The very modesty of this statement is misleading. It is true that the Johnsons did not pretend to be leaders in the social life of Washington, and in their régime there was no joyousness, no special grace, in the White House festivities; there was, however, exactness in the discharge of social duties, and a homely dignity, equally free from ostentation and undue humility. The dinners and public receptions were more numerous than under Johnson's successors, and they were not lacking in brilliancy. Mr. Johnson quite understood the value and place of social functions.

The first public duty that confronted Mr. Johnson was the punishment of those who, together with Booth, had conspired to murder the late President and his cabinet. The question of the tribunal had first to be decided. Attorney-General Speed gave it as his opinion that it would be proper to confide the trial to a military court. The President submitted the matter to the Secretary of War, together with the opinion of the Attorney-General, and it was determined that the conspirators should be tried by a military tribunal. It was desired, because of the state of public feeling, to have the matter over as early as possible.

The punishment of Booth was taken out of the hands of the law when he shot himself. The trial of the others took place immediately. From the first there was no doubt of the guilt of Payne, who had attempted to murder Mr. Seward, the Secretary of State; of Herold, who failed to kill Mr. Johnson only through fear or lack of opportunity; or of Atzerodt, who was to have aided Herold. But there was doubt as to the degree of guilt of Mrs. Surratt. To this day, there are those who consider her guiltless of the worst. The haste with which it was felt necessary to conduct the affair may have prevented full justice being done her. However that may have been, the fact that it was a woman who was condemned to die made a large faction view her hanging with the greatest repugnance. There was a great deal of feeling on both sides.

On the morning of the day on which the execution was to take place, the daughter of the condemned woman, Miss Annie Surratt, attempted to see the President to make a personal appeal for her mother. When she arrived, she was met by Secretary Seward, who was coming out of the President's office. He told her that it was useless for her to see the President; nothing could be done for her. The President had given orders that no one was to be admitted. When Miss Surratt was quite convinced of the hopelessness of any further attempt, she went home. The poor girl's grief was pitiful. Herold's two sisters also came fruitlessly to the White House to plead for their brother.

Because of the false light in which the President stood, a great deal of criticism grew out of these circumstances. He was blamed because he did not pardon Mrs. Surratt, or have the verdict commuted to imprisonment for life. He was blamed more when it was learned that there had been a recommendation to mercy among the papers submitted to him by the court. The fact is, that Secretary Stanton, when he sent the papers to the President, kept back the note; Mr. Johnson did not know of it until afterward. When he did know of it, and of the fact that he was being blamed for not having interfered in the execution of Mrs. Surratt, he made a statement of his ignorance of the letter. Of course very few of those who had been condemning him ever heard the denial. The incident increased the President's unpopularity. I believe that, had he seen the judge's recommendation to mercy, he would have been only too glad to save the woman. It is difficult to understand Mr. Stanton's motive in the matter.

Even his refusal to give an interview to Miss Surratt and the Herold girls was the source of scandal. It was reported by the

Drawn by Harry Fenn, from a photograph

ANDREW JOHNSON'S TAILOR SHOP, GREENEVILLE, TENNESSEE

President's enemies that he was intoxicated on the day they called. This was absolutely false. I denied the story indignantly at the time, but a denial does very little good when a slander has started on its way. The President was hard at work all day, closeted most of the time with Secretary Seward. He had taken every means to understand the case. The records show his conscientious desire to investigate. He had come to the conclusion that he could not interfere. Therefore, he did not think it wise to have an unnecessary and painful interview.

In all my experience there never has been an administration, unless it be the later one of Mr. Cleveland, where there has been such complete misunderstanding between the mass of the people and the executive as in that of Andrew Johnson. In my recollection it stands out as a feverish time, when events occurred without reason, without sequence, and larger than life. The war had been a time of great emotions—of suffering, heroism, and the many virtues of hardihood and tenderness that war brings out. Afterward the reverse side was the one in evidence. The spectacle of sudden loss and sudden elevation to wealth and prominence was equally demoralizing to the mass of those fitted to do nothing but plod. One result of all this was that at Washington we saw everywhere a very fury for office-holding, an egotistical thrusting of small men into the affairs of state, avalanches of advice and blame, equally stupid, from men without the slightest claim to be heard, but accustomed, during the years of the war, to consider national affairs their own.

Only the President and his secretaries know how many thousands of requests for favors came from women. They seemed to regard Mr. Johnson as their appointed guardian. It is probable that there was some reason for the confidence with which these feminine ambassadors made their wishes known. Mr. Johnson had an amiable weakness for women, particularly for pretty women. Those of us who were on duty in corridors and in anterooms saw many evidences of this fact. It seemed to be a purely unconscious tendency. He found it hard to believe that anything but merit and need could lurk behind a pair of beseeching woman's eyes.

The masculine specialty of the time

was the crank. Every administration has them, of course, but they were particularly active during Mr. Johnson's administration. We learned how to handle them—with gloves, but effectually. One man named Grapevine I remember very distinctly. He came to see the President several times. Finally, one day, when he was told that the President would not see him, he became furious. He raved like a madman, and threatened to kill Mr. Johnson. He said:

"What are you all doing here? I am the President, and that man is an impostor." Then he tried to force his way in to the President. At that stage, of course, I took him in hand and put him under arrest. When he was examined, it was discovered that he was armed with a large bowie-knife. He was sent to the insane asylum.

Another day a brother of a Union General came to the White House. He said his business was of great importance; it could not be postponed. It was impossible for the President to see him at that time, and the man became very angry. We talked to him, and thought we had persuaded him to go away and try again another time. I saw that he was not quite sane, so I walked quietly downstairs with him and down the walk that led to the Treasury Department. About fifty paces from the White House I left him, thinking he would make no further trouble. As I turned my back, one of the doorkeepers called out:

"Look out! He is going to shoot you!" I turned, and saw him struggling with a soldier who happened to be passing just in time to knock up his arm as he aimed a pistol at me. There can be no doubt that, since he was armed with a perfectly new pistol, and since he tried to shoot the man who kept him from the President, he had intended to shoot Mr. Johnson. Episodes of that kind were of frequent occurrence in the White House. We dealt with them quietly, and they rarely got into the newspapers. It is usually a simple thing to manage cranks of both sexes. I have often had men and women refuse to leave the anteroom when they were told they could not see the President.

From a photograph by Giers, Nashville, Tenn.

ANDREW JOHNSON IN MASONIC REGALIA

"All right," I would say; "make yourself perfectly comfortable, madam. Try this chair." After the lady had waited long enough to be thoroughly tired and the President had left his office by another door, I would inform her that the President had left his office for that day and invite her to return to-morrow. They rarely came back, and there was never any disturbance.

It is perhaps not surprising that there should have begun, just at this time, an epidemic of dishonesty among those who wanted to make money out of the Government, to be matched, if the furor of disclosures and investigation through which we are now passing is any evidence, only by the one just ended. Then, however, it was the petty office-holders and a host of unprincipled hangers-on. The peculiar opportunities for easily made money offered by the times were a great temptation.

Before Mr. Johnson had been in office many months, it was discovered that a doorkeeper who stood at the entrance to the President's office had been charging an admission fee to those who wanted to approach the President with any of the thousands of requests that were made to him. The man had

amassed a comfortable little competence before the fact was discovered and he was removed.

On November 25, 1865, I resigned my position with the Metropolitan Police force to become the President's private policeman. From this time I was associated much more intimately with Mr. Johnson. I was with him almost as much as I was with President Lincoln when I accompanied him to City Point and Richmond. Virtually every day that Mr. Johnson went out driving, I went with him. Sometimes I rode by the side of the carriage on a saddle-horse which had been bought for Colonel Robert, but which he never rode. More often I sat by the President's side.

ANDREW JOHNSON, JR., SON OF PRESIDENT JOHNSON

The work of the executive office was complicated and unending. The President needed all of the long hours he spent at his desk. Sometimes, among all the difficulties presented to him to solve, a humorous episode occurred which freshened the atmosphere. After a while it would filter out to us who stood in corridors and anterooms. A man whose name was Gordon, I think, was very much exercised. He was in a panic because the negroes who were then the charges of the Freedman's Bureau in his district were dying fast. At that rate he figured that in about eight months the entire negro population would perish. He wanted the President to do something about it. A Southern woman who did not like the provisional governor in her State, and who was evidently a consumer of romance, suggested that the President should come there in disguise, and investigate for himself. Then there was one girl—a very young girl—who wanted a rest of several months to be given to her sweetheart in the army. She said he was "all tired out." She reminded the President that he had told her that their attachment ought to be tried, and he must acknowledge that it had been.

While Mr. Johnson was amused over these incidents, he talked little about passing events; in fact, he talked little about anything. I never saw a man who was more content to hold his own counsel. One thing was evident, however: the President was changing his mind about the Southern people. He had been so very bitter in regard to the rebellion, and apparently antagonistic to Mr. Lincoln's sympathetic tolerance, that every one expected severity in his measures toward the South. We now feel sure that Secretary Seward, who had been at one with President Lincoln, influenced President Johnson in those early days.

No one knows what were the rigors of Mr. Seward's position throughout this administration, standing between a vehement President and a vehement Congress, and attempting to influence each faction to readjust and modify its views. With Charles Sumner, Thaddeus Stevens, and men of their stamp he failed utterly. As had been the case all through Mr. Lincoln's administration, they refused to modify their radical principles. With the President he did not succeed completely. Could the world know of the fruitless and painful interviews which Secretary Seward had with these men, and then observe the spectacle of his steadfast loyalty to the President, of whose conduct he often disapproved, no man would emerge from the contentions of this period with more honor in the estimation of his countrymen. This, however, is to anticipate

ELIZA McCARDLE JOHNSON, WIFE OF ANDREW JOHNSON

the contention in which Mr. Johnson, yielding to what he believed to be Mr. Lincoln's policy toward the defeated South, and influenced by his own comprehension of conditions in the Confederate States, was moved to lay aside his own animosity toward the greater part of the Southern leaders. Toward some of them, —those whom he considered responsible for leading their region into rebellion,— he never softened.

The truth is that Mr. Johnson was not moved very much in his estimate of men by the way in which they had treated him personally. If they had failed in what he considered their public duty, he could be severe enough; but, except in two cases, I believe he felt no personal enmity to them. Of "Parson" Brownlow, his bitterest enemy in his own State, I heard Mr. Johnson speak most pleasantly. This is all the more remarkable when we remember that, having left nothing undone to defeat the President's wishes with regard to Tennessee, Brownlow telegraphed to Congress the news of the ratification of the Fourteenth Amendment with the insulting message, "Tell this to the dead dog of the White House!" In his public addresses he inveighed against Sumner and Stevens and Wendell Phillips, but when he met them he seemed wholly unprejudiced. One of his bitterest political enemies related that on the day following the vote on impeachment, when he had voted to impeach, he met Andrew Johnson, who smiled and held out his hand. In the same manner, in spite of his fierceness toward the rebellion, he was now made to believe in the loyalty of the South.

One thing that specially moved Mr. Johnson to this latter belief was the optimistic report made by General Grant after a tour through the heart of the Confederacy. He stated that he saw everywhere an intention to return to full allegiance to the Union as soon as the conditions of that return were established. When the report was sent to Congress, where it was pointedly ignored, Senator Sumner pronounced it a whitewashing message.

These are some of the motives that influenced the President's message to Congress when it assembled in December, 1865. I remember how great was the surprise at the tenor of the message, and how general the admiration at the dignity and clearness with which it was expressed. In the newspapers and in the conversation

COLONEL ROBERT JOHNSON, SON OF ANDREW JOHNSON

of men there was scarcely a dissenting voice; the President at once took a position as statesman which he had never occupied before. Men like George Bancroft cordially indorsed his attitude. The South felt that a champion had arisen. The only dissenting voice was from the extreme Northern element in Congress—the Radicals, as they were called.

While any discussion of President Johnson's public acts does not come strictly within the limits of my field of personal reminiscence, I feel that it is necessary to touch upon some features of the President's long contention with Congress.

I believe firmly that President Johnson wished to carry out the policy which had been advocated by Mr. Lincoln before he died. I believe, moreover, that it was substantially the policy which President Lincoln would have attempted to carry through, if he had lived. There is, however, this one point of difference: meeting the fierce opposition which the Radical element in Congress displayed, President Lincoln, who knew how to manage men and to compromise, would have yielded in minor points,where he could have done so and still carry out his policy of immediate and practical help for the South. It was in this one feature that President Johnson failed to meet the requirements of his position.

In President Lincoln's last speech he expressed, so far as he had been able to see his way, his plan of reconstruction. There should be a general amnesty, with a few exceptions. For the rest, when the South had banished slavery, it should be allowed to reorganize its State governments under the "Louisiana plan." The Louisiana plan was to allow the loyal minority in each State to form a government. Congress would recognize any republican form of government which should be established by insurgents who should have taken the amnesty oath and were regularly qualified voters in 1860, provided the votes cast were not less than one tenth in number of the votes cast that year. This plan of reconstruction rested upon the theory that the Southern States, having no right under the Constitution to withdraw from the Union, were still members of the Union. While rebels were present in each State, the loyal minority were still citizens of the United States, and had a right to representation in Congress.

Now, the war having been fought by the Federal authority upon just this principle, that the Southern States had no right to withdraw from the Union, President Lincoln's plan was merely the logical consequence of the theory. It presented difficulties and inconsistencies, no doubt, and it was hard to conceive seriously of States which, during the war, had been at the same time in and out of the Union; but, then, there was not a single theory prevalent at the time which did not present inconsistencies. Those who, with Thaddeus Stevens, had been most fierce in declaring that the Southern States had no constitutional right to secede, were most vehement, when the war was over, in maintaining that the Confederacy was a conquered power beyond the pale of consideration from good Republicans, and not to be restored to the Union until she had been soundly punished for her sins. The abolitionists who, with Charles Sumner, were most vehement in advocating the equal rights of man, were determined to foist upon the Southern States, without their consent, the franchise for the lately emancipated slaves, and to disfranchise the ruling element.

In his eagerly expected message President Johnson expressed the principle which had animated President Lincoln: the Southern States were still in the Union, their functions had been suspended, not destroyed. The Thirteenth Amendment, which abolished slavery, having been passed, and the amnesty oath having been taken, the next step was for their representatives to resume their seats in Congress. Congress had the right to determine on the eligibility of members. The question of negro suffrage was to be left to the States, as had been the matter of suffrage from the beginning. Before Congress had met, and pending their action, Mr. Johnson had begun the work of restoring the governments of those States which were ready to convene loyal assemblies, after the plan followed in Louisiana. There had been some dissension in the cabinet over the matter. Under the influence of the extreme Radicals, Secretary Stanton had endeavored to introduce a requirement as to negro suffrage, while Speed and Har-

MRS. MARTHA J. PATTERSON, DAUGHTER OF ANDREW JOHNSON

She was the wife of Judge David T. Patterson. The portrait is from a photograph taken in 1867, when she was mistress of the White House. These three portraits were taken during her residence there.

lan were in opposition. The latter two soon withdrew, as was

ANDREW J. PATTERSON

proper in the circumstances, while Stanton, apparently restored to sympathy, remained in office.

From the principles laid down in his message President Johnson never swerved. Every act passed by Congress that violated these principles he consistently vetoed. That the Freedman's Bureau Act and the Civil Rights Act would receive his condemnation was a foregone conclusion. From the comments of the press throughout the country there was no doubt that the mass of the people were with the President.

With the veto of the Freedman's Bureau

MARY BELLE PATTERSON

Act, which made no uncertain declaration of the President's intentions, began a most amazing chapter in the history of our Congress. Since a struggle was imminent, it was necessary to be sure of a two thirds Republican majority in order to pass acts over the veto. Every expedient was resorted to: a senator was rejected on a reëxamination of credentials, before approved; a would-be honorable senator was forced to break his pair. In order that another pair might not be broken, a dying man hurried to the Senate, only to find that the vote had been taken in haste to exclude his. It was by such means that

the bill was passed over the veto. But the majority was too small. It was proposed to admit two States, below the requirement of numbers, on an abolition platform dictated by the Radicals, in order to swell the number. One such State was actually admitted. An examination of the speeches in both House and Senate of those months shows them filled with a wild alarm, not for the country, but for the Republican party.

"We need their votes," said Charles Sumner of the negroes.

"If the Southern States are readmitted on equal terms, what of our majority?" was on every Radical tongue.

It is necessary to observe, moreover, that this opposition to any but the most radical and severe measures toward the South did not result from the action of President Johnson. Before the President's message had been sent to Congress the opposition had been thoroughly organized; the principle had been laid down that only Congress should preside over reconstruction. It had, moreover, been organized and powerful enough to oppose President Lincoln most bitterly in his efforts to restore the South without punitive measures. It had been in abeyance for a short time because the triumphant end of the war had made Mr. Lincoln virtually a dictator. But his death saved Abraham Lincoln from the bitterest struggle of his life.

Mr. Ward Lamon, who was one of the most intimate of Mr. Lincoln's friends evidently believed this. He said to Mr. Johnson (the letter can be produced):

> I had many and free conversations with him [Lincoln] on this very subject of reconstruction. I was made entirely certain by his own repeated declarations to me that he would exert all his authority to bring about an immediate and perfect reconciliation between the two sections of the country. As far as depended upon him, he would have had the Southern States represented in both houses of Congress within the shortest possible time. . . . He knew the base designs of the Radicals to keep up the strife for their own advantage. There can be no doubt that the Northern Disunionists would now be as loud in their denunciation of his policy as they are of yours. . . . If there be any insult upon his reputation which we should resent more than another, it is the assertion that he would have been a tool and an instrument in the hands of such men as those who now lead the heartless and unprincipled contest against you.

At the time that all these things were happening we saw at the White House no evidence that they affected the President in any personal way. He was such a reticent man that I was surprised at a speech he made on the 22d of February, 1866. A great crowd had assembled in the White House grounds. They wanted a speech. By reason of his unexpected championship of the Southern States, President Johnson had become a figure in the public eye. He began to speak to the crowd calmly and dispassionately. He spoke of the question at issue before the country. He said that there had been two extreme elements in the national life—that of the South, which, having asserted itself for slavery, had been suppressed; that of the North, which, now beginning to show itself, was just as intolerant. For himself he belonged to neither class. He was for the Union, slavery or no slavery. The "conscious intelligent traitors" should be punished; there should be amnesty for the multitude. . . . To admit that a State was out of the Union was the very thing the nation had been fighting against, insisting that this was something a State could not do.

The crowd became enthusiastic; the President began to speak more warmly. I know he must have been sore because of the revenge which Congress had taken for his veto of the Freedman's Bureau Act. For they had retaliated by refusing to admit the representatives of his own State, of whose record he was so proud and which he had done so much to keep loyal. He said that Congress was governed by "an irresponsible central directory" which did not represent the people—was no Congress. Some one in the crowd shouted:

"Name them!"

The President hesitated a moment, then he said:

"Yes, I will name them,"—at this there was great excitement,—"Thaddeus Stevens, Charles Sumner."

From this time on there was a great change in the way people regarded him. One man said to him:

"Your speech made me feel mortified." And I think this would express the feeling that most of Andrew Johnson's friends

From photographs taken while at the White House

MRS. STOVER, DAUGHTER OF ANDREW JOHNSON, AND HER THREE CHILDREN

Mary Johnson married first Daniel Stover, who died in 1862. In 1869 she became the wife of William R. Bacon.

had about this most unfortunate matter. Still, he showed no feeling, but went on with the program he had made for himself. On the 18th of April a delegation of sailors and soldiers came to see him. He spoke to them in much the same tone as that of his speech of the twenty-second of February. He assured them of his unalterable determination to "stick to his position." He spoke contemptuously of men who, when he was battling for the Union in the Senate and in his own State, were "lolling in ease and comfort. . . ." Now they were attacking him, " . . . the whole pack, Tray, Blanche, and Sweetheart, little dogs and all, snapping at my heels." I suppose this was very undignified and bad policy, but the crowd enjoyed it, and nothing could have been a better description of the attacks made upon the President by certain men in Congress.

There is one thing which must be understood. These addresses of the President's seemed much more undignified to the country at large than to those who heard them. In the first place, the newspaper man, then as now, was on the outlook for a sensation. In fact, there was less regard for the truth then, even with

the better class of journals, than there is to-day. Party feeling and interests ran high, and editors were violently partizan.

More than this, Mr. Johnson's manner in delivering public speeches was one which could not be translated into newspaper language. I realized this when I stood near him on the portico while he talked to the soldiers and sailors. He had a calm, assured way of talking which gave the most startling remarks authority. His bearing was quiet and dignified, his voice low and sympathetic. He had one of the best voices for public speaking that I have ever heard. It was singularly penetrating; he could make it carry to the edge of the largest gathering without effort. Yet it was always a pleasant voice. I have been startled myself to read the same speech in the paper that I had heard the day before. One would think, from what was written, that a violent demagogue was brandishing his arms and shrieking at the top of his lungs. Mr. Johnson was an orator; half of what was said was in the personal relation between the audience and himself, and, being an orator, he was often swayed by the emotion of the crowd. Had he been sympathetically reported, the country would have had a different impression of him.

There is a story I have heard which illustrates both this magnetic quality of the man and his fearlessness. It was in the early days of the struggle in Tennessee, when he was hated by the whole secession element. He was to address a meeting in the town hall. He had been informed on good authority that half a dozen men were ready to shoot him as soon as he appeared before the audience. When he appeared on the platform, he advanced to the speaker's stand. Something held the crowd to silence while he deliberately pulled a pistol out of his pocket. He laid it on the table while a spellbound crowd hung on his movements. Then at last he spoke:

"I understand," he said in his placid way, "that the first business before the meeting is to shoot me. I move that the meeting proceed to business." During the few minutes that he scanned the audience there was breathless silence. At last, when no one moved, he began his address in rather a disappointed manner.

Except when the excitement of a crowd stirred him to intemperance, the President possessed the dignity of reticence.

As the summer came on, my drive with Mr. Johnson became a daily occurrence, and often lasted the greater part of the afternoon. We often took the children with us, and had a picnic. I think the greatest source of recreation the President had was in his grandchildren. His own youngest son was about thirteen at this time and had his own pursuits; but the grandchildren were always ready.

With a carriage full of children we would drive to some place by Rock Creek, Pierce's Mill, or elsewhere. There was one retired little meadow by the stream of which we were all fond. There the children would fish, wade, or pick flowers, and the President would watch them and reflect. We would drive home with the carriage filled with flowers.

When we were alone, we always stopped at some quiet and beautiful spot, where Mr. Johnson could walk for an hour or more, almost always in silence. He often went to Glenwood Cemetery. There was something in the peace of such a place that appealed to him. One day he had been wandering about in Glenwood reading the inscriptions on the tombstones when I heard him laughing. I went up to him. He did not laugh very often.

"Look there, Crook," he said, pointing to two graves side by side. On the first was, "Sacred to the Memory of my Wife —By her disconsolate husband." The other grave, dated two years later, was that of the second wife.

"It did n't take that fellow long to get over his first affliction, did it?" said the President.

I fully believe that, had the elections occurred immediately after the adjournment of Congress in the summer of 1866, the Radicals would have been defeated. It was not that the President had not made many enemies by his unwise speech on the 22d of February. It was because, even in New England, there was a general distrust of the Radical program. In April "Harper's Weekly" and "The Nation" had commented on the mischievous effects of the leadership of Thad Stevens. There was a strong sentiment against further punishment of the South. There was an abhorrence of negro suf-

frage; every measure to introduce it into the Northern States had been rejected. All of the efforts of the Radicals during the summer—Wendell Phillips making campaign speeches everywhere and proposing to impeach the President, Ben Butler touring the country denouncing the President, Sumner instructing large audiences in Massachusetts—would probably have been fruitless had Mr. Johnson himself not made his second great mistake.

As I have said before, the President was accustomed in making public speeches to come into personal relations with his audiences. In his career in Tennessee this method had been largely a factor in his success. Now, in his anxiety over the great questions at stake,—the issue to be determined by the fall elections,—he determined to make a direct appeal to the voters. There was to be a great ceremony at the unveiling of the Douglas monument at Chicago. Mr. Johnson made attendance on this the occasion for a partial tour of the country. Philadelphia, New York, Albany, Cleveland, St. Louis, and Chicago were to be visited. Secretaries Welles and Randall, with Secretary Seward, General Grant, and Admiral Farragut, were of the party.

Mr. Johnson had an unfortunate propensity for coining phrases which could be used to ridicule him. On one occasion he had referred to himself as the Moses who offered himself to lead the country out of bondage. He figured as "Moses" in street songs for months. On another occasion he had talked of "swinging round the circle" of political conviction from North to South. This projected trip was immediately labled "swinging round the circle," and the newspaper men of the country took out their writing pads prepared to have a thoroughly enjoyable time.

The President had always been a popular figure with newspaper correspondents. Whether he was to be admired or blamed, he was always an energetic and vivid personality. There was sure to be something to report. Again, the journals were yellow beyond possibility of emulation by the papers of to-day. The following is a specimen of the type in many of the news sheets throughout the country. "Andy, Andy, you are terribly popular with the rabble! Everything that smells, but does not perfume; everything rotten and mouldering, whatever is corrupt and putrifying, sticks to thee! Toads and owls howl to thee! Jackals and hyenas snuffle after thee. . . ." There were newspaper correspondents accompanying the party, but, as will be seen later, they were entirely unable to stem the tide of sensationalism. The tour was immediately pronounced an undignified departure from the custom of former Presidents. The unfortunate reputation for drunkenness which had fastened upon Mr. Johnson was made to do duty again, with rumors of immense stores of liquors which made the special cars traveling barrooms. The country prepared to be shocked.

The country was disappointed in the earlier stages of the journey. There was a moderate amount of enthusiasm in the reception of the party in Philadelphia and New York. In Albany the atmosphere was chilling; in Auburn there was a remarkable speech from Ex-President Fillmore against the Republican Party. At Cleveland the crowd was disorderly. The President was interrupted again and again; there was evidently an organized movement to prevent his speaking. He attempted to reply to insulting interruptions, lost his temper, was baited by the crowd, and for a time all semblance of dignity was lost. Ultimately he pulled himself together, silenced his tormentors, and closed triumphantly. At Chicago there was the same disorderly crowd, and undoubtedly preconcerted interruptions. The President was provoked into intemperance and a declaration that he would "kick the Radicals out." These unfortunate scenes were immediately telegraphed over the country, with every embellishment possible. They lost the President the elections; gave the Radicals an overwhelming majority; made possible the horrors of congressional reconstruction.

After this there was no possibility of stemming the tide of unpopularity. The President figured in the popular mind as almost a monster. "The Atlantic Monthly," which had always stood for all that was most conservative and careful in the country, published a series of studies, advertised widely by the magazine as "Remarkable articles on President Johnson," in which Mr. Johnson was

studied as though he were some abnormal product of an alien race. His traits are analyzed thus:

> . . . his gross inconsistencies of opinion and policy, his shameless betrayal of party, incapacity to hold himself to his word, his hatred of a cause the moment its defenders cease to flatter him, *his habit of administering laws he has vetoed* on the principle that they do not mean what he vetoed them for meaning, his delight in little tricks of low cunning. . . . It would seem that in dealing with such a man as Andrew Johnson, it is the part of wisdom to suspect the worst . . . a spiteful, inflated, and unprincipled egotist.

I watched him after he returned from this disastrous trip, when he was the most unpopular man in the country, and threats of impeachment were a matter of daily occurrence. His manner was absolutely as when he first took upon himself the cares of office. In our daily drives there was never a reference to what was passing. He spoke, when he spoke at all, about indifferent things. There was not an added line in his face. And yet there was evidence, from that time on, that he had learned his lesson; that, as he once said to me, when he was convinced that he had been wrong, he was ready to change. For never after this, so far as I remember, was he betrayed by the warmth of his feeling into an unwise public utterance. During the whole of the impeachment trial, when the temptation to appeal from his enemies to the "plain people" on whose final judgment he relied must have been almost overpowering, he refrained altogether from public speaking. His habit of bandying words with the mob was overcome.

The legislators came back to the second half of the Thirty-Ninth Congress elated over their victory at the polls, and convinced that it was in their power to carry their whole reconstruction program. There was the greatest dissatisfaction expressed with the constitutions of the Southern States, now largely reorganized. The new governments had passed repressive measures against the negroes. The Abolitionists considered that these measures virtually reënslaved the emancipated.

An incident which the Radicals seized upon as an evidence of the absolute failure of the President's reconstruction policy was an unfortunate riot over elections in New Orleans. He was accused of not having responded to the call of the Governor for Federal aid. Again the President explained that the telegram of the Governor had been withheld from him by Secretary Stanton. And again the country heard the charge, and not the refutation. And again it is hard to understand Secretary Stanton's action in this matter.

The activities of Congress of the winter and spring of 1866–67 were in two directions. A series of acts embodying the congressional theories of reconstruction were passed and a long investigation of the President's conduct was undertaken with a view to discovering grounds for impeachment. The first was tragic, culminating as it did in negro suffrage, the disfranchisement of the majority of the better class of Southerners, the dominion of carpet-baggers, terror and suffering for eleven States. The second was pure comedy, exhibiting the congressional species in farcical specialties. In their reconstruction acts Congress worsted the President, depriving him of control over the eleven States, over the army, and at last, in the Tenure of Office Act, over his own cabinet. In their attempts to prove him worthy of impeachment, the President's record worsted Congress. Even the two houses, full of enemies, could find no blot in it.

As fast as the reconstruction measures were passed, Mr. Johnson executed them. He held, with the Constitution, that his control over legislation ended with his veto. With relation to the matter of negro suffrage, Mr. Johnson's attitude was fully expressed in an interview which had taken place the year before. A deputation of leading negroes, headed by Frederick Douglas, called upon the President to plead for their right to the suffrage. Mr. Johnson's manner to them was quiet, even gentle. It was interesting to see how deftly he prevented the interview from becoming a discussion and utilized it to state his own position. He suggested emigration to them. He asserted that each community was better prepared to settle questions of suffrage than was Congress. He said that he opposed negro suffrage on the ground that, carried out, it would inevitably lead to a race war. He ended, "God knows I have no desire but the welfare of the whole human race."

With regard to the Impeachment Investigation,—there had been, since the President's veto of the first Freedman's Bureau Act, a continual rumble of threats of impeachment in both Houses of Congress. At last, in January, 1867, Mr. Ashley of Ohio, one of Mr. Johnson's most bitter enemies, introduced a resolution to investigate the course of the President with a view to impeachment. The Judiciary Committee was empowered to conduct the investigation, to summon witnesses, and to sit during the summer recess if necessary.

Throughout the investigation the President was calm and untroubled. When a bank employee went with embarrassment to inform him that his accounts were demanded, he laughed.

"Let them have them, if they want them. All of my business affairs are open to the world. I have nothing to be ashamed of."

It must not be considered that either the proceedings of the Judiciary Committee or the severity of congressional reconstruction was approved by the country at large. Mr. Ashley's virulence was so great that he had been reproved by the Speaker of the House. Many Radical newspapers throughout the nation disapproved of the measures passed by Congress. Even Senator Wilson, Charles Sumner's colleague from Massachusetts, who had been most vehement in his pleadings for the "poor, lowly, downtrodden freedmen," said of the white men on his return from a tour of the Southern States:

"For myself, I want no more punishments than have already been inflicted on these men. They have suffered and have been disappointed more than any body of men in the history of the world."

It seems hard to understand the hysteria which swept over both houses of Congress during these abnormal years. It has been very generally stated that the opposition aroused by the President's stubborn resistance to congressional control was responsible for it, that each antagonist pushed the other into extremes. In one case this is undoubtedly true. The measures passed by Congress at the end of the struggle could not have been possible at the beginning. It was not that they were new, but that the President's action had aroused so much opposition that the element which had advocated these measures from the beginning came into control. The significant fact is that, while, on the part of the President, the contest goaded him into unwise public utterances, his policy was not altered by the bitterness of his feeling in one particular. The principles expressed in the first message, so generally applauded by the country at the time, were the same that dictated the last protest to Congress when he had failed to prevent the intemperate legislation that had disgraced it. The fault, if it were a fault, lay not in his having been hurried into inconsidered action, but in his not having compromised where he might have done so, with a yielding of theory, but not of practical kindliness, toward the South.

The long-brewing contention with Secretary Stanton came to a head during the summer of 1867. Mr. Stanton's career in Mr. Johnson's cabinet had been a curious one. It was generally known that, during Mr. Lincoln's administration, Mr. Stanton had frequently assumed that he alone was responsible for the maintenance of the government. Mr. Lincoln, who knew how to utilize every element that was presented to him, and was entirely without personal feeling, had very little difficulty in managing Stanton. He knew how to make use of his secretary's undoubted patriotism, his force, his earnestness; he knew how to harness his unruly temper. Lincoln was impervious to offense because of his humorous acceptance of conditions.

Mr. Johnson was not skilful in managing men—men whom he could not influence. From the first Mr. Stanton was an element of discord. A number of the Radicals had influenced him to introduce a negro-suffrage clause into the first reconstruction measures discussed by the cabinet. His natural harshness of nature led him to desire a severe policy toward the South. And yet, when it became apparent that the President and three members of the cabinet were in favor of carrying out the policy of Mr. Lincoln, he apparently acquiesced. At all events, he remained in the cabinet, while the other members who were in opposition resigned. Each of the President's messages, each of the vetoes, Stanton apparently approved. He was so strong in

pronouncing the Tenure of Office Act unconstitutional that he was asked to write the message accompanying the veto. He pleaded some indisposition, however, and avoided doing it.

The constant friction over the administration of the War Department became unbearable. Two instances have been given already where Mr. Stanton had withheld information from the President which he should have had—the note for mercy in the case of Mrs. Surratt and the telegram of the Governor of New Orleans asking for Federal aid. In both of these cases Mr. Johnson's position before the country had been very much injured by the Secretary's action. What was left to the President of executive powers over the Southern States was nullified by Mr. Stanton's disposition to balk him at every turn. There can be no doubt that Mr. Stanton was sincere in his idea that it was necessary, in order to prevent the country from disintegration, that he remain in Mr. Johnson's cabinet. This delusion, fostered by years of autocratic power over his own department, was responsible for the lack of taste in Mr. Stanton's remaining in the cabinet of a man whose enemy he was. It is another example of the lack of balance in the public life of the period.

The President had born this irritating defiance with what was, in a man of his type, remarkable patience.

In August, 1867, the President suspended Secretary Stanton from office, appointing General Grant in his place. It was during the recess of Congress. Under the Tenure of Office Act he had the right to suspend a member of his cabinet during the recess of Congress, so he was strictly within his rights. The contest would come later, when the removal was reported to Congress for approval. Mr. Stanton had no course but to yield, and General Grant performed the duties of the office. Up to this point there had been, on the whole, pleasant relations between Mr. Johnson and General Grant. Grant was the popular idol; his friendship was an important item.

It was in the same summer that the President and I were on our way home one evening in what is now Rock Creek Park. A summer storm came up, and it began to rain in torrents. We were well outside the limits of the present city when we came upon a poor woman struggling along the road. She had a heavy baby in her arms, and her shabby clothes were already soaked through with the rain. Mr. Johnson ordered the driver to stop and take her in. She climbed up, trying not to soil the cushions with her dripping clothes. The President sat opposite her, when the carriage was rolling on again, saying nothing, as was his habit, but looking at the mother and baby with very kind eyes. She lived on what is now Florida Avenue—which we called Boundary Street then, between Fourteenth and Fifteenth streets. When we stopped opposite her little two-story frame house, Mr. Johnson got out and helped her out and up the steps. She never knew that it was the President who had taken her home. When we got back to the White House, Mr. Johnson told Slade, the steward, to give the driver a hot toddy. He had been sitting on the box through all the storm, and did not have his oilskins to protect him. Mr. Johnson, although he never seemed to be taking much notice of what was going on about him, always saw things like that.

(To be continued)

A MAN OF MANY FRIENDS

BY MARIE LOUISE GOETCHIUS

HENRY JENNINGS FOWLER was short and stocky, and his face began well with a pair of fine, brown setter eyes, although it ended very badly in a weak chin. He wore many checked suits, and changed his ties three times a day; his wardrobe was as full of useless fripperies as that of a vain young girl. His passion in life was sociability. From the time he started trying to make friends in school to the man state, where his boyish efforts to please first became pathetic, he sought patiently the company of men. Women seemed to him less desirable, but if they were pretty according to his lights, or if they were easy to talk to, he would precipitate himself among their chiffons like an affectionate dog, always finding a *bon mot* for them, which usually fell lifelessly on indifferent ground. The trouble was that he tried too hard. He did not himself smoke, but he carried cigars in his pocket for his friends and many who were not; he was far from fond of drinking, but whenever he saw a circle of empty glasses he offered a round of drinks; he lent his most cherished books to people who seldom read, and he never forgot the spirit of Christmas.

Unfortunately, Fowler showed no sense of discrimination in his longing for popularity and recognition. A stranger soon became an acquaintance, and an acquaintance was always a friend. He liked to think of himself being clapped on the back and treated as a fellow-man; he liked to have every one who would, call him by his first name; he liked to entertain, and since there are always those who accept invitations on the principle of not missing any of life's ripe fruits, he seldom had empty places at his table. He belonged to more clubs than he could possibly use, he subscribed to everything any one asked him to, he paid cheerfully his five dollars a place at political dinners, never neglecting to bring the menus and favors away with him; he had the fatal habit of lending money, and he tipped too liberally those who waited on him.

When his life seemed at its fullest,—that is, when the maximum of people were allowing him to be generous to them,—Fowler married. Some latent happy instinct guided his choice to the little dove woman who cooed in soft, gray notes her undying admiration for him, who considered him already what he was trying to be, and who was content to sit at home waiting for him to come back from his clubs and tell her his latest joke, his latest success, his latest plan to overwhelm some expectant friend.

Part of the year they lived in the country. He loved flowers almost as passionately as he loved people. He was never without some gay little bloom in his buttonhole, preferably pansies—"Such bright flowers," he would remark fondly of them. It pleased him to walk through his garden in the mornings, his little wife trotting adoringly behind him, agreeing at once with his disposition of the flowerbeds, his criticisms and remarks on their condition, his pleasure in the ones that repaid his care, his distress over the recalcitrant ones. He had studied the science of gardening, and spoke fluently upon it, volunteering advice, encouragement, or material aid to his neighbors whose blooms were not prospering so well. "Send So-and-so a basket of those sweet peas," he would say. "They will come in handy. He told me he expected a houseful over Sunday." And though most probably So-and-so did not invite him over on that Sunday, at least effusive thanks for the sweet peas were given him by telephone. Occasionally his wife

would remark timidly: "Don't you think it is about time, dear, that the ——s asked us to something? They have been here quite often." Such an outburst displeased him and made him uncomfortable. He always excused the neglectful ones for the sake of his own dignity. "I don't see why they should," he would reply. "Mr. —— has been very kind, very kind indeed. We were sitting together at the club yesterday, and he ordered drinks, asked my advice about an important business matter, and was most cordial."

Among his best friends there was a Great Man, a guest-of-honor man who made speeches at dinners, dabbled in politics, called presidents of banks and railroads by their first names, and had lots of money. He happened to have been born on the same day as Henry Jennings Fowler, and to the latter's mind a bond of brotherhood existed in consequence. Every 22d of May the Great Man received a telegram worded playfully, "Congratulations on being as young as I am. H. J. F."; every speech that the papers copied elicited a letter of praise from H. J. F.; every Christmas a rare book or print was sent to him by H. J. F., and the Great Man, being truly above small things, accepted telegrams, letters, books, sent his friend an autographed picture, called him "Hen" for short, and dined with him once a year. It was an innocent pride of Henry Jennings to refer to this great man on all occasions. He had some dim idea that it elevated his position among men to be known as the friend of a power, and in his small world perhaps it did, for the men whose company he coveted were snobbish enough to be provincial, and a name went a long way with them. Besides, it is not a hard tax on one's good nature to clap a man on the back who will listen to your pet story, laugh at the right place, and order you a drink.

"I have been sitting watching 'the men' "—he always called them "the men" —"play poker this afternoon," he would say to his wife when he came home to her all aglow with his pleasures. "That Jenkins is mighty nice. Remind me, my dear, I lost a bet to him of a case of champagne. Leech came up to me and said, 'Hello, Hen J., how does the garden bloom?' Young Willis is going to be a fine boy; we sat together for a while today. He is very pleasant-mannered. 'Hello, Mr. Fowler,' he said to me, 'come and have a drink.' I took a horse's neck with him."

"Did Smith speak of the newspaper clipping you sent him?"

"Oh, yes," would cry Henry Jennings, his whole face brightening; "we had a good laugh over it." And so it went on.

But there came a day when having lent more of his money than he had to lend, it being understood that none of it ever came back; having lost many bets on things he knew very little about to people who knew a great deal about them; having remembered too many birthdays and Christmases, Fowler found his capital dwindling. The income from that capital, you see, had been too small to keep his friends, so the capital had to go. Not being in active business, he began to speculate, and then, indeed, it became serious. The little wife tried hard to appreciate her husband's increasing popularity, but her smiles at his success shivered themselves to pieces against the menacing shore of debt, and reckoning day reared itself as impassive and gray as a giant rock upon this shore. They had to economize, that was certain. So Fowler went without his usual importation of English winter suits in order that he might send out his Christmas presents that year, but the brand of cigars which he could offer his friends grew cheaper, and soon these cigars became a magnificent joke among "the men." Also he fought shy of big circles; it meant more drinks. However, he still tried to be a good fellow. He still summoned *bon mots* to his command, and still sent books on Christmas to the Great Man; only, after a while, he sent books from his own wonderful library— first editions which he had picked up abroad, special pets of his.

The next winter his wife cut down household expenses so that he could pay his dues at the clubs; but this he did n't know. Henry must have his men; he was too popular with them to drop out. He was still happy, although not as radiantly so as if he could have given more; and his generosity being forced to diminish, he tried to make up for it by an exaggerated facetiousness of manner, which

meant pathetically well, but received scant patience.

Five of his clubs had ladies' days, the sixth found no use for women within its reposeful precincts, but to each of the five other ladies' days Fowler conducted his wife ceremoniously, showing her every year the same pictures on the walls, the same rooms, and his favorite reading-chair, joking with the waiters and the porters before her just to show how popular he was, presenting to her any men who happened to be available, and in general giving an exhibition before her admiring eyes of a man among men. And how happy it all made him!

There came a ladies' day when, wearing a suit two years old, a handkerchief with holes in its body from frequent washings, but with a gorgeous purple border, a tie that had been buried in his wardrobe for so long that it was new, a pansy boutonnière, and five inferior cigars in his pocket (when one does not smoke oneself it is difficult to appreciate what bad form an inferior cigar is), he repaired with his little dove wife to the club. It was a particularly smart ladies' day, and all "the men" were there. He tried to appear the sprightliest and happiest of the buzzing kaleidoscopic throng, and his little wife clung to his arm, smiling a set-piece little smile, while he bore her along through the rooms, stopping to address "the men" on the way, or to offer one of his cigars. The Great Man was there. Henry Jennings dragged his little wife up to him.

"Hello, Hen," said the Great Man, genially. He had just been asked to preside at a very important dinner, and he was in a particularly pleasant mood.

"Wonderful man that," remarked Henry Jennings when they had passed on.

"You and he are so congenial, are n't you, dear?" said the little wife. Henry Jennings squared his shoulders.

"We both know a good thing when we see it," he laughed. He had temporarily forgotten his troubles in this warm, cordial atmosphere. As they went from one room to another the crowd pushed them in between some portières, where they stood for a short breathing space while he wiped the heat of sociability off his face with a plain white handkerchief which was hidden at the bottom of his pocket beneath the showy one. "That Smith is a mighty—" he began, when, from the other side of the curtain Smith's voice rose, loud, unmistakable.

"Lord!" it said, "will you look at this cigar Hen J. gave me; and my shoulder still aching with the crack he handed it. Will somebody please suppress him! We 're all getting sick of him and his everlasting jokes." The voice retreated slowly as Smith moved off. "They say he 's losing on the market, so it won't be—"

Henry Jennings and his wife did not look at each other. They pushed aside the curtain and walked once around the room. After a first quiver on her little face Mrs. Fowler turned bravely to her husband. "Dearest," she said, "there 's so much noise I can't hear anything. I 'm quite deafened with it. Let 's go home."

Henry Jennings glanced at her quickly, but her big, gray eyes told him nothing. He did not see the flicker of the hurt, wild thing disappearing in their depths. "As you say, my dear," he answered, and his voice sounded strangely quiet. "It *is* rather noisy here."

On the way out they came across several of "the men." He started as if to speak to them, but the words choked in his throat, and he coughed nervously instead. The little wife guided him behind them. She chattered almost gaily as they walked out. "Let 's go to ——'s for dinner," she suggested. So, even though he could not really afford it, Henry Jennings, from the just-trampled-on generosity of his heart, turned slow steps toward the restaurant. Through dinner he tried to answer her attempts at conversation, but there was a dumb, hurt look in his eyes which, although of course no one could really be blamed for it, was still very painful to see. Only one cigar was left. At the end of dinner he put his hand in his pocket to give it to the head waiter, hesitated, and finally went on with it still in his pocket.

The next day at his usual hour he dressed carefully, kissed his wife, and apparently started for the club; but when he got on the avenue, he walked instead up and down it until he was tired, then went into the ——, sat at a little table alone in the café, drank some mineral

Drawn by F. Walter Taylor. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"FROM THE OTHER SIDE OF THE CURTAIN SMITH'S VOICE ROSE, LOUD, UNMISTAKABLE"

water and at dinner-time went home. His wife did not question him, but he started to explain that he had taken a day off just for a change. By the end of a nice little dinner he was trying to laugh and joke as before. He did not know that she knew.

Oh, yes, he went to his club again. He resigned from four of them, to economize, he said, but the remaining one saw him regularly every day, with this difference: he was evidently proving something to himself. Instead of joining the group about the fire, he would seat himself at some distance from it and, with elaborate indifference, pretend to read a paper while he waited to see if any of "the men" would come to him. They always nodded pleasantly to him, some of them even called a "Hello, Hen J." across the room, but no one ever came. No one begged him to join the group, and no one asked him to dinner. He grew to be a familiar figure, sitting alone, rather bowed about the shoulders, looking out of the window or reading, always reading the same paper. As he walked by the group on his way home, if some one spoke to him, he would stop, his face brightening, and at the slightest encouragement he would have sat down by them again; but they had gotten out of the habit of expecting him to, and none of them thought of asking him. That was all: none of them thought.

At home the little wife tried with all her slender strength to cheer him up; but she was n't a man, and he could n't clap her on the back and—oh, there is always a difference. He pretended all this time that things were as they had been. He told her stories that had been told him some time ago, and he made up imaginary conversations between himself and "the men." She listened, applauding his every word.

But all this was a strain, and he soon began to show it. His hands trembled a great deal, he walked more slowly than is natural, and he seemed to have lost the savor of things. Once only did he recover a touch of his old-time enthusiasm. At a certain dinner the Great Man made a wonderful speech. The headline world seized upon it the following morning, editorials were written upon it, men quoted it, sermons referred to it. It was the speech of the year, and Henry Jennings, sitting alone in the club window, read it with his forlorn heart beating excitedly. He almost ran home to his wife that evening to read it aloud to her, and the next day he composed a letter to the Great Man congratulating him in whole-souled words on his success. The Great Man really meant to answer that letter when he received it, but somehow there were so many demands on him,—you understand how it is,—and the matter slipped his mind, so that Henry Jennings watched the mail every morning in vain.

About this time stocks went up, and he made a little money; but he did not seem to care much about it. Then he fell ill, the doctor was sent for, and a trained nurse called; so the money came in handy, after all. He lingered on for several months. The little wife, knowing it could not last, made up her mind to a very shocking deception. Every time the telephone bell rang down-stairs she told him it was one of "the men" calling up to ask how he was; every time the door-bell rang she told him it was one of "the men" inquiring for him,—no, they could n't see him until he was stronger,—every day or so she would order pansies sent to him, and tell him that they came from the Great Man. It was worth it. He lay in his bed and talked now sanely, now deliriously, about his friends. "I thought some time ago," he confided to her, "that I was kind of dropping off; but I must have imagined it. You might send a case of that Moselle we have lying in our cellar, doing nothing, to Smith. You said he called up yesterday, did n't you?" And in the meanwhile every one had forgotten, so simple is it to forget.

Three days before his birthday Henry Jennings died. He died perfectly content; he hardly realized what was happening. After the first convulsion of grief,—the shuddering, tearing grief that pulls and shakes and crushes,—the little widow dragged herself together and began to make arrangements for the funeral. No one helped her except the doctor. The family, usually expected to rally at funerals, even though it lives apart at other times, had become virtually extinct. A few distant cousins and aunts, who had their own troubles, sent tele-

grams, put on white shirt-waists, black tailor suits, black bands on their coats, refused a few dinner invitations, and considered their duty done. There was no one to go, no one to follow Henry Jennings to his last resting place except the little widow, and she knew that if he knew, it would spoil his rest. How could she be sure that he did not know?

His funeral was to be on his birthday. The day after he died, she put on her long crape veil for the first time, called a cab, drew down the shades, and told the coachman to drive to the Great Man's house. From her tremendous, storm-tossed love a resolution had grown. Henry Jennings should have a man, a great man, at his funeral. She was ushered into the library, and soon the Great Man came in. He did not even know that Henry Jennings had died until he saw the widow's pale little face staring at him from out its crape frame; then he was very distressed, oh, very distressed indeed—so distressed that he forgot to look at his watch, and in consequence missed a business appointment. But he was also puzzled at this unusual visit from the widow. She soon enlightened him. She told him the whole pitiful story—how much his friendship had meant to her husband, how he had hungered for friends, how "the men" had forgotten him, how happy he was at the end when he thought they were remembering him, how she had sent the pansies, and how the funeral was to be on his birthday. She was big enough to forget her pride, the little widow.

"H'm!" said the Great Man, "that is sad and horrible. Poor, poor Hen; I always liked him. His birthday, you say?"

"And yours," cried the little widow, tremulously. "He never forgot you. Don't you remember the telegrams? I hope you will come to-morrow. Oh, please come! It would make him so happy."

The Great Man walked over to the window. "I have made an engagement," he said at last, "but of course—I 'll come."

The next day the little widow and the Great Man walked together beside the sleeping Henry Jennings. The Great Man carried a huge bunch of pansies, and for once he forgot that he was great and shed a very human tear over his friend. But "the men" at the club did not hear of it until one of them, looking idly through the death-notices, came across the name. Then they all stopped playing poker a moment, shook their heads, and said: "Pshaw! poor old Hen J.! I wondered where he had gone." And they all determined to write to the little widow. And they all forgot.

THE SPUR

BY ALDIS DUNBAR

BECAUSE of your strong faith, I kept the track
Whose sharp-set stones my strength had well-nigh spent.
I could not meet your eyes if I turned back:
So on I went.

Because you would not yield belief in me,
The threatening crags that rose, my way to bar,
I conquered inch by crumbling inch—to see
The goal afar.

And though I struggle toward it through hard years,
Or flinch, or falter blindly, yet within,
"You can!" unwavering my spirit hears:
And I shall win.

MAIN APPROACH TO THE BUILDING OF ARTS

The grove at the left of the building has been utilized for an outdoor theater.

THE BUILDING OF ARTS AT BAR HARBOR

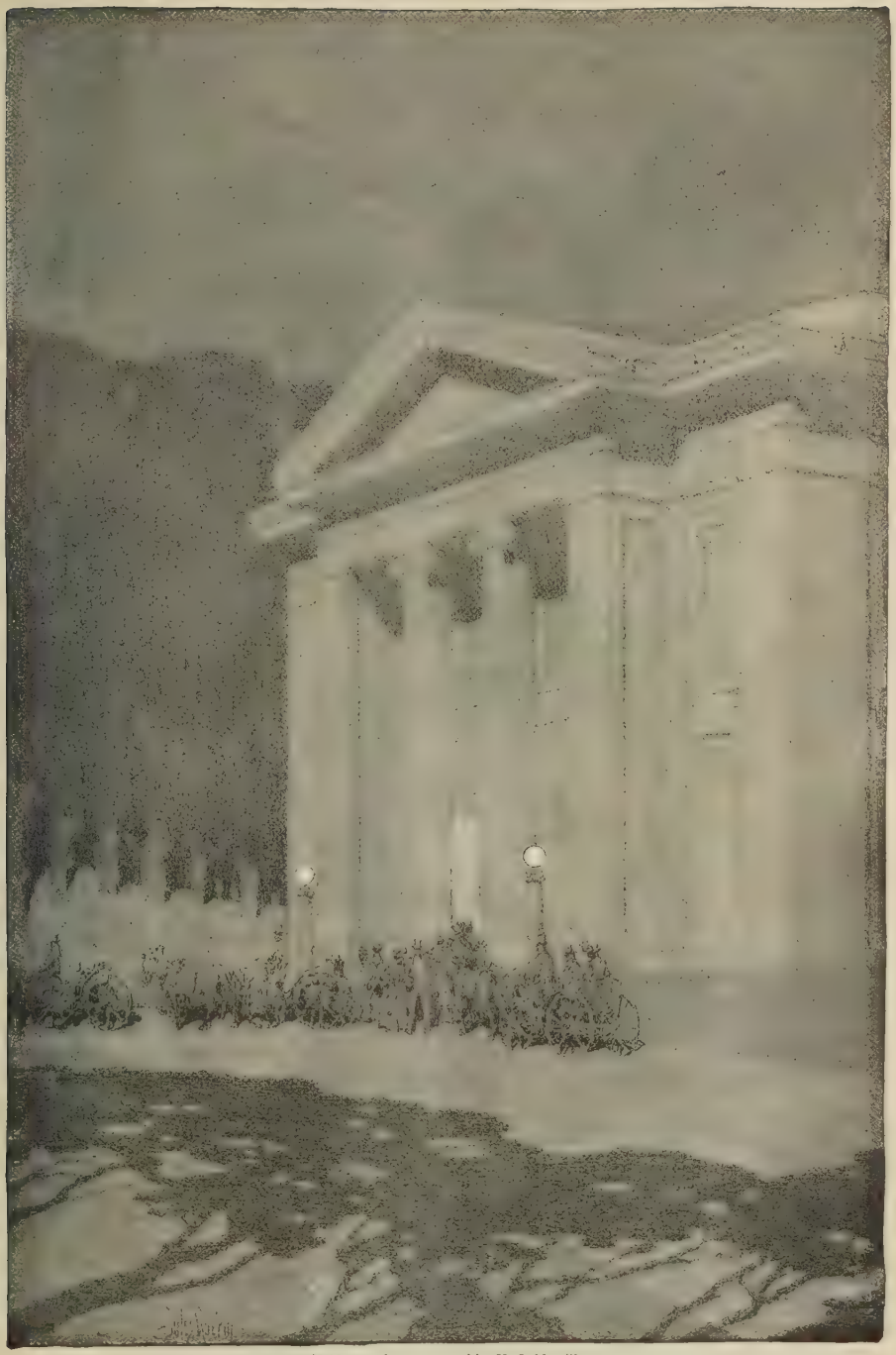
BY OWEN JOHNSON

IT greets the eye, in the first surprise of its red-tiled roof, its marshaled columns, and its fine proportions, like a glimpse of some forgotten Grecian temple. Nobly set into the slope of the hill, with a background of cool groves, and accentuating the dark, bare-topped mountains of the island,—the highest on our Atlantic coast,—the Building of Arts meets the perplexed visitor with the graceful dignity of a serene age. One listens for the echoes of a shepherd's pipe or seeks among the tree-trunks the flitting passage of a flowing robe.

If it were nothing but a beautiful monument, admirable in mass and in detail, Mr. Lowell's Building of Arts would justify its existence. But, more than this, it is the expression of a unique and interesting purpose. Created by a few public-spirited summer residents[1] to supply a focus for the abundant artistic and intellectual life of Bar Harbor, the Building of Arts already, in the first short season of its occupation, has produced a marked impression by the creation of a distinct musical atmosphere. The high plane of the season's work in music may be inferred from the fact that among those who have taken part are such distinguished artists as Madame Emma Eames, Mrs. Francis L. Wellman (Emma Juch), David Bispham, Vladimir de Pachmann, Cortlandt Palmer, and many members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The stage is not intended for elaborate dramatic representations, and during the first summer only such plays as were presented on the green, and which have an outdoor atmosphere could be said to be appropriate. Of such the "Midsummer Night's Dream," one of several given by the Ben Greet Company, was the most successful. The classical costumes and colors, seen in a stage of open forest, were suggestively in keeping with the Building of Arts at the right of the audience. Mendelssohn's music was given by members of the Boston Symphony, concealed in a clump of bushes, and the groups of dancers and the tripping processions of woodland figures gave an antique gaiety to the moonlit night. The summer of 1909 will probably see the completion of a Greek amphitheater, which is to be constructed near-by against the slope of the hill, the spectators facing the colonnade of the building. With this addition, it will be possible to give open-air performances of Greek and Elizabethan drama, as well as frequent festivals by the choral society of the village. Orchestral and vocal performances will continue to be given in the hall, which by an admirable arrangement of doors and windows can virtually be thrown open to the breezes in warm weather, while one may get charming glimpses of trees and hills. The graded lawn at the side of the building will serve for floral exhibitions, to which at night

[1] For the working out of the scheme credit is due to Messrs. George Dorr, Henry Lane Eno, George W. Vanderbilt, Mrs. Henry F. Dimock and Mrs. Robert Abbe.



Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

ENTRANCE OF THE BUILDING OF ARTS, BAR HARBOR. (ARCHITECT: GUY LOWELL)

DRAWN BY JULES GUÉRIN

the shadowed background of the white building, set with soft electric lights, will lend a fairy illusion.

Each year the committee will seek for its program events of unusual, even national interest—a Molière comedy with Coquelin, a Shaksperian production by Forbes Robertson, the appearance of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, or the advent of a great prima donna or pianist.

The influence of such an organization, if successful, will be such that insensibly this program may widen in scope to include important exhibitions of painting or sculpture, or addresses by distinguished speakers on topics of broad interest.

The Building of Arts, still in its development, is an interesting problem, and the impulse of which it is the expression is of deep significance. It is in this country the first conspicuous effort on a large scale to crystallize the diverse elements that form the summer colony into a real society, having as its objective the highest esthetic and intellectual stimulation—not only to encourage liberally the arts of America, but to contribute to self-education and to the helpful mingling of city and village life. The movement is in capable hands and has every prospect of success.

Manifestly, if such great summer colonies as Bar Harbor, Newport, and Southampton shall undergo such an evolution the importance to the artistic life of the country from the stimulus will be great. Perhaps from such sources, removed from the conflict of commercialism, may come the beginnings of an intellectual atmosphere of great moment.

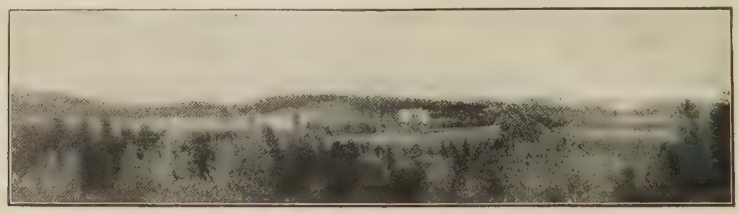
In view of the fact that this is the first structure of its kind in America for such a purpose, some practical details may be of interest and use.

The Building of Arts is severely classic in design, and represents a selective adaptation of several of the best Greek models. In plan it is rectangular and rests, as do many of the Greek temples, upon a broad stylobate in which steps are cut, leading to the main entrance and the loggias. The columns which support the roof over the loggias and the porch are similar to those of the Erectheum and the Propylæa. The smaller Corinthian order of the pavilions is taken from the small Odeion, or shrine, found near the Temple of Olympian Zeus.

One interesting feature of the design, that in this country is somewhat unusual in so severely classic a building, is the use of color. The tones are the same as were used by the Greeks, although out of deference to the New England love of severity they are not used quite so vividly or over such large surfaces as in Athens.

The porch at the westerly end forms the main entrance to the building where three pairs of doors lead to a large foyer separated from the auditorium by the piers which support the balcony. The stage is at the east end of the building and has been arranged with a wooden sounding-board and movable sides.

The auditorium, seating 400, is 37 feet by 70 and is lighted at the level of the balcony by twelve large windows with heavy Greek grilles opening out on the loggias and the porch. Between these windows are panels of simple Greek moldings. At each side of the auditorium are three pairs of doors giving access to the loggias and so arranged that the auditorium, the loggias, the proposed amphitheater on the north and the terrace on the south may be used together. The ceiling is composed of forty-five large plaster coffers adapted from those of the Ionic porch of the Propylæa. At the center of each is a large classic rosette, the central portion of each alternate one being reproduced in glass and in these are placed the electric lights.



SITE OF THE BUILDING OF ARTS
Bar Harbor is on the right and the Kebo Valley club on the left.

THE RED CITY

A NOVEL OF THE SECOND ADMINISTRATION OF WASHINGTON

BY S. WEIR MITCHELL, M.D.

Author of "Hugh Wynne," "Constance Trescot," etc.

XIX

THE only man known to me who remembered Schmidt is said to have heard Alexander Hamilton remark that all the German lacked of being great was interest in the noble game of politics. It was true of Schmidt. The war of parties merely amused him, with their honest dread of a monarchy, their terror of a bonded debt, their disgust at the abominable imposition of a tax on freemen, and, above all, an excise tax on whisky. Jefferson, with keen intellect, was trying to keep the name Republican for the would-be Democrats, and while in office had rebuked Genêt and kept Fauchet in order, so that, save for the smaller side of him and the blinding mind fog of personal and party prejudice, he would have been still more valuable in the distracted cabinet he had left.

Schmidt looked on it all with tranquillity, and while he heard even the horrors of the Terror with regret for individual suffering, regarded that strange drama much as an historian looks back on the records of the past.

Seeing this and the man's interest in the people near to him, in flowers, nature, and books, his attitude of mind in regard to the vast world changes seemed singular to the more intense character of De Courval. It had for him, however, its value in the midst of the turmoil of a new nation and the temptations an immense prosperity offered to a people who were not as yet acclimated to the air of freedom.

In fact Schmidt's indifference, or rather the neutrality of a mind not readily biassed, seemed to set him apart, and to enable him to see with sagacity the meaning and the probable results of what appeared to some in America like the beginning of a fatal evolution of ruin.

Their companionship had now the qualities of one of those rare and useful friendships between middle age and youth, seen now and then between a father and son, with similar tastes. They were much together, and by the use of business errands and social engagements the elder man did his share in so occupying De Courval as to limit his chances of seeing Margaret Swanwick; nor was she entirely or surely displeased. Her instincts as a woman made her aware of what might happen at any time. She knew, too, what would then be the attitude of the repellent Huguenot lady. Her pride of caste was recognized by Margaret with the distinctness of an equal but different pride, and with some resentment at an aloofness which, while it permitted the expression of gratitude, seemed to draw between Mrs. Swanwick and herself a line of impassable formality of intercourse.

One of the lesser accidents of social life was about to bring for De Courval unlooked-for changes and materially to affect his fortunes. He had seemed to Schmidt of late less troubled, a fact due to a decision which left him more at ease.

The summer of 1794 was over, and the city gay and amusing. He had seen Carteaux more than once, and seeing him, he had been but little disturbed. On an evening in September, Schmidt and he went as usual to the fencing-school. There

Drawn by A. I. Keller. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"SHE THREW THE FAIRY TISSUE ABOUT PEARL'S HEAD, SMILING AS SHE CONSIDERED THE EFFECT"

were some new faces. Du Vallon said, "Here, Schmidt, is an old friend of mine, and Vicomte, let me present Monsieur Brillat-Savarin."

The new-comer greeted De Courval and his face expressed surprise as he bowed to the German. "I beg pardon," he said—"Monsieur Schmidt?"

"Yes, at your service."

He seemed puzzled. "It seems to me that we have met before—in Berne, I think."

"Berne. Berne," said Schmidt, coldly. "I was never in Berne."

"Ah, I beg pardon. I must be mistaken."

"Are you here for a long stay?"

"Only for a few days. I am wandering in a land of lost opportunities."

"Of what?" asked Schmidt.

"Oh, of the cook. Think of it, these angelic reed-birds, the divine terrapin, the duck they call canvas, the archangelic wild turkey, unappreciated, crudely cooked; the Madeira—ah, *mon dieu!* I would talk of them, and, behold, the men talk politics! I have eaten of that dish at home, and it gave me the colic of disgust."

"But the women?" said a young *émigré*.

"Ah, angels, angels. But can they make an omelet? The divine Miss Morris would sing to me when I would speak seriously of my search for truffles. Oh, she would sing the 'Yankee Dudda'[1] and I must hear the 'Lament of Major André.' Who was he?"

De Courval explained.

"It is the truffle I lament. Ah, to marry the truffle to the wild turkey."

The little group laughed. "Old gourmand," cried Du Vallon, "you are still the same."

"Gourmet," corrected Savarin. "Congratulate me. I have found here a cook—Marino, a master, French of course, from San Domingo. You will dine with me at four to-morrow; and you, Monsieur Schmidt, certainly you resemble—"

"Yes," broke in the German. "A likeness often remarked, not very flattering."

"Ah, pardon me. But my dinner—Du Vallon, you will come, and the vicomte, and you and you, and there will be Messieurs Bingham and Rawle and Mr. Meredith, and one Jacobin,—Monsieur Girard,—as I hear a lover of good diet—ah, he gave me the crab which is soft, the citizen crab. Monsieur Girard—I bless him. I have seen women, statesmen, kings, but the crab, ah! the crab 'which is soft.'"

All of them accepted, the *émigrés* gladly, being, alas! none too well fed.

"And now, adieu. I must go and meditate on my dinner."

The next day at four they met at Marino's, the new restaurant in Front Street then becoming fashionable.

"I have taken the liberty," said Bingham, "to send half a dozen of Madeira, 1745, and two decanters of grape juice, what we call the white. The rest—well, of our best, all of it."

They sat down expectant. "The turkey I have not," said Savarin; "but the soup—ah, you will see—soup *a la reine*. Will Citizen Girard decline?"

The dinner went on with talk and laughter. Savarin talking broken English, or more volubly French.

"You are to have the crabs which are soft, Monsieur Girard, *en papillotte,* more becoming crabs than women, and at the close reed-birds. Had there been these in France, and the crab which is soft, and the terrapin, there would have been no Revolution. And the Madeira—perfect, perfect, a revelation. Your health, Mr. Bingham."

Bingham bowed over his glass, and regretted that canvasback ducks and terrapin were not yet in season. The *émigrés* used well this rare chance, and with talk of the wine and jest and story (anything but politics), the dinner went on gaily. Meanwhile Girard, beside De Courval, spoke of their sad experiences in the fever, and of what was going on in the murder-scourged West Indian Islands, and of the ruin of our commerce. Marino in his white cap and long apron stood behind the host, quietly appreciative of the praise given to his dinner.

Presently Savarin turned to him. "Who," he asked, "dressed this salad. It is a marvel, and quite new to me."

"I asked Monsieur de Beauvois to do me the honor."

"Indeed! Many thanks, De Beauvois," said the host to a gentleman at the

[1] He so writes it in his "Physiologie du goût."

farther end of the table. "Your salad is past praise. Your health. You must teach me this dressing."

"A secret," laughed the guest, as he bowed over his glass, "and valuable."

"That is droll," said De Courval to Bingham.

"No; he comes to my house and to Willing's to dress salad for our dinners. Ten francs he gets, and lives on it, and saves money."

"Indeed! I am sorry for him," said René.

Then Mr. Bingham, being next to Girard, said to him: "At the State Department yesterday, Mr. Secretary Randolph asked me, knowing I was to see you today, if you knew of any French gentleman who could act as translating clerk. Of course he must know English."

"Why not my neighbor De Courval?" said the merchant. "But he is hardly of Mr. Randolph's politics."

"And what are they?" laughed Mr. Bingham. "Federal, I suppose; but as for De Courval, he is of no party. Besides, ever since Freneau left on account of the fever, the Secretaries are shy of any more clerks who will keep them in hot water with the President. For a poet he was a master of rancorous abuse."

"And who," said Girard, "have excelled the poets in malignancy? Having your permission, I will ask our young friend." And turning to René, he related what had passed between him and Mr. Bingham.

Somewhat surprised, René said: "I might like it, but I must consult Mr. Schmidt. I am far from having any political opinions, or, if any, they are with the Federals. But that would be for the Secretary to decide upon. An exile, Mr. Girard, should have no political opinions unless he means to become a citizen, as I do not."

"That seems reasonable," said Bingham, the senator for Pennsylvania, overhearing him. "Your health, De Courval, I commend to you the white grape juice. And if the place please you, let it be a receipt in full for my early contribution of mud." And laughing, he told Girard the story.

"Indeed, sir, it was a very personal introduction," returned René.

"I should like well to have that young man myself," said Girard in an aside to Bingham. "This is a poor bit of advancement you offer—all honor and little cash. I like the honor that attends to a draft."

The senator laughed. "Oh, Schmidt has, I believe, adopted De Courval or something like it. He will take the post for its interest. Do you know," he added, "who this man Schmidt may be?"

"I—no; but all Europe is sending us mysterious people. By and by the kings and queens will come. But Schmidt is a man to trust, that I do know."

"A good character," cried Schmidt, coming behind them. "My thanks."

"By George! It was lucky we did not abuse you," said Bingham.

"Oh, Madeira is a gentle critic, and a good dinner does fatten amiability. Come, René, we shall get on even terms of praise with them as we walk home."

The party broke up, joyous at having dined well.

As they went homeward, Schmidt said: "Our host, René, is not a mere gourmet. He is a philosophic student of diet, living in general simply, and, I may add, a gentleman of courage and good sense, as he showed in France."

"It seems difficult, sir, to judge men. He seemed to me foolish."

"Yes; one is apt to think not well of a man who talks much of what he eats. He recognized me, but at once accepted my obvious desire not to be known. He will be sure to keep my secret."

When at home, after dinner—and it was not yet twilight—they sat down with their pipes, René laid before his friend this matter of the secretaryship.

Schmidt said: "My work is small just now, and the hours of the State Office would release you at three. You would be at the center of affairs, and learn much, and would find the Secretary pleasant. But, remember, the work may bring you into relations with Carteaux."

"I have thought of that; but my mother will like this work for me. The business she disliked."

"Then take it, if it is offered, as I am sure it will be." "He is very quiet about Carteaux," thought Schmidt. "Something will happen soon. I did say from the first that I would not desire to be inside of that Jacobin's skin."

The day after, a brief note called De Courval to the Department of State.

The modest building which then housed the Secretary and his affairs was a small dwelling-house on High Street, No. 379, as the old numbers then ran.

No mark distinguished it as the vital center of a nation's foreign business. René had to ask a passer-by for the direction.

For a brief moment De Courval stood on the outer step before the open door. A black servant was asleep on a chair within the sanded entry.

The simplicity and poverty of a young nation, just of late having set up housekeeping, were plainly to be read in the office of the Department of State. Two or three persons went in or came out.

Beside the step an old black woman was selling peanuts. René's thoughts wandered for a moment from his Norman home to a clerk's place in the service of a new country.

"How very strange!"—he had said so to Schmidt, and now recalled his laughing reply: "We think we play the game of life, René, but the banker Fate always wins. His dice are loaded, his cards are marked." The German liked to puzzle him. "And yet," reflected De Courval, "I can go in or go home." He said to himself: "Surely I am free,—and, after all, how little it means for me! I am to translate letters." He roused the snoring negro, and asked, "Where can I find Mr. Randolph?" As the drowsy slave was assembling his wits, a notably pleasant voice behind René said: "I am Mr. Randolph, at your service. Have I not the pleasure to see the Vicomte de Courval?"

"Yes, I am he."

"Come into my office." René followed him, and they sat down to talk in the simply furnished front room.

The Secretary, then in young middle age, was a largely built man and portly, dark-eyed, with refined features and quick to express a certain conciliatory courtesy in his relations with others. He used gesture more freely than is common with men of our race, and both in voice and manner there was something which René felt to be engaging and attractive.

He liked him, and still more after a long talk in which the duties of the place were explained and his own indisposition to speak of his past life recognized with tactful courtesy.

Randolph said at last, "The office is yours if it please you to accept."

"I do so, sir, most gladly."

"Very good. I ought to say that Mr. Freneau had but two hundred and fifty dollars a year. It is all we can afford."

As René was still the helper of Schmidt, and well paid, he said it was enough. He added: "I am not of any party, sir. I have already said so, but I wish as to this to be definite."

"That is of no moment, or, in fact, a good thing. Your duties here pledge you to no party. I want a man of honor, and one with whom state secrets will be safe. Well, then, you take it? We seem to be agreed."

"Yes; and I am much honored by the offer."

"Then come here at ten to-morrow. There is much to do for a time."

Madame was pleased. This at least was not commerce. But now there was little leisure, and no time for visits to the Hill, at which the two conspiring cupids, out of business and anxious, smiled, doubtful as to what cards Fate would hold in this game; and thus time ran on.

The work was easy and interesting. The Secretary, courteous and well-pleased, in that simpler day, came in person to the little room assigned to De Courval and brought documents and letters which opened a wide world to a curious young man, who would stay at need until midnight, and who soon welcomed duties far beyond mere French letter-writing.

By and by there were visits with papers to Mr. Wolcott at the Treasury Department, No. 119 Chestnut Street, and at last to Fauchet at Oeller's Hotel.

He was received with formal civility by Le Blanc, a secretary, and presently Carteaux, entering, bowed. De Courval did not return the salute, and, finishing his business without haste, went out.

He felt the strain of self-control the situation had demanded, but, as he wiped the sweat from his forehead, knew with satisfaction that the stern trials of the years had won for him the priceless power to be or to seem to be what he was not.

"The *ci-devant* has had his little lesson," said Le Blanc. "It will be long before he insults another good Jacobin."

Carteaux, more intelligent, read otherwise the set jaw and grave face of the Huguenot gentleman. He would be on his guard.

The news of the death of Robespierre, in July, 1794, had unsettled Fauchet, and his subordinate, sharing his uneasiness, meant to return to France if the minister were recalled and the Terror at an end, or to find a home in New York, and perhaps, like Genêt, a wife. For the time he dismissed De Courval from his mind, although not altogether self-assured concerning the future.

XX

"And now about this matter of dress," said Miss Gainor.

"Thou art very good, Godmother, to come and consult me," said Mrs. Swanwick. "I have given it some thought, and now I do not see the wisdom of going half-way. The good preacher White has been talking to Margaret, and I see no reason why, if I changed, she also should not be free to do as seems best to her."

"You are very moderate, Mary, as you always are."

"I try to be; but I wish that it were altogether a matter of conscience with Margaret. It is not. Friends were concerned in regard to that sad duel and considered me unwise to keep in my house one guilty of the wickedness of desiring to shed another's blood, Margaret happened to be with me when Friend Howell opened the subject, and thou knowest how gentle he is."

"Yes. I know. What happened, Mary?"

"He said that Friends were advised that to keep in my house a young man guilty of bloodshed was, as it did appear to them, undesirable. Then, to my surprise, Margaret said: 'But he was not guilty of bloodshed.' Friend Howell was rather amazed, as thou canst imagine; but before he could say a word more, Miss Impudence jumped up, very red in the face, and said: 'Why not talk to him instead of troubling mother? I wish he had shed more blood than his own.'"

"Ah, the dear minx! I should like to have been there," said Gainor.

"He was very near to anger—as near as is possible for Arthur Howell; but out goes my young woman in a fine rage about what was none of her business."

"And what did you say?"

"What could I say except to excuse her, because the young man was our friend, and at last that I was very sorry not to do as they would have had me to do, but would hear no more. He was ill-pleased, I do assure thee."

"Were you very sorry, Mary Swanwick?"

"I was not, although I could not approve the young man nor my child's impertinence."

"Well, my dear, I should have said worse things. I may have my way in the matter of dress, I suppose?"

"Yes," said the widow, resigned. "An Episcopalian in Friends' dress seems to me to lack propriety; but as to thy desire to buy her fine garments, there are trunks in my garret full of the world's things I gave up long ago."

"Were you sorry?"

"A little, Aunt Gainor. Wilt thou see them?"

"Oh, yes. Margaret," she called, "come in."

She entered with De Courval, at home by good luck. "And may I come, too?" he asked.

"Why not?" said Mistress Gainor, and they went up-stairs, where Nanny, delighted, opened the trunks and took out one by one the garments of a gayer world, long laid away unused. The maid in her red bandana head-gear was delighted, having, like her race, great pleasure in bright colors.

The widow, standing apart, looked on, with memories which kept her silent, as the faint smell of lavender, which seems to me always to have an ancient fragrance, hung about the garments of her youth.

Margaret watched her mother with quick sense of this being for her something like the turning back to a record of a girlhood like her own. De Courval had eyes for the Pearl alone. Gainor Wynne, undisturbed by sentimental reflections, enjoyed the little business.

"Goodness, my dear, what brocade!" cried Miss Wynne. "How fine you were, Mary! And a white satin, with lace and silver gimp."

"It was my mother's wedding-gown," said the widow.

"And for day wear this lutestring will fit you to a hair, Margaret; but the sleeves must be loose. And lace—what is it?" She held up a filmy fabric.

"I think I could tell." And there, a little curious, having heard her son's voice, was the vicomtesse, interested, and for her mildly excited, to René's surprise.

Miss Gainor greeted her in French I dare not venture upon, and this common interest in clothes seemed somehow to have the effect of suddenly bringing all these women into an intimacy of the minute, while the one man stood by, with the unending wonder of the ignorant male, now, as it were, behind the scenes. He fell back, and the women left him unnoticed.

"What is it, Madame?" asked Margaret.

"Oh, French point, child, and very beautiful."

"And this other must be—"

"It is new to me," cried Miss Wynne.

"Permit me," said the vicomtesse. "Venetian point, I think—quite priceless, Margaret, a wonder." She threw the fairy tissue about Pearl's head, smiling as she considered the effect.

"Is this my mother?" thought her son, with increase of wonder. He had seen her only with restricted means, and knew little of the more luxurious days and tastes of her youth.

"Does you remember this, missus?" said Nanny.

"A doll," cried Gainor, "and in Quaker dress! It will do for your children, Margaret."

"No, it is not a child's doll," said Mrs. Swanwick. "Friends in London sent it to Marie Wynne, Hugh's mother, for a pattern of the last Quaker fashions in London—a way they had. I had quite forgotten it."

"And very pretty, quite charming," said the vicomtesse.

"And stays, my dear, and a modesty fence," cried Miss Wynne, holding them up. "You will have to fatten, Pearl."

Upon this the young man considered it as well to retire. He went down-stairs unmissed, thinking of the agreeable intimacy of stays with the fair figure he left bending over the trunk, a mass of black lace in her hand.

"Spanish, my dear," said Madame, with animation; "quite a wonder. Oh, rare, very rare. Not quite fit for a young woman—a head veil."

"Are they all mine, Mother?" cried Margaret.

"Yes, my child."

"Then, Madame," she said, with rising color and engaging frankness, "may I not have the honor to offer thee the lace?"

"Why not?" said Gainor, pleased at the pretty way of the girl.

"Oh, quite impossible, child," said the vicomtesse. "It is quite too valuable."

"Please!" said Pearl. "It would so become thee."

"I really cannot."

"Thy roquelaure," laughed Mrs. Swanwick, "was—well—I did remonstrate. Why may not we too have the pleasure of extravagance?"

"I am conquered," said Madame, a trace of color in her wan cheeks as Mrs. Swanwick set the lace veil on her head, saying: "We are obliged, Madame. And where is the vicomte? He should see thee."

"Gone," said Miss Gainor; "and just as well, too," for now Nanny was holding up a variety of lavender-scented delicacies of raiment, fine linens, and openwork silk stockings.

René, still laughing, met Schmidt in the hall.

"You were merry up-stairs."

"Indeed we were." And he gaily described his mother's unwonted mood; but of the sacred future of the stays he said no word.

"And so our gray moth is become a butterfly. I think Mother Eve would not have abided long without a milliner. I should like to have been of the party up-stairs."

"You would have been much enlightened," said Miss Wynne on the stair. "I shall send for the boxes, Mary." And with this she went away with Margaret, as the doctor had declared was still needful.

"Why are you smiling, Aunt?" said Margaret.

"Oh, nothing." Then to herself she said: "I think that if René de Courval had heard her talk to Arthur Howell, he

would have been greatly enlightened. Her mother must have understood; or else she is more of a fool than I take her to be."

"And thou wilt not tell me?" asked the Pearl.

"Never," said Gainor, laughing—"never."

Meanwhile there was trouble in the western counties of Pennsylvania over the excise tax on whisky, and more work than French translations for an able and interested young clerk, whom his mother spoke of as a secretary to the minister.

"It is the first strain upon the new Constitution," said Schmidt; "but there is a man with bones to his back, this President." And by November the militia had put down the riots, and the first grave trial of the central government was well over; so that the President was free at last to turn to the question of the treaty with England, already signed in London.

Then once more the clamor of party strife broke out. Had not Jay kissed the hand of the queen? "He had prostrated at the feet of royalty the sovereignty of the people."

Fauchet was busy fostering opposition long before the treaty came back for decision by the Senate. The foreign office was busy, and Randolph ill pleased with the supposed terms of the coming document.

To deal with the causes of opposition to the treaty in and out of the cabinet far into 1795 concerns this story but indirectly. No one was altogether satisfied, and least of all Fauchet, who at every opportunity was sending despatches home by any French war-ship seeking refuge in our ports.

A little before noon, on the 29th of November, of this year, 1794, a date De Courval was never to forget, he was taking the time for his watch from the clock on the western wall of the State House. As he stood, he saw Dr. Chovet stop his chaise.

"*Bonjour,* citizen," cried the doctor. "Your too intimate friend, Monsieur Carteaux, is off for France. He will trouble you no more." As usual, the doctor, safe in his chaise, was as impertinent as he dared to be.

Too disturbed to notice anything but this startling information in regard to his enemy, De Courval said: "Who told you that? It cannot be true. He was at the State Department yesterday, and we were to meet this afternoon over the affair of a British ship captured by a French privateer."

"Oh, I met him on Fifth Street on horseback just now—a little while ago."

"Well, what then?"

"'I am for New York,' he said. I asked: 'How can I send letters to France?' He said: 'I cannot wait for them. I am in a hurry. I must catch that corvette, the *Jean Bart,* in New York.' Then I cried after him: 'Are you for France?' And he: 'Do you not wish you, too, were going? Adieu. Wish me *bon voyage.*'"

"Was he really going? We would have heard of it."

"*Le diable,* I think so; but he has a mocking tongue. I think he goes. My congratulations that you are rid of him. Adieu!"

"Insolent!" muttered De Courval. Was it only insolence, or was it true that his enemy was about to escape him? The thought that he could not leave it in doubt put an instant end to his indecisions.

"I shall not risk it," he said, and there was no time to be lost. His mother, Margaret, the possible remonstrance from Schmidt, each in turn had the thought of a moment and then were dismissed in turn as he hurried homeward. Again he saw Avignon and Carteaux' dark face, and heard the echoing memory of his father's death-cry, "Yvonne! Yvonne!" He must tell Schmidt if he were in; if not, so much the better, and he would go alone. He gave no thought to the unwisdom of such a course. His whole mind was on one purpose, and the need to give it swift and definite fulfilment.

He was not sorry that Schmidt was not at home. He sat down and wrote to him that Carteaux was on his way to embark for France and that he meant to overtake him. Would Schmidt explain to his mother his absence on business? Then he took Schmidt's pistols from their place over the mantel, loaded and primed them, and put half a dozen bullets and a small powder-horn in his pocket. To carry the pistols, he took Schmidt's saddle-holsters. What next? He wrote a note to the Secretary that he was called out of town on business, but would return next day,

and would Schmidt send it as directed. He felt sure that he would return. As he stood at the door of Schmidt's room, Mrs. Swanwick said from the foot of the stairs: "The dinner is ready."

"Then it must wait for me until to-morrow. I have to ride on a business matter to Bristol."

"Thou hadst better bide for thy meal."

"No, I cannot." As Mrs. Swanwick passed into the dining-room, Margaret came from the withdrawing-room, and stood in the doorway opposite to him, a china bowl of the late autumnal flowers in her hands. Seeing him cloaked and booted to ride, she said:

"Wilt thou not stay to dine? I heard thee tell mother thou wouldst not."

"No; I have a matter on hand which requires haste."

She had learned to read his face.

"It must be a pleasant errand," she said. "I wish thee success." Thinking as he stood how some ancestor going to war would have asked for a glove, a tress of hair, to carry on his helmet, he said: "Give me a flower for luck."

"No; they are faded."

"Ah, I shall think your wish a rose—a rose that will not fade."

She colored a little and went by him, saying nothing, lest she might say too much.

"Good-by!" he added, and went out the hall door, and made haste to reach the stables of the Bull and Bear, where Schmidt kept the horses De Courval was free to use. He was about to do a rash and, as men would see it, a foolish thing. He laughed as he mounted. He knew that now he had no more power to stop or hesitate than the stone which has left the sling.

He had made the journey to New York more than once, and as he rode north up the road to Bristol in a heavy downfall of rain he reflected that Carteaux would cross the Delaware by the ferry at that town, or farther on at Trenton.

If the doctor had been correct as to the time, Carteaux had started at least an hour and a half before him.

It was still raining heavily as he rode out of the city, and as the gray storm-clouds would shorten the daylight, he pushed on at speed, sure of overtaking his enemy and intently on guard. He stayed a moment beside the road to note the distance, as read on a mile-stone, and knew he had come seven miles. That would answer. He smiled as he saw on the stone the three balls of the Penn arms, popularly known as the three apple dumplings. A moment later his horse picked up a pebble. It took him some minutes to get it out, the animal being restless. Glancing at his watch, he rode on again, annoyed at even so small a loss of time.

When, being about three miles from Bristol town, and looking ahead over a straight line of road, he suddenly pulled up and turned into the shelter of a wood. Some two hundred yards away were two or three houses. A man stood at the roadside. It was Carteaux. René heard the clink of a hammer on the anvil.

To be sure of his man, he fastened his horse and moved nearer with care, keeping within the edge of the wood. Yes, it was Carteaux. The doctor had not lied. If the secretary were going to France, or only on some errand to New York, was now to De Courval of small moment. His horse must have cast a shoe. As Carteaux rode away from the forge, De Courval mounted, and rode on more rapidly.

Within two miles of Bristol, as he remembered, the road turned at a sharp angle toward the river. A half mile away was an inn where the coaches for New York changed horses. It was now five o'clock, and nearing the dusk of a November day. The rain was over, the sky darkening, the air chilly, the leaves were fluttering slowly down, and a wild gale was roaring in the great forest which bounded the road. He thought of the gentler angelus of another evening, and, strange as it may seem, bowed his head, and like many a Huguenot noble of his mother's race, prayed God that his enemy should be delivered into his hands. Then he stopped his horse and for the first time recognized that it had been raining heavily and that it were well to renew the priming of his pistols. He attended to this with care, and then rode quickly around the turn of the road, and came upon Carteaux walking his horse.

"Stop, Monsieur!" he called, and in an instant he was beside him.

Carteaux turned at the call, and, puzzled for a moment, said: "What is it?"

And then at once he knew the man already at his side.

He was himself unarmed, and for a moment alarmed as he saw De Courval's hand on the pistol in his holster. He called out, "Do you mean to murder me?"

"Not I. You will dismount, and will take one of my pistols—either; they are loaded. You will walk to that stump, turn, and yourself give the word, an advantage, as you may perceive."

"And if I refuse?"

"In that case I shall kill you with no more mercy than you showed my father. You have your choice. Decide, and that quickly."

Having dismounted as he spoke, he stood with a grip on Carteaux' bridle, a pistol in hand, and looking up at the face of his enemy. Carteaux hesitated a moment, with a glance up and down the lonely highway.

"Monsieur," said De Courval, "I am not here to wait on your decision. I purpose to give you the chance I should give a gentleman; but take care—at the least sign of treachery I shall kill you."

Carteaux looked down at the stern face of the Huguenot and knew that he had no choice.

"I accept," he said, and dismounted. De Courval struck the horses lightly, and having seen them turn out of the road, faced Carteaux, a pistol in each hand.

"I have just now renewed the primings," he said. As he spoke, he held out the weapons. For an instant the Jacobin hesitated, and then said quickly:

"I take the right-hand pistol."

"When you are at the stump, look at the priming," said De Courval, intently on guard. "Now, Monsieur, walk to the stump beside the road. It is about twelve paces. You see it?"

"Yes, I see it."

"Very good. At the stump, cock your pistol, turn, and give the word, 'Fire!' Reserve your shot or fire at the word—an advantage, as you perceive."

The Jacobin turned and moved away, followed by the eye of a man distrustfully on the watch.

René stood still, not yet cocking his weapon. Carteaux walked away. When he had gone not over half the distance René heard the click of a cocked pistol and at the instant Carteaux, turning, fired.

René threw himself to right and felt a sharp twinge of pain where the ball grazed the skin of his left shoulder. "Dog of a Jacobin!" he cried, and as Carteaux extended his pistol hand in instinctive protest, De Courval fired. The man's pistol fell, and with a cry of pain he reeled, and, as the smoke blew away, was seen to pitch forward on his face.

At the moment of the shot, and while René stood still, quickly reloading, he heard behind him a wild gallop, and, turning, saw Schmidt breathless at his side, and in an instant out of the saddle. *"Lieber Himmel!"* cried the German, "have you killed him?"

"I do not know; but if he is not dead, I shall kill him; not even you can stop me."

"Ach! but I will, if I have to hold you." As he spoke he set himself between René and the prostrate man. "I will not let you commit murder. Give me that pistol."

For a moment René stared at his friend. Then a quick remembrance of all this man had been to him, all he had done for him, rose in his mind.

"Have your way, sir!" he cried, throwing down his weapon; "but I will never forgive you, never!"

"Ach! that is better," said Schmidt. "To-morrow you will forgive and thank me. Let us look at the rascal."

Together they moved forward, and while De Courval stood by in silence, Schmidt, kneeling beside Carteaux, turned over his insensible body.

"He is not dead," he said, looking up at René.

"I am sorry. Your coming disturbed my aim. I am sorry he is alive."

"And I am not; but not much, *der Teufel!* The ball has torn his arm, and is in the shoulder. If he does live, he is for life a maimed man. This is vengeance worse than death." As he spoke, he ripped open Carteaux' sleeve. *"Sapprement!* how the beast bleeds! He will fence no more." The man lay silent and senseless as the German drew from Carteaux' pocket a handkerchief and tied it around his arm. "There is no big vessel hurt. *Ach, der Teufel!* What errand was he about? A packet of paper had fallen out with the removal of the hand-

kerchief. "It is addressed to him. We must know. I shall open it."

"Oh, surely not!" said René.

Schmidt laughed. "You would murder a man, but respect his letters."

"Yes, I should."

"My conscience is at ease. This is war." As he spoke, he tore open the envelop. Then he whistled low. "Here is a devil of a business, René!"

"What is it, sir?"

"A despatch from Fauchet to the ministry of Foreign Affairs in Paris. Here is trouble, indeed. You waylay and half-kill the secretary of an envoy—you, a clerk of the State Department—"

"Mon Dieu! Must he always bring me disaster?" cried René. He saw with utter dismay the far-reaching consequences of his rash act.

"It is to the care of the captain of the *Jean Bart,* New York Harbor. The Jacobin party will have a fine cry. The State Department will have sent a man to rob a bearer of despatches. Who will know or believe it was a private quarrel?"

"How could I know his errand?"

"That will not save you. Your debt is paid with interest, but at bitter cost. And what now to do?" He stood in the road, silent for a moment, deep in thought. "If he dies, it must all be told."

"I should tell it myself. I do not care."

"But I very much care. If he lives, he will say you set upon him, an unarmed man, and stole his despatches."

"Then leave them."

"That were as bad. I saw his treachery; but who will believe me? I must stay by him, and see what I can do."

Meanwhile the man lay speechless. René looked down at him and then at Schmidt. He, too, was thinking. In a moment he said: "This at least is clear. I am bound in honor to go on this hound's errand, and to see that these papers reach the *Jean Bart."*

"You are right," said Schmidt; "entirely right. But you must not be seen here. Find your way through the woods, and when it is dark—in an hour it will be night—ride through Bristol to Trenton, cross the river there at the ferry. No one will be out of doors in Trenton or Bristol on a night like this. Listen to the wind! Now go. When you are in New York, see Mr. Nicholas Gouverneur in Beaver Street. At need, tell him the whole story; but not if you can help it. Here is money, but not enough. He will provide what you require. Come back through the Jerseys, and cross at Camden. I shall secure help here, go to town, get a doctor, and return. I must talk to this man if he lives, else he will lie about you."

"You will excuse me to the Secretary?"

"Yes; yes, of course. Now go. These people at the inn must not see you."

He watched him ride away into the wood. "It is a sorry business," he said as he knelt down to give the fallen man brandy from the flask he found in his saddle-bag.

Within an hour Carteaux, still insensible, was at Bisanet's Inn, a neighboring doctor found, and that good Samaritan Schmidt, after a fine tale of highwaymen, was in the saddle and away to town, leaving Carteaux delirious.

He went at once to the house of Chovet and found him at home. It was essential to have some one who could talk French.

"At your service," said the doctor.

"Why the devil did you send De Courval after Carteaux this morning?"

"I never meant to."

"But you did. You have made no end of mischief. Now listen. I need you because you speak French. Can you hold your tongue, if to hold it means money? Oh, a good deal. If you breathe a word of what you hear or see, I will half-kill you."

"Oh, Monsieur, I am the soul of honor."

"Indeed. Why, then, does it trouble you? Owing to your damned mischief-making, De Courval has shot Carteaux. You are to go to the inn, Bisanet's, near Bristol to-night, and as often afterward as is needed. I shall pay, and generously, if he does not—but, remember, no one is to know. A highwayman shot him. Do you understand? I found him on the road, wounded."

"Yes; but it is late."

"You go at once."

"I go, Monsieur."

Then Schmidt went home, and ingeniously accounted to Madame, and in a

note to Randolph, for René's absence in New York.

As he sat alone that night he again carefully considered the matter. Yes, if Carteaux died not having spoken, the story would have to be told. The despatch would never be heard of, or if its singular fortune in going on its way were ever known and discussed, that was far in the future, and Schmidt had a strong belief in many things happening or not happening.

And if, too, despite his presumed power to close Carteaux' lips, the injured man should sooner or later charge René with his wound and the theft of the despatch, Schmidt, too, would have a story to tell.

Finally—and this troubled his decisions—suppose that at once he frankly told Fauchet and the Secretary of State what had happened. Would he be believed by Fauchet in the face of what Carteaux would say, or would René be believed or that he had honorably gone on his enemy's errand? The *Jean Bart* would have sailed. Months must pass before the news of the reception of the despatch could in the ordinary state of things be heard of, and now the sea swarmed with British cruisers, and the French frigates were sadly unsafe. To-morrow he must see Carteaux, and at once let Fauchet learn the condition of his secretary. He returned to his trust in the many things that may happen, and, lighting a pipe, fell upon his favorite Montaigne.

He might have been less at ease could he have dreamed what mischief that despatch was about to make or what more remote trouble it was to create for the harassed President and his cabinet.

(To be continued)

THE SPELL OF EGYPT

AS REVEALED IN ITS MONUMENTS

FIFTH PAPER: EDFU—KOM OMBOS

BY ROBERT HICHENS

Author of "The Garden of Allah," etc.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM NATURE BY JULES GUÉRIN

PRAYER pervades the East. Far off across the sands, when one is traveling in the desert, one sees thin minarets rising toward the sky. A desert city is there. It signals its presence by this mute appeal to Allah. And where there are no minarets,—in the great wastes of the dunes, in the eternal silence, the lifelessness that is not broken even by any lonely, wandering bird,—the camels are stopped at the appointed hours, the poor, and often ragged, robes are laid down, the brown pilgrims prostrate themselves in prayer. And the rich man spreads his carpet, and prays. And the half-naked nomad spreads nothing; but he prays, too. The East is full of lust, and full of money-getting, and full of bartering, and full of violence; but it is full of worship —of worship that disdains concealment, that recks not of ridicule or comment, that believes too utterly to care if others disbelieve. There are in the East many men who do not pray. They do not laugh at the man who does, like the unpraying Christian. There is nothing ludicrous to them in prayer. In Egypt your Nubian sailor prays in the stern of your dahabiyeh; and your Egyptian boatman prays by the rudder of your boat; and your black donkey-boy prays behind a red rock in the sand; and your camel-man prays

when you are resting in the noontide, watching the far-off, quivering mirage, lost in some wayward dream.

And must you not pray, too, when you enter certain temples where once strange gods were worshiped in whom no man now believes?

There is one temple on the Nile which seems to embrace in its arms all the worship of the past; to be full of prayers and solemn praises; to be the holder, the noble keeper, of the sacred longings, of the unearthly desires and aspirations, of the dead. It is the temple of Edfu. From all the other temples it stands apart. It is the temple of the inward flame, of the secret soul of man; of that mystery within us that is exquisitely sensitive, and exquisitely alive; that has longings it cannot tell, and sorrows it dare not whisper, and loves it can only love.

To Horus it was dedicated,—hawk-headed Horus,—the son of Isis and Osiris, who was crowned with many crowns, who was the young Apollo of the old Egyptian world. But though I know this, I am never able to associate Edfu with Horus, that child wearing the side-lock,—when he is not hawk-headed in his solar aspect,—that boy with his finger in his mouth, that youth who fought against Set, murderer of his father.

Edfu, in its solemn beauty, in its perfection of form, seems to me to pass into a region altogether beyond identification with the worship of any special deity, with particular attributes, perhaps with particular limitations; one who can be graven upon walls, and upon architraves and pillars painted in brilliant colors; one who can personally pursue a criminal, like some policeman in the street; even one who can rise upon the world in the visible glory of the sun. To me, Edfu must always represent the world-worship of "the Hidden One"; not Amun, god of the dead, fused with Ra, with Amsu, or with Khnum: but that other "Hidden One," who is God of the happy hunting-ground of savages, with whom the Buddhist strives to merge his strange serenity of soul, who is adored in the "Holy Places" by the Moslem, and lifted mystically above the heads of kneeling Catholics in cathedrals dim with incense, and merrily praised with the banjo and the trumpet in the streets of black English cities; who is asked for children by longing women, and for new dolls by lisping babes; whom the atheist denies in the day, and fears in the darkness of night; who is on the lips alike of priest and blasphemer, and in the soul of all human life.

Edfu is the temple of "the Hidden One." It is not pagan; it is not Christian: it is a place in which to worship according to the dictates of your heart.

Edfu stands alone, not near any other temple, on the bank of the Nile between Luxor and Assuan. It is not very far from El-Kab, once the capital of Upper Egypt, and it is about two thousand years old. The building of it took over one hundred and eighty years, and it is the most perfectly preserved temple to-day of all the antique world. It is huge and it is splendid. It has towers one hundred and twelve feet high, a propylon two hundred and fifty-two feet broad, and walls four hundred and fifty feet long. Begun in the reign of Ptolemy III, it was completed only fifty-seven years before the birth of Christ.

You know these facts about it, and you forget them, or at least you do not think of them. What does all that matter when you are alone in Edfu? Let the antiquarian go with his anxious nose almost touching the stone; let the Egyptologist peer through his glasses at hieroglyphs and puzzle out the meaning of cartouches: but let us wander at ease, and worship, and regard the exquisite form, and drink in the mystical spirit, of this very wonderful temple.

Do you care about form? Here you will find it in absolute perfection. Edfu is the consecration of form. In proportion it is supreme above all other Egyptian temples. Its beauty of form is like a music. Its design affects one like the chiseled loveliness of a perfect sonnet. While the world lasts, no architect can arise to create a building more satisfying, more calm with the calm of faultlessness, more serene with a just serenity. Or so it seems to me. I think of the most lovely buildings I know in Europe—of the Alhambra at Granada, of the Cappella Palatina in the palace at Palermo. And Edfu I place with them—Edfu utterly different from them, more different, perhaps, even than they are from each other, but akin to them, as all great beauty is

mysteriously akin. I have spent morning after morning in the Alhambra, and many and many an hour in the Cappella Palatina; and never have I been weary of either, or longed to go away. And this same sweet desire to stay came over me in Edfu. The *Loulia* was tied up by the high bank of the Nile. The sailors were glad to rest. There was no steamer sounding its hideous siren to call me to its crowded deck. So I yielded to my desire, and for long I stayed in Edfu. And when at last I left it I said to myself, "This is a supreme thing," and I knew that within me had suddenly developed the curious passion for buildings that some people never feel, and that others feel ever growing and growing.

Yes, Edfu is supreme. No alteration could improve it. Any change made in it, however slight, could only be harmful to it. Pure and perfect is its design—broad propylon, great open courtyard with pillared galleries, halls, chambers, sanctuary. Its dignity and its sobriety are matchless. I know they must be, because they touched me so strangely, with a kind of reticent enchantment, and I am not by nature enamoured of sobriety, of reticence and calm, but am inclined to delight in almost violent force, in brilliance, and, especially, in combinations of color. In the Alhambra one finds both force and fairylike lightness, delicious proportions, delicate fantasy, a spell as of subtle magicians; in the Cappella Palatina a jeweled splendor, combined with a small perfection of form which simply captivates the whole spirit and leads it to adoration. In Edfu you are face to face with hugeness and with grandeur; but soon you are scarcely aware of either—in the sense, at least, that connects these qualities with a certain overwhelming, almost striking down, of the spirit and the faculties. What you are aware of is your own immense and beautiful calm of utter satisfaction—a calm which has quietly inundated you, like a waveless tide of the sea. How rare it is to feel this absolute satisfaction, this praising serenity! The critical spirit goes, like a bird from an opened window. The excited, laudatory, voluble spirit goes. And this splendid calm is left. If you stay here, you, as this temple has been, will be molded into a beautiful sobriety. From the top of the pylon you have received this still and glorious impression from the matchless design of the whole building, which you see best from there. When you descend the shallow staircase, when you stand in the great court, when you go into the shadowy halls, then it is that the utter satisfaction within you deepens. Then it is that you feel the need to worship in this place created for worship.

The ancient Egyptians made most of their temples in conformity with a single type. The sanctuary was the heart, the core, of each temple—the sanctuary surrounded by the chambers in which were laid up the precious objects connected with ceremonies and sacrifices. Leading to this core of the temple, which was sometimes called "the divine house," were various halls the roofs of which were supported by columns—those hypostyle halls which one sees perpetually in Egypt. Before the first of these halls was a courtyard surrounded by a colonnade. In the courtyard the priests of the temple assembled. The people were allowed to enter the colonnade. A gateway with towers gave entrance to the courtyard. If one visits many of the Egyptian temples, one soon becomes aware of the subtlety, combined with a sort of high simplicity, and sense of mystery and poetry, of these builders of the past. As a great writer leads one on, with a concealed but beautiful art, from the first words of his story to the last—the last words to which all the other words are ministering servants; as the great musician—Wagner in his "Meistersinger," for instance,—leads one from the first notes of his score to those final notes which magnificently reveal to the listeners the real meaning of those first notes, and of all the notes which followed them: so the Egyptian builders lead the spirit gently, mysteriously forward from the gateway between the towers to the distant house divine. When one enters the outer court, one feels the far-off sanctuary. Almost unconsciously one is aware that for that sanctuary all the rest of the temple was created; that to that sanctuary everything tends. And in spirit one is drawn softly onward to that very holy place. Slowly, perhaps, the body moves from courtyard to hypostyle hall, and from one

hall to another. Hieroglyphs are examined, cartouches puzzled out, paintings of processions, or bas-reliefs of pastimes and of sacrifices, looked at with care and interest; but all the time one has the sense of waiting, of a want unsatisfied. And only when one at last reaches the sanctuary is one perfectly at rest. For then the spirit feels: "This is the meaning of it all."

One of the means which the Egyptian architects used to create this sense of approach is very simple, but perfectly effective. It consists only in making each hall on a very slightly higher level than the one preceding it, and the sanctuary, which is narrow and mysteriously dark, on the highest level of all. Each time one takes an upward step, or walks up a little incline of stone, the body seems to convey to the soul a deeper message of reverence and awe. In no other temple is this sense of approach to the heart of a thing so acute as it is when one walks in Edfu. In no other temple, when the sanctuary is reached, has one such a strong consciousness of being indeed within a sacred heart.

The color of Edfu is a pale and delicate brown, warm in the strong sunshine, but seldom glowing. Its first doorway is extraordinarily high, and is narrow, but very deep, with a roof showing traces of that delicious, clear blue-green which is like a thin cry of joy rising up in the solemn temples of Egypt. A small sphinx keeps watch on the right, just where the guardian stands; this guardian, the gift of the past, squat, even fat, with a very perfect face of a determined and handsome man. In the court, upon a pedestal, stands a big bird, and near it is another bird, or rather half of a bird, leaning forward, and much defaced. And in this great courtyard there are swarms of living birds twittering in the sunshine. Through the doorway between the towers one sees a glimpse of a native village with the cupolas of a mosque.

I stood and looked at the cupolas for a moment. Then I turned, and forgot for a time the life of the world without—that men, perhaps, were praying beneath those cupolas, or praising the Moslem's God. For when I turned, I felt, as I have said, as if all the worship of the world must be concentrated here. Standing far down the open court, in the full sunshine, I could see into the first hypostyle hall, but beyond only a darkness—a darkness which led me on, in which the further chambers of the house divine were hidden. As I went on slowly, the perfection of the plan of the dead architects was gradually revealed to me, when the darkness gave up its secrets; when I saw not clearly, but dimly, the long way between the columns, the noble columns themselves, the gradual, slight upward slope,—graduated by genius; there is no other word,—which led to the sanctuary, seen at last as a little darkness, in which all the mystery of worship, and of the silent desires of men, was surely concentrated, and kept by the stone forever. Even the succession of the darknesses, like shadows growing deeper and deeper, seemed planned by some great artist in the management of light, and so of shadow effects. The perfection of form is in Edfu, impossible to describe, impossible not to feel. The tremendous effect it has—an effect upon the soul—is created by a combination of shapes, of proportions, of different levels, of different heights, by consummate graduation. And these shapes, proportions, different levels, and heights, are seen in dimness. Not that jeweled dimness one loves in Gothic cathedrals, but the heavy dimness of windowless, mighty chambers lighted only by a rebuked daylight ever trying to steal in. One is captured by no ornament, seduced by no lovely colors. Better than any ornament, greater than any radiant glory of color, is this massive austerity. It is like the ultimate in an art. Everything has been tried, every strangeness, *bizarrerie,* absurdity, every wild scheme of hues, every preposterous subject—to take an extreme instance, a camel, wearing a top-hat, and lighted up by fireworks, which I saw recently in a picture-gallery of Munich. And at the end a genius paints a portrait of a wrinkled old woman's face, and the world regards and worships. Or all discords have been flung together pell-mell, resolution of them deferred perpetually, perhaps even denied altogether,—chord of B natural has been struck with C major, works have closed upon the leading note or the dominant seventh, symphonies have been composed to be played in the dark, or to be accompanied by a magic-lantern's

efforts, operas been produced which are merely carnage and a row,—and at the end a genius writes a little song, and the world gives the tribute of its breathless silence and its tears. And it knows that though other things may be done, better things can never be done. For no perfection can exceed any other perfection.

And so in Edfu I feel that this untinted austerity is perfect; that whatever may be done in architecture during future ages of the world, Edfu, while it lasts, will remain a thing supreme—supreme in form and, because of this supremacy, supreme in the spell which it casts upon the soul.

The sanctuary is just a small, beautifully proportioned, inmost chamber, with a black roof, containing a sort of altar of granite, and a great polished granite shrine which no doubt once contained the god Horus. I am glad he is not there now. How far more impressive it is to stand in an empty sanctuary, in the house divine of "the Hidden One," whom the nations of the earth worship, whether they spread their robes on the sand and turn their faces to Mecca, or beat the tambourine and sing "glory-hymns" of salvation, or flagellate themselves in the night before the patron saint of the Passionists, or only gaze at the snow-white plume that floats from the snows of Etna under the rose of dawn, and feel the soul behind Nature. Among the temples of Egypt, Edfu is the house divine of "the Hidden One," the perfect temple of worship.

Some people talk of the "sameness" of the Nile; and there is a lovely sameness of golden light, of delicious air, of people, and of scenery. For Egypt is, after all, mainly a great river with strips on each side of cultivated land, flat, green, not very varied. River, green plains, yellow plains, pink, brown, steel-gray, or pale-yellow mountains, wail of shadoof, wail of sakieh. Yes, I suppose there is a sameness, a sort of golden monotony, in this land pervaded with light and pervaded with sound. Always there is light around you, and you are bathing in it, and nearly always, if you are living, as I was, on the water, there is a multitude of mingling sounds floating, floating to your ears. As there are two lines of green land, two lines of mountains, following the course of the Nile; so are there two lines of voices that cease their calling and their singing only as you draw near to Nubia. For then, with the green land, they fade away, these miles upon miles of calling and singing brown men; and amber and ruddy sands creep downward to the Nile. And the air seems subtly changing, and the light perhaps growing a little harder. And you are aware of other regions unlike those you are leaving, more African, more savage, less suave, less like a dreaming. And especially the silence makes a great impression on you. But before you enter this silence, between the amber and ruddy walls that will lead you on to Nubia, and to the land of the crocodile, you have a visit to pay. For here, high up on a terrace, looking over a great bend of the river, is Kom Ombos. And Kom Ombos is the temple of the crocodile god.

Sebek was one of the oldest and one of the most evil of the Egyptian gods. In the Fayum he was worshiped, as well as at Kom Ombos, and there, in the holy lake of his temple, were numbers of holy crocodiles, which Strabo tells us were decorated with jewels like pretty women. He did not get on with the other gods, and was sometimes confused with Set, who personified natural darkness, and who also was worshiped by the people about Kom Ombos.

I have spoken of the golden sameness of the Nile, but this sameness is broken by the variety of the temples. Here you have a striking instance of this variety. Edfu, only forty miles from Kom Ombos, the next temple which you visit, is the most perfect temple in Egypt. Kom Ombos one of the most imperfect. Edfu is a divine house of "the Hidden One," full of a sacred atmosphere. Kom Ombos is the house of crocodiles. In ancient days the inhabitants of Edfu abhorred, above everything, crocodiles and their worshipers. And here at Kom Ombos the crocodile was adored. You are in a different atmosphere.

As soon as you land, you are greeted with crocodiles, though fortunately not by them. A heap of their black mummies is shown to you reposing in a sort of tomb or shrine open at one end to the air. By these mummies the new note is loudly

struck. The crocodiles have carried you in an instant from that which is pervadingly general to that which is narrowly particular; from the purely noble, which seems to belong to all time, to the entirely barbaric, which belongs only to times outworn. It is difficult to feel as if one had anything in common with men who seriously worshiped crocodiles, had priests to feed them, and decorated their scaly necks with jewels.

Yet the crocodile god had a noble temple at Kom Ombos—a temple which dates from the times of the Ptolemies, though there was a temple in earlier days which has now disappeared. Its situation is splendid. It stands high above the Nile, and close to the river, on a terrace which has recently been constructed to save it from the encroachments of the water. And it looks down upon a view which is exquisite in the clear light of early morning. On the right, and far off, is a delicious pink bareness of distant flats and hills. Opposite there is a flood of verdure and of trees going to mountains, a spit of sand where is an inlet of the river, with a crowd of native boats, perhaps, waiting for a wind. On the left is the big bend of the Nile, singularly beautiful, almost voluptuous in form, and girdled with a radiant green of crops, with palm-trees, and again the distant hills. Sebek was well advised to have his temples here and in the glorious Fayum, that land flowing with milk and honey, where the air is full of the voices of the flocks and herds, and alive with the wild pigeons; where the sweet sugar-cane towers up in fairy forests, the beloved home of the jackal; where the green corn waves to the horizon, and the runlets of water make a maze of silver threads carrying life and its happy murmur through all the vast oasis.

At the guardian's gate by which you go in there sits not a watch dog, nor yet a crocodile, but a watch cat, small, but very determined, and very attentive to its duties, and neatly carved in stone. You try to look like a crocodile-worshiper. It is deceived, and lets you pass. And you are alone with the growing morning and Kom Ombos.

I was never taken, caught up into an atmosphere, in Kom Ombos. I examined it with interest, but I did not feel a spell. Its grandeur is great, but it did not affect me as did the grandeur of Karnak. Its nobility cannot be questioned, but I did not stilly rejoice in it, as in the nobility of Luxor, or the free splendor of the Ramesseum.

The oldest thing at Kom Ombos is a gateway of sandstone placed there by Thothmes III as a tribute to Sebek. The great temple is of a warm-brown color, a very rich and particularly beautiful brown, that soothes and almost comforts the eyes that have been for many days boldly assaulted by the sun. Upon the terrace platform above the river you face a low and ruined wall, on which there are some lively reliefs, beyond which is a large, open court containing a quantity of stunted, once big columns standing on big bases. Immediately before you the temple towers up, very gigantic, very majestic, with a stone pavement, walls on which still remain some traces of paintings, and really grand columns, enormous in size and in good formation. There are fine architraves, and some bits of roofing, but the greater part is open to the air. Through a doorway is a second hall containing columns much less noble, and beyond this one walks in ruin, among crumbled or partly destroyed chambers, broken statues, become mere slabs of granite and fallen blocks of stone. At the end is a wall, with a pavement bordering it, and a row of chambers that look like monkish cells, closed by small doors. At Kom Ombos there are two sanctuaries, one dedicated to Sebek, the other to Heru-ur, or Haroëris, a form of Horus in Egyptian called "the Elder," which was worshiped with Sebek here by the admirers of crocodiles. Each of them contains a pedestal of granite upon which once rested a sacred bark bearing an image of the deity.

There are some fine reliefs scattered through these mighty ruins, showing Sebek with the head of a crocodile, Heru-ur with the head of a hawk so characteristic of Horus, and one strange animal which has no fewer than four heads, apparently meant for the heads of lions. One relief which I specially noticed for its life, its charming vivacity, and its almost amusing fidelity to details unchanged to-day, depicts a number of ducks in full flight near a mass of lotus flowers. I remembered it

one day in the Fayum, so intimately associated with Sebek, when I rode twenty miles out from camp on a dromedary to the end of the great lake of Kurun, where the sand wastes of the Libyan desert stretch to the pale and waveless waters which, that day, looked curiously desolate and even sinister under a low, gray sky. Beyond the wiry tamarisk bushes, which grow far out from the shore, thousands upon thousands of wild duck were floating as far as the eyes could see. We took a strange native boat, manned by two half-naked fishermen, and were rowed with big, broad-bladed oars out upon the silent flood that the silent desert surrounded. But the duck were too wary ever to let us get within range of them. As we drew gently near, they rose in black throngs, and skimmed low into the distance of the wintry landscape, trailing their legs behind them, like the duck on the wall of Kom Ombos. There was no duck for dinner in camp that night, and the cook was inconsolable. But I had seen a relief come to life, and surmounted my disappointment.

Kom Ombos and Edfu, the two houses of the lovers and haters of crocodiles, or at least of the lovers and the haters of their worship, I shall always associate, because I drifted on the *Loulia* from one to the other, and saw no interesting temple between them, and because their personalities are as opposed as were, centuries ago, the tenets of those who adored within them. The Egyptians of old were devoted to the hunting of crocodiles, which once abounded in the reaches of the Nile between Assuan and Luxor, and also much lower down. But I believe that no reliefs, or paintings, of this sport are to be found upon the walls of the temples and the tombs. The fear of Sebek, perhaps, prevailed even over the dwellers about the temple of Edfu. Yet how could fear of any crocodile god infect the souls of those who were privileged to worship in such a temple, or even reverently to stand under the colonnade within the court? As well, perhaps, one might ask how men could be inspired to raise such a perfect building to a deity with the face of a hawk? But Horus was not the god of crocodiles, but a god of the sun. And his power to inspire men must have been vast; for the greatest conception in stone in Egypt, and, I suppose, in the whole world, the Sphinx, as De Rougé proved by an inscription at Edfu, was a representation of Horus transformed to conquer Typhon. The Sphinx and Edfu! For such marvels we ought to bless the hawk-headed god. And if we forget the hawk, which one meets so perpetually upon the walls of tombs and temples, and identify Horus rather with the Greek Apollo, the yellow-haired god of the sun, driving "westerly all day in his flaming chariot," and shooting his golden arrows at the happy world beneath, we can be at peace with those dead Egyptians. For every pilgrim who goes to Edfu to-day is surely a worshiper of the solar aspect of Horus. As long as the world lasts there will be sun-worshipers. Every brown man upon the Nile is one, and every good American who crosses the ocean and comes at last into the somber wonder of Edfu, and I was one upon the deck of the *Loulia*.

And we all worship as yet in the dark, as in the exquisite dark, like faith, of the Holy of Holies of Horus.

THE VAGRANTS OF THE BARREN

BY CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

Author of "The Kindred of the Wild," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY PAUL BRANSOM

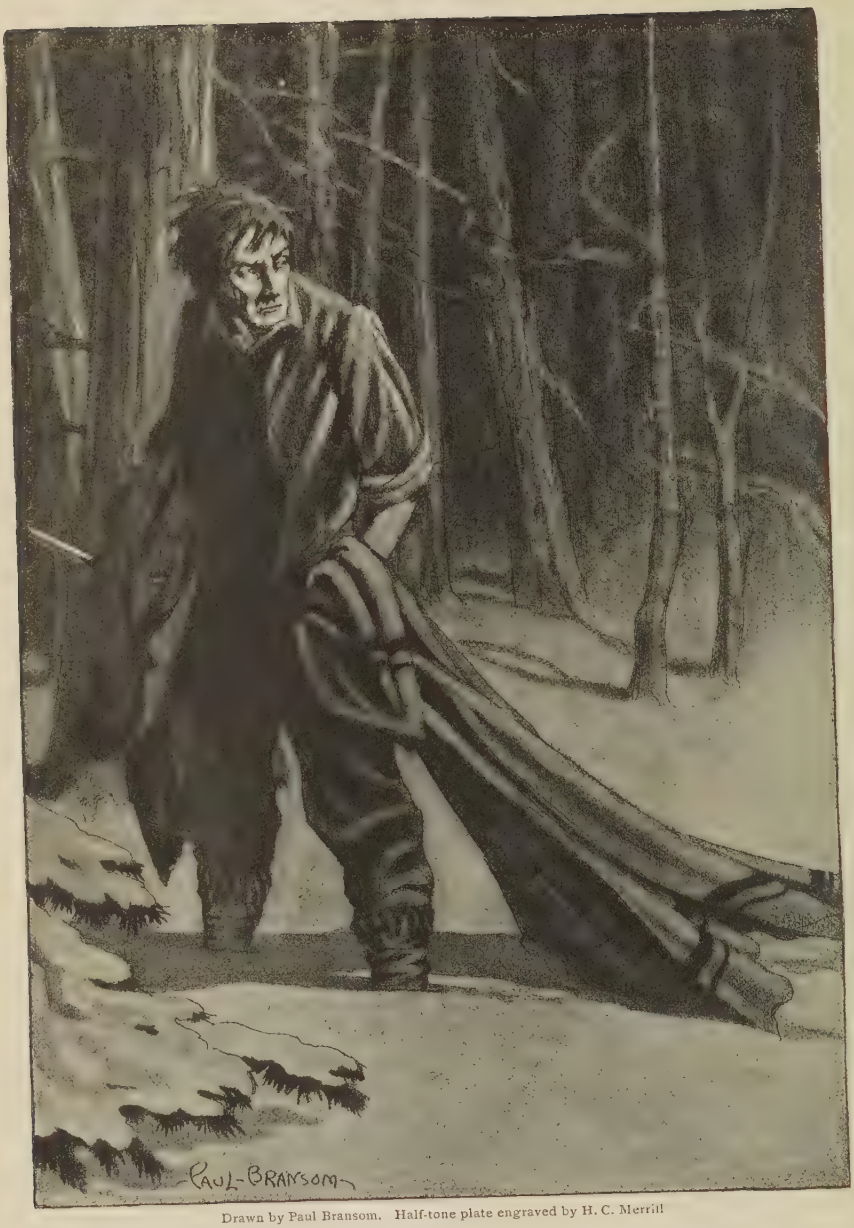
WITH thick smoke in his throat and the roar of flame in his ears, Pete Noël woke up, shaking as if in the grip of a nightmare. He sat straight up in his bunk. Instantly he felt his face scorching. The whole cabin was ablaze. Leaping from his bunk, and dragging the blankets with him, he sprang to the door, tore it open, and rushed out into the snow.

But being a woodsman, and alert in every sense like the creatures of the wild themselves, his wits were awake almost before his body was, and his instincts were even quicker than his wits. The desolation and the savage cold of the wilderness had admonished him even in that terrifying moment. As he leaped out in desperate flight, he had snatched with him not only the blankets, but his rifle and cartridge-belt from where they stood by the head of the bunk, and also his larrigans and great blanket coat from where they lay by its foot. He had been sleeping, according to custom, almost fully clothed.

Outside in the snow he stood, blinking through scorched and smarting lids at the destruction of his shack. For a second or two he stared down at the things he clutched in his arms, and wondered how he had come to think of them in time. Then, realizing with a pang that he needed something more than clothes and a rifle, he flung them down on the snow, and made a dash for the cabin, in the hope of rescuing a hunk of bacon or a loaf of his substantial woodsman's bread. But before he could reach the door a licking flame shot out and hurled him back, half-blinded. Grabbing up a double handful of snow, he buried his face in it to ease the smart. Then he shook himself, coolly carried the treasures he had saved back to a safe distance from the flames, and sat down on the blankets to put on his larrigans.

His feet, clothed only in a single pair of thick socks, were almost frozen, while the rest of his body was roasting in the fierce heat of the conflagration. It wanted about two hours of dawn. There was not a breath of air stirring, and the flames shot straight up, murky red and clear yellow intertwisting, with here and there a sudden leaping tongue of violet white. Outside the radius of the heat the tall woods snapped sharply in the intense cold. It was so cold, indeed, that as the man stood watching the ruin of his little, lonely home, shielding his face from the blaze now with one hand then with the other, his back seemed turning to ice.

The man who lives alone in the great solitude of the forest has every chance to become a philosopher. Pete Noël was a philosopher. Instead of dwelling upon the misfortunes which had smitten him, he chose to consider his good luck in having got out of the shack alive. Putting on his coat, he noted with satisfaction that its spacious pockets contained matches, tobacco, his pipe, his heavy clasp-knife, and his mittens. He was a hundred miles from the nearest settlement, fifty or sixty from the nearest lumber-camp. He had no food. The snow was four feet deep, and soft. And his trusty snow-shoes, which would have made these distances and these difficulties of small account to him, were helping feed the blaze. Nevertheless, he thought, things might have been much worse. What if he had escaped in his bare feet? This thought



Drawn by Paul Bransom. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"OUTSIDE IN THE SNOW HE STOOD, BLINKING THROUGH SCORCHED AND SMARTING LIDS AT THE DESTRUCTION OF HIS SHACK"

reminded him of how cold his feet were at this moment. Well, the old shack had been a good one, and sheltered him well enough. Now that it would shelter him no longer, it should at least be made to contribute something more to his comfort. Piling his blankets carefully under the shelter of a broad stump, he sat down upon them. Then he filled and lighted his pipe, leaned back luxuriously, and stretched out his feet to the blaze. It would be time enough for him to "get a move on" when the shack was quite burned down. The shack was home as long as it lasted.

When the first mystic grayness, hard like steel, and transparent like glass, began to reveal strange vistas among the ancient trees, the fire died down. The shack was a heap of ashes and pulsating, scarlet embers, with here and there a flickering, half-burned timber, and the red-hot wreck of the tiny stove sticking up among the ruins. As soon as the ruins were cool enough to approach, Pete picked up a green pole, and began poking earnestly among them. He had all sorts of vague hopes. He particularly wanted his ax, a tin kettle, and something to eat. The ax was nowhere to be found, at least in such a search as could then be made. The tins, obviously, had all gone to pieces or melted. But he did, at least, scratch out a black, charred lump about the size of his fist, which gave forth an appetizing smell. When the burnt outside had been carefully scraped off, it proved to be the remnant of a side of bacon. Pete fell to his breakfast with about as much ceremony as might have sufficed a hungry wolf, the deprivation of a roof-tree having already taken him back appreciably nearer to the elemental brute. Having devoured his burnt bacon, and quenched his thirst by squeezing some half-melted snow into a cup of birch-bark, he rolled his blankets into a handy pack, squared his shoulders, and took the trail for Conroy's Camp, fifty miles southwestward.

It was now that Pete Noël began to realize the perils that confronted him. Without his snow-shoes, he found himself almost helpless. Along the trail the snow was from three to four feet deep, and soft. There had been no thaws and no hard winds to pack it down. After floundering ahead for four or five hundred yards, he would have to stop and rest, half-reclining. In spite of the ferocious cold, he was soon drenched with sweat. After a couple of hours of such work, he found himself consumed with thirst. He had nothing to melt the snow in; and, needless to say, he knew better than to ease his need by eating the snow itself. But he hit upon a plan which filled him with self-gratulation. Lighting a tiny fire beside the trail, under the shelter of a huge hemlock, he took off his red cotton neckerchief, filled it with snow, and held it to the flames. As the snow began to melt, he squeezed the water from it in a liberal stream. But, alas! the stream was of a color that was not enticing. He realized, with a little qualm, that it had not occurred to him to wash that handkerchief since—well, he was unwilling to say when. For all the insistence of his thirst, therefore, he continued melting the snow and squeezing it out, till the resulting stream ran reasonably clear. Then patiently he drank, and afterward smoked three pipefuls of his rank, black tobacco as substitute for the square meal which his stomach was craving.

All through the biting, silent day he floundered resolutely on, every now and then drawing his belt a little tighter, and all the while keeping a hungry watch for game of some kind. What he hoped for was rabbit, partridge, or even a fat porcupine; but he would have made shift to stomach even the wiry muscles of a mink, and count himself fortunate. By sunset he came out on the edge of a vast barren, glorious in washes of thin gold and desolate purple under the touch of the fading west. Along to eastward ran a low bridge, years ago licked by fire, and now crested with a sparse line of ghostly rampikes, their lean, naked tops appealing to the inexorable sky. This was the head of the Big Barren. With deep disgust, and something like a qualm of apprehension, Pete Noël reflected that he had made only fifteen miles in that long day of effort. And he was ravenously hungry. Well, he was too tired to go farther that night; and in default of a meal, the best thing he could do was sleep. First, however, he unlaced his larrigans, and with the thongs made shift to set a clumsy snare in a rabbit track a few paces back among the spruces. Then, close under the lee of

Drawn by Paul Bransom. Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

"AT THE SIGHT OF HIM, EVERY ANTLERED HEAD WENT UP"

a black wall of fir-trees standing out beyond the forest skirts he clawed himself a deep trench in the snow. In one end of this trench he built a little fire, of broken deadwood and green birch saplings laboriously hacked into short lengths with his clasp-knife. A supply of this fire-wood, dry and green mixed, he piled beside the trench within reach. The bottom of the trench, to within a couple of feet of the fire, he lined six inches deep with spruce-boughs, making a dry, elastic bed.

By the time these preparations were completed, the sharp-starred winter night had settled down upon the solitude. In all the vast there was no sound but the occasional snap, hollow and startling, of some great tree overstrung by the frost, and the intimate little whisper and hiss of Pete's fire down in the trench. Disposing a good bunch of boughs under his head, Pete lighted his pipe, rolled himself in his blankets, and lay down with his feet to the fire.

There at the bottom of his trench, comforted by pipe and fire, hidden away from the emptiness of the enormous, voiceless world outside, Pete Noël looked up at the icy stars, and at the top of the frowning black rampart of the fir-trees, touched grimly with red flashes from his fire. He knew well—none better than he—the savage and implacable sternness of the wild. He knew how dreadful the silent adversary against whom he had been called, all unprepared, to pit his craft. There was no blinking the imminence of his peril. Hitherto he had always managed to work, more or less, *with* nature, and so had come to regard the elemental forces as friendly. Now they had turned upon him all together and without warning. His anger rose as he realized that he was at bay. The indomitable man-spirit awoke with the anger. Sitting up suddenly, over the edge of the trench his deep eyes looked out upon the shadowy spaces of the night with challenge and defiance. Against whatever odds, he was master. Having made his proclamation in that look, Pete Noël lay down again and went to sleep.

After the fashion of winter campers, and of woodsmen generally, he awoke every hour or so to replenish the fire; but toward morning he sank into the heavy sleep of fatigue. When he aroused himself from this, the fire was stone gray, the sky overhead was whitish, flecked with pink streamers, and rose-pink lights flushed delicately the green wall of the fir-trees leaning above him. The edges of the blankets around his face were rigid and thick with ice from his breathing. Breaking them away roughly, he sat up,

cursed himself for having let the fire out, then, with his eyes just above the edge of the trench, peered forth across the shining waste. As he did so, he instinctively shrank back into concealment. An eager light flamed into his eyes, and he blessed his luck that the fire had gone out. Along the crest of the ridge, among the rampikes, silhouetted dark and large against the sunrise, moved a great herd of caribou, feeding as they went.

Crouching low in his trench, Pete hurriedly did up his blankets, fixed the pack on his back, then crawled through the snow into the shelter of the fir-woods. As soon as he was out of sight, he arose, recovered the thongs of his larrigans from the futile snare, and made his way back on the trail as fast as he could flounder. That one glance over the edge of his trench had told his trained eye all he needed to know about the situation.

The caribou, most restless, capricious, and far-wandering of all the wilderness kindreds, were drifting south on one of their apparently aimless migrations. They were traveling on the ridge because, as Pete instantly inferred, the snow there had been partly blown away, partly packed, by the unbroken winds. They were far out of gunshot. But he was going to trail them down even through that deep snow. By tireless persistence and craft he would do it, if he had to do it on his hands and knees.

Such wind as there was, a light but bitter air drawing irregularly down out of the northwest, blew directly from the man to the herd, which was too far off, however, to catch the ominous taint and take alarm. Pete's first care was to work around behind the herd till this danger should be quite eliminated. For a time his hunger was forgotten in the interest of the hunt; but presently, as he toiled his slow way through the deep of the forest, it grew too insistent to be ignored. He paused to strip bark from such seedlings of balsam fir as he chanced upon, scraping off and devouring the thin, sweetish pulp that lies between the bark and the mature wood. He gathered, also, the spicy tips of the birch-buds, chewing them up by handfuls and spitting out the residue of hard husks. And in this way he managed at least to soothe down his appetite from angry protest to a kind of doubtful expectancy.

At last, after a couple of hours' hard floundering, the woods thinned, the ground sloped upward, and he came out upon the flank of the ridge, a long way behind the herd, indeed, but well around the wind. In the trail of the herd the snow was broken up, and not more than a foot and a half in depth. On a likely-looking hillock he scraped it away carefully with his feet, till he reached the ground; and here he found what he expected—a few crimson berries of the wintergreen, frozen, but plump and sweet-fleshed. Half a handful of these served for the moment to cajole his hunger, and he pressed briskly but warily along the ridge, availing himself of the shelter of every rampike in his path. At last, catching sight of the hindmost stragglers of the herd, still far out of range, he crouched like a cat, and crossed over the crest of the ridge for better concealment.

On the eastern slope the ridge carried numerous thickets of underbrush. From one to another of these Pete crept swiftly, at a rate which should bring him, in perhaps an hour, abreast of the leisurely moving herd. In an hour, then, he crawled up to the crest again, under cover of a low patch of juniper scrub. Confidently he peered through the scrub, his rifle ready. But his face grew black with bitter disappointment. The capricious beasts had gone. Seized by one of their incomprehensible vagaries,—Pete was certain that he had not alarmed them,—they were now far out on the white level, laboring heavily southward.

Pete set his jaws resolutely. Hunger and cold, each the mightier from their alliance, were now assailing him savagely. His first impulse was to throw off all concealment and rush straight down the broad-trodden trail. But on second thought he decided that he would lose more than he would gain by such tactics. Hampered though they were by the deep, soft snow, he knew that, once frightened, they could travel through it much faster than they were now moving, and very much faster than he could hope to follow. Assuredly, patience was his game. Slipping furtively from rampike to rampike, now creeping, now worming his way like a snake, he made good time down to the

very edge of the level. Then, concealment no more possible, and the rear of the herd still beyond gunshot, he emerged boldly from the covert of a clump of saplings and started in pursuit. At the sight of him, every antlered head went up in the air for one moment of wondering alarm; then, through a rolling white cloud the herd fled onward at a speed which Pete, with all his knowledge of their powers, had not imagined possible in such a state of the snow. Sullen, but not discouraged, he plodded after them.

Noël was now fairly obsessed with the one idea of overtaking the herd. Every other thought, sense, or faculty was dully occupied with his hunger and his effort to keep from thinking of it. Hour after hour he plodded on, following the wide, chaotic trail across the white silence of the barren. There was nothing to lift his eyes for, so he kept them automatically occupied in saving his strength by picking the easiest steps through the plowed snow. He did not notice at all that the sun no longer sparkled over the waste. He did not notice that the sky had turned from hard blue to ghostly pallor. He did not notice that the wind, now blowing in his teeth, had greatly increased in force. Suddenly, however, he was aroused by a swirl of fine snow driven so fiercely that it crossed his face like a lash. Lifting his eyes from the trail, he saw that the plain all about him was blotted from sight by a streaming rout of snow-clouds. The wind was already whining its strange derisive menace in his face. The blizzard had him.

As the full fury of the storm swooped upon him, enwrapping him, and clutching at his breath, for an instant Pete Noël quailed. This was a new adversary, with whom he had not braced his nerves to grapple. But it was for an instant only. Then his weary spirit lifted itself, and he looked grimly into the eye of the storm. The cold, the storm, the hunger, he would face them all down, and win out yet. Lowering his head, and pulling a flap of his blanket coat across his mouth to make breathing easier, he plunged straight forward with what seemed like a new lease of vigor.

Had the woods been near, or had he taken note of the weather in time, Pete would have made for the shelter of the forest at once. But he knew that, when last he looked, the track of the herd had been straight down the middle of the ever-widening barren. By now he must be a good two miles from the nearest cover; and he knew well enough that, in the bewilderment of the storm, which blunted even such woodcraft as his, and blurred not only his vision, but every other sense as well, he could never find his way. His only hope was to keep to the trail of the caribou. The beasts would either lie down or circle to the woods. In such a storm as this, as he knew well enough, no animal but man himself could hunt, or follow up the trail. There was no one but man who could confront such a storm undaunted. The caribou would forget both their cunning and the knowledge that they were being hunted. He would come upon them, or they would lead him to shelter. With an obstinate pride in his superiority to the other creatures of the wilderness, he scowled defiantly at the storm, and because he was overwrought with hunger and fatigue, he muttered to himself as he went, cursing the elements that assailed him so relentlessly.

For hours he floundered on doggedly, keeping the trail by feeling rather than by sight, so thick were the cutting swirls of snow. As the drift heaped denser and denser about his legs, the terrible effort, so long sustained, began to tell on him, till his progress became only a snail's pace. Little by little, in the obstinate effort to conserve strength and vitality, his faculties all withdrew into themselves, and concentrated themselves upon the one purpose—to keep going onward. He began to feel the lure of just giving up. He began to think of the warmth and rest he could get, the release from the mad chaos of the wind, by the simple expedient of burrowing deep into the deep snow. He knew well enough that simple trick of the partridge, when frost and storm grow too ferocious for it. But his wiser spirit would not let him delude himself. Had he had a full stomach, and food in his pockets, he might, perhaps, safely have emulated this cunning trick of the partridge. But now, starving, weary, his vitality at the last ebb, he knew that if he should yield to the lure of the snow, he would be seen no more till the spring sun should reveal him, a thing of horror to

Drawn by Paul Bransom. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C Collins

"IT LURCHED UPWARD WITH A SNORT, AND STRUGGLED AWAY FROM HIM"

the returning vireos and blackbirds, on the open, greening face of the barren. No, he would not burrow to escape the wind. He laughed aloud as he thought upon the madness of it; and went butting and plunging on into the storm, indomitable.

Suddenly, however, he stopped short, with a great sinking at his heart. He felt cautiously this way and that, first with his feet, fumbling through the deep snow, and then with his hands. At last he turned his back abruptly to the wind, cowered down with his head between his arms to shut out the devilish whistling and whining, and tried to think how or when it had happened. He had lost the trail of the herd!

All his faculties stung to keen wakefulness by this appalling knowledge, he understood how it had happened, but not where. The drifts had filled the trail, till it was utterly blotted off the face of the plain; then he had kept straight on, guided by the pressure of the wind. But the caribou, meanwhile, had swerved, and moved off in another direction. Which direction? He had to acknowledge to himself that he had no clue to judge by, so whimsical were these antlered vagrants of the barren. Well, he thought doggedly, let them go! He would get along without them. Staggering to his feet, he faced the gale again, and thought hard, striving to remember what the direction of the wind had been when last he observed it, and at the same time to recall the lay of the heavy-timbered forest that skirted this barren on two sides.

At length he made up his mind where the nearest point of woods must be. He saw it in his mind's eye, a great promontory of black firs jutting out into the waste. He turned, calculating warily, till the wind came whipping full upon his left cheek. Sure that he was now facing his one possible refuge, he again struggled forward. And as he went, he pictured to himself the whole caribou herd, now half foundered in the drift, laboring toward the same retreat. Once more, crushing back hunger and faintness, he summoned up his spirit, and vowed that if the beasts could fight their way to cover, he could. Then his woodcraft should force the forest to render him something in the way of food that would suffice to keep life in his veins.

For perhaps half an hour this defiant and unvanquishable spirit kept Pete Noël going. But as the brief Northern day began to wane, and a shadow to darken behind the thick, white gloom of the storm, his forces, his tough, corded muscles and his tempered nerves, again began to falter. He caught himself stumbling, and seeking excuse for delay in getting up. In spite of every effort of his will, he saw visions—thick, protecting woods close at one side or the other, or a snug log camp, half-buried in the drifts, but with warm light flooding from its windows. Indignantly he would shake himself back into sanity, and the delectable visions would vanish. But while they lasted they were confusing, and presently, when he aroused himself from one that was of particular heart-breaking vividness, he found that he had let his rifle drop! It was gone hopelessly. The shock steadied him for some minutes. Well, he had his knife. After all, that was the more important of the two. He plowed onward, once more keenly awake, and grappling with his fate.

The shadows thickened rapidly; and at last, blending with the insane riot of the storm, began to make strange, monstrous shapes. Unraveling these illusions, and exorcising them, kept Pete Noël occupied. But suddenly one of these monstrous shapes neglected to vanish. He was just about to throw himself upon it, in half-delirious antagonism, when it lurched upward with a snort, and struggled away from him. In an instant Pete was alive in every faculty, stung with an ecstasy of hope. Leaping, floundering, squirming, he followed, his open knife in hand. Again and yet again the foundered beast, a big caribou bull, buried half-way up the flank, eluded him. Then, as his savage scramble at last overtook it, the bull managed to turn half about, and thrust him violently in the left shoulder with an antler-point. Unheeding the hurt, Noël clutched the antler with his left hand, and forced it inexorably back. The next moment his knife was drawn with practised skill across the beast's throat.

Like most of our Eastern woodsmen, Pete Noël was even finicky about his

food, and took all his meat cooked to a brown. He loathed underdone flesh. Now, however, he was an elemental creature, battling with the elements for his life. And he knew, moreover, that of all possible restoratives, the best was at his hand. He drove his blade again, this time to the bull's heart. As the wild life sighed itself out, and vanished, Pete crouched down like an animal, and drank the warm, red fluid streaming from the victim's throat. As he did so, the ebbed tide of warmth, power, and mastery flooded back into his own veins. He drank his fill; then, burrowing half beneath the massive body, he lay down close against it to rest and consider.

Assured now of food to sustain him on the journey, assured of his own ability to master all other obstacles that might seek to withstand him, Pete Noël made up his mind to sleep, wrapping himself in his blankets under the shelter of the dead bull. Then the old hunter's instinct began to stir. All about him, in every momentary lull of the wind, were snortings and heavy breathings. He had wandered into the midst of the exhausted herd. Here was a chance to recoup himself, in some small part, for the loss of his cabin and supplies. He could kill a few of the helpless animals, hide them in the snow, and take the bearings of the spot as soon as the weather cleared. By and by he could get a team from the nearest settlement, and haul out the frozen meat for private sale when the game warden chanced to have his eyes shut.

Getting out his knife again, he crept stealthily toward the nearest heavy breathing. Before he could detect the beast in that tumultuous gloom, he was upon it. His outstretched left hand fell upon a wildly heaving flank. The frightened animal arose with a gasping snort, and tried to escape; but, utterly exhausted, it sank down again almost immediately, resigned to this unknown doom which stole upon it out of the tempest and the dark. Pete's hand was on it again the moment it was still. He felt it quiver and shrink beneath his touch. Instinctively he began to stroke and rub the stiff hair as he slipped his treacherous hand forward along the heaving flank. The heavings grew quieter, the frightened snortings ceased. The exhausted animal seemed to feel a reassurance in that strong, quiet touch.

When Pete's hand had reached the unresisting beast's neck, he began to feel a qualm of misgiving. His knife was in the other hand, ready for use there in the howling dark; but somehow he could not at once bring himself to use it. It would be a betrayal. Yet he had suffered a grievous loss, and here, given into his grasp by fate, was the compensation. He hesitated, arguing with himself impatiently. But even as he did so, he kept stroking that firm, warm, living neck; and through the contact, there in the savage darkness, a sympathy passed between the man and the beast. He could not help it. The poor beasts and he were in the same predicament, together holding the battlements of life against the blind and brutal madness of storm. Moreover, the herd had saved him. The debt was on his side. The caress which had been so traitorous grew honest and kind. With a shamefaced grin Pete shut his knife, and slipped it back into his pocket.

With both hands, now, he stroked the tranquil caribou, rubbing it behind the ears and at the base of the antlers, which seemed to give it satisfaction. Once when his hand strayed down the long muzzle, the animal gave a terrified start and snort at the dreaded man smell so violently invading its nostrils. But Pete kept on soothingly and firmly; and again the beast grew calm. At length Pete decided that his best place for the night, or until the storm should lift, would be by the warmth of this imprisoned and peaceable animal. Digging down into the snow beyond the clutches of the wind, he rolled himself in his blankets, crouched close against the caribou's flank, and went confidently to sleep.

Aware of living companionship, Noël slept soundly through the clamor of the storm. At last a movement against his side disturbed him. He woke to feel that his strange bedfellow had struggled up and withdrawn. The storm was over. The sky above his upturned face was sharp with stars. All about him was labored movement, with heavy shuffling, coughing, and snorting. Forgetful of their customary noiselessness, the caribou were breaking gladly from their imprisonment. Presently Pete was alone. The

cold was still and of snapping intensity; but he, deep in his hollow, and wrapped in his blankets, was warm. Still drowsy, he muffled his face and went to sleep again for another hour.

When he roused himself a second time he was wide awake and refreshed. It was just past the edge of dawn. The cold gripped like a vise. Faint mystic hues seemed frozen forever into the ineffable crystal of the air. Pete stood up, and looked eastward along the tumbled trail of the herd. Not half a mile away rose the forest, black and vast, the trail leading straight into it. Then, a little farther down toward the right he saw something that made his heart leap exultantly. Rising straight up, a lavender-and-silver lily against the pallid saffron of the east, soared a slender smoke. That smoke, his trained eyes told him, came from a camp chimney; and he realized that the lumbermen had moved up to him from the far-off head of the Ottanoonsis.

A CONSOLIDATION IN FATHERS

BY EVA MADDEN

IN a country where a very large proportion of the marriageable men emigrate, it is not possible that all the histories of all the ladies can be love-stories; and yet the events of a feminine life may be such that a lady may remain unwed and yet "live happily ever after."

It is perhaps a modern idea, but it was true of Fräulein Hildegarde, and the "dear God" of the Germans knows that she needed something to better things.

At least Luise the maid thought so, on a certain summer morning as she stood in the rear doorway of Herr Doctor Lange's comfortable residence. Luise was buxom and pink and white, and, as a rule, most amiable; but on this particular morning her face had lost its smile, her shoulders were shrugging disapproval. *"Ach Gott!"* she said *"Ach Gott!"* Before her blue eyes stretched the garden, its stone walls green with a century's ivy, its bushes heavy with flowers or fruit, water splashing in the marble basin of a tiny fountain, an iridescent-hued hummingbird flitting from bloom to bloom.

"Ach Gott!" she repeated, her eyes fastening on a table, white as to cloth, gay as to a vase of flowers, and spread with a "second breakfast," grown cold with long waiting. "That egg"—and Luise gazed at the dish—"was done just as the gracious Fräulein likes it. The coffee,"—she stepped over and felt the pot,—*"ach!* it is stone cold! *Gott!* but this is a hard house to live in!" Then her face changed.

"Good morning, Sister," she said as the black-clad figure of deaconess Elizabet appeared around the house angle. "Where is the Fräulein?" She shrugged her shoulders, and curled her full, red lips, jerking her large thumb in the direction of the upper rooms of the house.

Luise was not twenty, and her opinions, as yet uncrushed by the whacks of years, bounded forth like rubber balls, and being full of air, they rebounded with yet greater vigor if so much as touched by the tip of a finger of contradiction. The deaconess, however, had no mind to do aught but listen.

"Fourteen times in the night, Sister; it is terrible."

"I lived here ten years, Luise," said the deaconess, and drew a chair from the table.

"In fourteen years, Sister," proceeded Luise, unheeding, "the gracious Fräulein had never been out of this house for more than two hours at a time. No excursions, no theater, no coffee-drinkings. *Ach Himmel,* but German fathers are terrible!"

"German men, Luise," corrected the deaconess.

"It is always obey," continued the girl, "first your father, then your husband. *Ach Himmel,* Sister!"—the deaconess had once corrected Luise about her *"Ach Gott!"* so in her presence she amended her ejaculations,—"but you are well out of it."

The matronly-looking deaconess laughed, and laid a finger in a knowing way on one side of her fair-sized nose.

"Gewisz, Luise," she said—"certainly."

A voice sounded from the upper rooms before there could be an answer.

"Quick, Luise! Quick!" it called.

"The Herr Doctor!" And off shot the girl to the second story.

The deaconess sat down and waited. One must always wait for Fräulein Hildegarde. She was used to it, and, moreover, the garden was pleasant. As the water splashed in the basin, and the gold fish flashed to and fro, the deaconess reflected on the situation. "Fourteen years," she thought, "with the Herr Doctor, and ten with her mother. She is forty-four now, poor Hilde!" The memory of Fräulein Hildegarde as a girl, jolly, wholesome, clever, entertaining, suggested the question of matrimony. "But what chance had she?" thought the deaconess as there rose pictures of a young girl tied to the side of an invalid mother, bearing pillows, changing chairs, bringing in coffee, embroidering in a seat close by the side of the invalid, jumping at the sound of a second voice, stern, dictatorial, demanding compliance with a nod. Yet the face in the pictures was not that of a girl who was a weakling. "Nothing has ever crushed Hilde," thought Sister Elizabet, and she smiled, realizing vaguely how Hilde's was a philosopher's nature in the prison house of duty, chained by the habit of obedience, that bond of slavery which is the German woman's heritage from the women of all past ages. Luise's return interrupted her thoughts.

"Fräulein Hilde is coming," she announced, approaching the coffee-pot just as the Kaiser's letter-carrier appeared around the house angle, a smile on his red face, the mail in his hand.

"How is the Herr Doctor to-day?" He bowed to the deaconess, laid a letter on the table, and turned to the maid.

"Same as ever," snapped Luise, but her ill humor was for the mysterious Herr Doctor. On Schulze the postman she bestowed a smile entirely inconsistent with her announced opinions of his sex, and her china-blue eyes followed his stout, short figure entirely through the garden. As he fastened the rear gate, he turned for a look, and then Luise, blushing, bore away the untasted breakfast.

A moment later a step sounded on the stairs, a cheery "Luise, the coffee, please," and out came Fräulein Hildegarde, her large, white hands extended in warm welcome.

"Oh, dear Sister," she cried, "how pleasant!" And she kissed her guest warmly, first on one firm, red cheek, and then on the other.

There was not a trace of beauty about the daughter of the Herr Doctor, yet the mere sight of her gave actual pleasure. Large physically, and perhaps mentally, since her philosophy had saved her from wrinkles, she possessed a figure angular by intent of Nature, but cheerfully rounded by good German living; a mouth wholesomely large and winning in expression, its lines telling of victory, of strength and humor; hair inclined to red, and abundant; and eyes kindly and almost twinkling. Arranging the deaconess a chair at the table, she called Luise, gave orders, and soon they sat at breakfast.

"Perhaps"—Fräulein Hilde almost winked—"my papa may not call for some time. Let us pretend that he won't, at any rate, and enjoy our breakfast, *nicht wahr?* And our garden,—" Her eyes swept the circle of its greenness,—"is it not enchanting? Oh, Sister, *bitte, bitte,"* —and she poured coffee, passed sugar, cream, bread, butter, honey with the deftness of a good housekeeper and the pressing hospitality of a German hostess,—*"Ach ja, bitte, bitte."*

"Fourteen times last night, I hear. Oh, my poor dear Hilde!" said the deaconess, and laying a slice of bread on her plate, she pressed the hand of her hostess.

"Ach ja," Hilde's voice flagged; but quickly it recovered itself in questions concerning the deaconess's patients, herself, her family. With cheerful unconcern she banished her own affairs from the garden. And yet her troubles were not light ones. The deaconess knew the ins and outs of it all. Fourteen years

before, the Herr Doctor, professor in the gymnasium, a man of strong frame and much physical and mental energy, a teacher of philosophy, who practised not a jot or tittle of its law, in one moment had become a helpless, paralyzed block, his body useless, his dominant mental and moral characteristics to be intensified by inaction. Nurse after nurse had attempted to satisfy him; nurse after nurse had been dismissed by his orders.

"My daughter suits me better," he would storm. "Why don't you do that like Hilde? Blockhead! fool! drop that! drop it! Hilde! bring Hilde!"

He refused to eat and drink unless she fed him. She must arrange the bed, she must read to him, listen to his wailings. For fourteen weary years now he had pulled the string of his tyranny, and his daughter had danced day and night to the one tune of his will. Life with her meant only a series of jerks from what she would do to what the Herr Doctor demanded she must. And so it was on this bright Sunday morning, when the humming-bird darted in and out the flowers and the deaconess had come with her gossip.

"I should like very much to go to the theater this week," she began when, before her visitor could encourage her to rebellion, a cry of "Fräulein Hildegarde! Fräulein Hildegarde! The Herr Doctor!" sent her running.

Left to herself, the good deaconess shook her head, and then, with German thoughtfulness concerning food, she placed the cozies on the eggs and lighted the spirit-lamp beneath the coffee-pot.

"Ach," and she murmured and thrust out her lower lip with a shrug of disgust, "these fathers! Always we women must obey them. But what are we to do when we have no money? There is no getting away from home unless we marry, and then, *Himmel!* there 's the husband." She smiled broadly.

"My niece," she remarked when Fräulein Hildegarde returned, "is gone to America. She will teach in a school in Chicago."

"Gott sei dank!" said Hilde, with fervor. "And her father gave consent?"

The deaconess shook her head.

"Ach nein, dear Hilde, Franz is furious, and so is my sister Minna. But why? Elsa is thirty, and why must she always remain at home and spend her life bringing in the coffee for visitors and doing needlework when her talent is for languages? I nursed an American lady, and she took our Elsa with her and found her a position."

"I once wanted to have a school, Sister," said Fräulein Hilde, with a wistful face; "but my father objected, and now the desire is gone, and I want only to be comfortable." With one of her warming smiles, she poured fresh coffee.

If she loved comfort, she was not to have it, for the cry of "The Herr Doctor!" again sent her racing. It never entered Hilde's head that her father was not to have all that he demanded. Stupid, you think? Yes, but, then, her training had not been along American lines. The Herr Doctor was a man, she, a woman, and, moreover, he was the father who supplied her with food and clothing. Her return for payment must be in obedience so long as she remained unmarried. Besides, you never met the Herr Doctor, and at forty-four chains whose links are habits make prisoners of independent impulses. Then, too, Hilde had a heart, and her father was as helpless as a child.

"This is my life, dear Sister," she said when the deaconess, with indignant protest, opened the old discussion. "And I must thank the dear God that I have no money worries."

"You might have married," ventured Sister Elizabet, remembering that Geheimrat von Romeike had once sought the well-to-do daughter of Herr Doctor Lange; also, that Otto Arndt had been in her favor until he had refused to live with the Herr Doctor if they married.

"Marry!" Fräulein Hildegarde's strong laugh seemed to rouse the little garden. "A thousand thanks, dear Sister, but, *bitte, bitte,* I have had enough of men, *nicht wahr?"* She made a funny face. Then her eye fell on her letter, and she scanned the address curiously. "Why, whom can it be from?" She opened it with German neatness just as the voice from above sounded violently. She was gone so long this time that the deaconess would have departed but for her curiosity concerning the letter whose closely written sheets—she counted eight of them—

lay where Hilde had dropped them. Presently Luise appeared.

"The gracious Fräulein begs that you will excuse her." She gathered up the sheets of the letter. "The Herr Doctor is awful, Sister. He is raging and storming, and Fräulein Hilde must stay there. She sends you *'Auf wiedersehen,'* and begs you to finish your breakfast in quiet."

So Sister Elizabet was forced to depart without having the news of the letter, and, going to Marienbad with a patient, did not see Fräulein Hilde again until her misery had found its twin, and there was no longer the same call to pity her. The summer had waned, the leaves of the Virginia creeper in the garden blazed red, hips were scarlet on the rose-bushes, and drifting leaves startled now and then the goldfish when, one autumn Sunday, Sister Elizabet again appeared at "Zweite Frühstück" time to visit Fräulein Hilde. To her surprise, the table in the garden was laid for two.

"Ach ja, Sister," said Luise; "there have been many changes. Fräulein—"

But at that moment there came forth from the house a lively-faced little lady whose physical presence one might describe as the aftermath of a certain vivacious beauty the pink and blond prettiness of which had begotten a habit of wearing clothes indicative of coquetry. She moved in quick, girllike movements not altogether lacking in a suggestion of humor now that the actor's age was uncertain.

"Faded, but thinks herself still young," was the Sister's quick, unflattering comment, as her eye noted cheeks once round and pale blue necktie.

Quickly Hildegarde followed, her face beaming at the sight of her guest.

"Oh, Sister! *Wie glücklich!"* She caught her visitor's hands in her own.

But what a change in her whole being! The old philosophical good humor had been sweetened by a look of content, almost joy.

"May I introduce my friend, Frau Lucan—Sister Elizabet Reinhart?" And she drew forward the little lady with an air of happy possession. "Luise, Luise, bring the coffee and a plate for the deaconess!" It was only rarely that the voice from above sounded and that Fräulein Hildegarde disappeared, but the little lady poured the coffee and chatted gaily until she, too, jerked at the sound of a voice. It was a masculine voice, also, old, and vibrating with dictatorial impatience. It came from the third story, and Frau Lucan fled with an "Excuse me, dear Sister; but it is my father. He is an invalid, and he needs me."

"Du liebe Zeit!" cried the astonished deaconess. "Two fathers! Two daughters! An invalid, and here in the Herr Doctor's house. Luise! Luise!"

But it was the two ladies who explained affairs when, later, laughing at the good sister's bewilderment, they returned to the table.

"Ja, dear Sister," said Hilde, pressing her hand, "my friend has a papa, also."

"Only," put in the little lady, eagerly, "I am modern, and have new ideas, so I do not spoil my father as Hilde does the Herr Doctor."

At which Hilde raised her eyebrows and laughed, while her eyes twinkled at the deaconess.

"Nein?" she said, *"Nein?"* and both ladies laughed when an "Anna, a moment," from the upper window left her alone with her guest.

"Do you remember, dear Sister," she said, drawing out a chair, "a letter which arrived for me on that very last Sunday that you called here? *Ja wohl?* Well, it was from Anna—Frau Lucan, you know. She was with me in that *pension* at Cassel, where I went the year before mother's illness, and she wrote to tell me that she had come to our city to live, that she was now a widow, and had the care of her father, just as I have of mine. Was n't that strange, Sister?" Fräulein Hilde smiled most humorously.

Then she told of the renewal of an old friendship, of her joy in Anna's companionship, of the difficulty about visiting, and the objections of the fathers.

"You are telling of us?" asked Frau Lucan as she fluttered from the doorway. *"Ja, ja,* Hilde; he will sleep now," and she dismissed her parent with a smile.

"Ach ja, dear Sister," she cried, speaking in vivacious tones, and with quick, short sentences, "we had such trouble about our visiting. I am an advanced German woman," she added, throwing up her chin with pride. "I have American friends. They have enthused me with ideas. I have emancipated myself, but,

alas! I cannot train my dear father. I am his one free daughter. The Herr Sanitas Rat Lucan was not successful in saving,"—she spoke his name hurriedly,—"and I must live with my papa. He has money, though not much; but we are Rhinelanders, and take things gaily—much more easily than you North Germans. Still,"—she smiled intelligently at Hilde, whose eyes twinkled responsively,—"a father is a father. I have my duties."

"Ja wohl," agreed the two listeners with an emphatic fervor, interrupted by a call of "Fräulein Hilde, the Herr Doctor!"

"He 's a dreadful old man, *nicht wahr?"* The lively little widow jerked her shoulder upward.

"The Herr Doctor?" Sister Elizabet raised her hands. *"Himmel, ja!"*

"The trouble with our friendship, dear Sister," Frau Lucan continued, "was, of course, the fathers, each of whom pulled harder when he felt his daughter escaping. Though I must say, dear Sister, my father is not like the Herr Doctor. *Nein,* it would be unjust to permit you to imagine so. He is old, and he is very German. He, however, is always polite, and never unreasonable. We tried, first giving up our afternoon naps, since our fathers at that time sleep also; but, alas, Hilde is fond of comfort, and grew too drowsy. Besides, the two fathers are monopolists and—"

"Were jealous, *natürlich,"* put in the deaconess with prescient surety, her head nodding, her lower lip pressing emphatically above the upper.

Frau Lucan laughed.

"And then," she said, and clapped her hands, the fingers of which wore several rings, "we had a grand idea, a magnificent one. Why not consolidate our papas? A trouble shared, is half cured. Why not one doubled?"

"And so," put in Hilde, who had returned noiselessly, "we 've brought the Herr Major here, and they live in the third story. Anna and I eat here together, when we can," she added with her twinkle, "and she helps me with my father, and I assist with the Herr Major. And"—her smile seemed to wrap her friend in an embrace of affection—"here we are, *nicht wahr?"*

The lonely heart of the deaconess stirred at the sight of the love which illuminated the two middle-aged faces. She realized quickly that here were two women whom happiness through men had passed by, for she had no doubt that the Herr Sanitas Rat had had a hand in the reaping of his wife's prettiness. Happiness might have rounded the angles.

"And, in spite of it all," said Hilde, "we two lead comfortable, laughing lives. Our consolidation is successful."

"And the Herr Doctor?"

Hilde laughed, and winked at the visitor.

"It reduces expenses," she said.

"Ah," nodded the deaconess, for she knew the Herr Doctor.

When she left, Hilde walked with her to the gate, where, in front of the house, was a pretty park, once the garden of a German poet, where a brook chattered beneath little rustic bridges. As the ladies stood and chatted, Hilde, in her practical way telling of the value of her new-found happiness, out came Frau Lucan to join them. As she walked in a fluttering, vivacious little fashion, the deaconess compared her mentally with butterflies which she had seen, their gay powder damaged or lost through whacks of wind or weather, yet moving with the airy grace so pathetic when divorced from unblemished beauty. But to Fräulein Hilde she was the representation of the gaiety and lightness of the outside life she had missed, and, as her friend approached, her plain face glowed, her eyes grew tender with admiration, and she held out a hand of welcome, just as two children ran from the trees of the park to one of the bridges where were black swans opening scarlet beaks in expectation of cake crumbs. Behind them followed a stout, prosperous-looking man with an air of amusing complacency, accentuated by a blond mustache trained upward between the rounding curves of his full, pink cheeks and of his nose too small in size for his importance. Heels together, he bowed.

"Wie gehen Sie, Otto?" the deaconess smiled.

"Ich danke Ihnen, sehr gut." The gentleman turned to Fräulein Hildegarde. "And how is the Herr Doctor?" he in-

quired with an upward glance at a certain second-story window.

"The same as ever, Otto," returned Hilde, pleasantly. "And your wife?"

Then, with an admiring air of showing a treasure, she drew forward her "dear friend, Frau Sanitas Rat Lucan."

Otto and the deaconess said *"Auf wiedersehen"* together, and departed with the boys. Sister Elizabet glanced back from the end of the walk. The two friends were still at the gate, hands clasped together, little Frau Sanitas Rat leaning against the stronger Hilde. As the deaconess waved a last "Auf wiedersehen" Hilde fled.

"Ach Himmel, the Herr Doctor!" thought the deaconess. "Poor Hilchen! At least," she reflected with the same feminine inconsistency which caused Luise to smile upon the postman, "the Frau Sanitas Rat has had a husband. Hilde has had nothing—only a home and the terrible Herr Doctor. And men laugh at female friendship," went on her thoughts, "and here 's this Otto here who gave up such a woman as Hildegarde the day that he knew he must live there. *Ja, ja,* Otto," she said aloud, for he was asking questions about the Herr Doctor; "he is quite the same. He always will be, and he may live on to be a hundred."

For fourteen years Otto had always been openly solicitous.

"And Hilde?" he continued, with patronizing interest.

"Hilde 's a saint," said the deaconess, tartly.

"About the Herr Doctor?" Otto's tone was one of surprise.

The head in its black cap and white tie nodded.

Otto Arndt set his lips, his expression increasing in consequential expression.

"I find it right, Sister," he announced. "What, tell me, is a daughter for if not to wait upon her sick father?"

The deaconess flashed him a look from her keen, unfeminine eyes.

"On her husband, perhaps, *nicht wahr,* Otto? When a daughter or wife does her duty, it seems she must always obey some man, if she 's German."

"Ja wohl," said Otto, missing the irony; "why not? To cook, to be a housewife, to obey her parents, then, her husband, is my ideal of a true German woman." And he rubbed his hands together, and gazed at the deaconess from the eyes of a face whose expression and coloring would not indicate that his virtues were purely domestic.

"Ja?" The deaconess raised her dark eyebrows. "Here is my street. *Auf wiedersehen,* Otto Arndt, and my best greetings to your wife."

"Auf wiedersehen," said Otto, amicably; *"auf wiedersehen."*

ONE SOUL

BY CHARLES BUXTON GOING

COULD any little lamp, though lifted high,
Lighten the void abysses of the sky?

Could a faint rose-leaf, blown into the sea,
Perfume the oceans of immensity?

Could one chord sound in melody so far
That all space echoed to the farthest star?

And yet your soul, amid the infinite,
Makes all a fragrant harmony of light!

THE GARDENS OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

BY KATE GREENLEAF LOCKE

WITH PICTURES FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY HAROLD PARKER

NATURE having prepared in southern California an immense amphitheater of encircling mountains sloping to the bluest of seas, with softly rolling foothills and spacious plains plentifully set with live-oak trees, what could the imagination suggest for the completion of the picture but the terraced villas of Italy and southern France, and the marble courts and fountains of the Alhambra?

To-day we have that coveted fulfilment. Not a single feature of the landscape, not a tone of its wonderful color, not a breath of its joy-giving atmosphere, is wasted on those who have built their houses on the hilltops, while their gardens riot over the slopes in a wealth of bloom which out-rivals that of any other known spot on earth. Here are the gardens of Italy without their grim suggestion of tragedy and gloom—the terraces, the fountains, and the marble courts.

From an esthetic point of view it is as important that certain localities should be settled by a class of people who will fit it to themselves as that they should be settled at all, and it is equally desirable that the improvements which are made should be along the lines which Nature had in mind when she arranged the setting for us.

At Montecito, near Santa Barbara, one may look out over a greenery which scarcely varies with the seasons, and which is a growth of live-oaks, gnarled of limb, with tufts of glossy leaves, waving palms, magnolias, orange-trees, bananas, bamboos, figs and olives. This dark growth is varied with the light-green of the lace-like pepper-tree, and is pierced at frequent intervals with the spires of the Italian cypress.

At one point a low, white villa crowns a hill thus covered. There the evergreens seem to grow with a joyous abandon and to crowd up the steep slope to the house. Through the thick foliage a glimpse of the white stone steps of the terraces and their balustrades is caught; the pink tiles of the roof are left unshaded to the sun, and on the broad stone terraces at the top are silent pools of water which reflect the sky and the southern façade of the building. Down the hillside every terrace has its fountain or its pool, and at the foot of the steps and the base of the hill is built a casino with a Persian fountain at its entrance.

Mr. Joseph Waldron Gillespie spent a year in travel with his architect before the Persian garden of this place was laid out or his house was built. A great part of this time was passed in Persia, and the outcome of their stay is a Persian water-garden which fits perfectly into its surroundings.

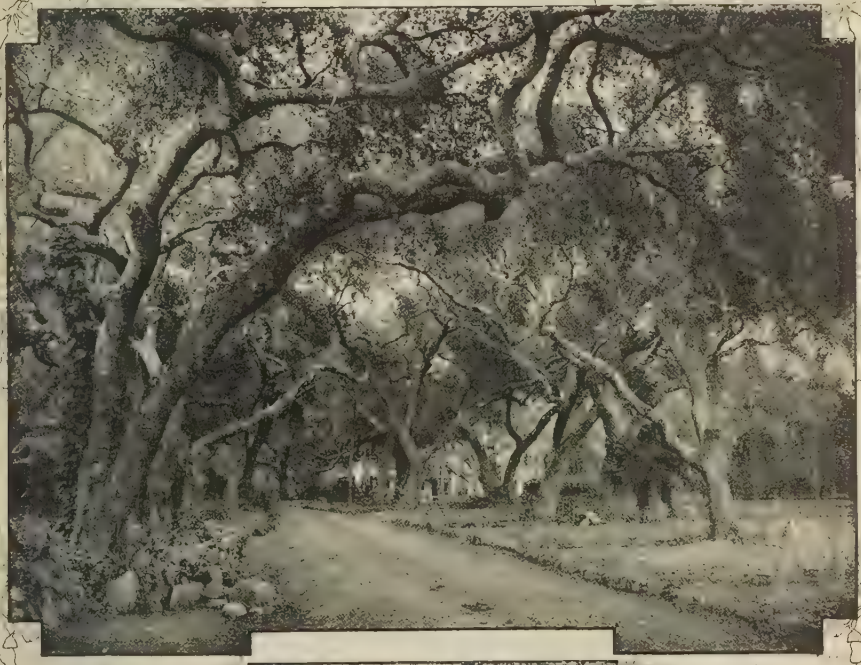
When Mr. Gillespie selected a foot-hill of the mountains on which to place a villa of purely Italian construction, he chose it with a foresight for which one should be absolutely grateful. Looking off to the sea, with billows of green surrounding it, and nothing within view less pleasing to the eye than the white columns of its numerous pergolas, its stone steps, and marble seats, it seems to furnish the correspondence for which Nature called in the completion of this portion of her work.

Then, too, this garden not only surrounds the house; it penetrates to its in-

TERRACES AND POOLS OF MR. JOSEPH WALDRON GILLESPIE'S PERSIAN GARDEN, MONTECITO

R. WEIR CROUCH

SOUTH FAÇADE, EAST TERRACE, AND FOUNTAIN OF MR. GILLESPIE'S VILLA IN MONTECITO—PERGOLA IN THE GARDEN OF DR. RUDOLPH SCHIFFMAN, PASADENA



PALM-GARDEN, LIVE-OAKS, AND "RISO RIVO" (LAUGHING RIVULET), AT THE HOME OF MR. CHARLES FREDERICK EATON, MONTECITO

terior, and flourishes there with equal beauty and vigor. Ten years ago, when Mr. Gillespie planted the cypresses, the palms, and the olives which were to be a setting for his villa, he also arranged a patio, or inner court, around which the house was to be built. The orange-trees and the bananas which he then planted have grown luxuriantly, and add more to the wonderful charm of the house than any other feature.

A court is only a baleful place when the airs are damp and the encompassing shadows gloomy; but when it is bathed in incessant sunshine, when it swims in an atmosphere of sparkling light, it becomes a place of fascination beyond words. Here the shadow of a marble arch, the flutter of a leaf, or the trilling of a bird, carries with it an unspeakable charm. It is as if one had grasped Dame Nature by the hand, and, drawing her indoors, held her captive within the innermost recesses of the home.

Across this court an Italian awning of pink and orange casts gay shadows on the steamer-chairs set on the stone flagging of the patio, birds sing among the glossy leaves of the orange- and banana-trees, and a fountain drips into a pool.

The entrance winds beneath a grove of immense, plumed cocoa-palms and date-palms; for Mr. Gillespie has transplanted here, and succeeded in acclimatizing, the rarest varieties of palms in the world. A thorough acquaintance with their habits and needs has enabled him to succeed equally with plants from the deserts of Arabia and from the jungles of Africa. He has dug up plants in South American forests with his own hands, and has transported young plants from Italy in his trunks. He is not only a friend, but a lover, of these rare and difficult growths, and they have responded to his affectionate care for them. It is a noticeable thing that few blooming plants are to be seen in Mr. Gillespie's garden; the prevailing color scheme of green and white remains unbroken and unworried by flowers, the abundant variety in shape and shade of the foliage plants furnishing forth a completely satisfactory effect. This is probably the reason why the roses are segregated in an inclosure where they bloom profusely, but are not permitted a part in the decorative effect of the grounds. That they do not resent their retirement, but contribute practically to their owner's needs, is evinced by the part they play in his domestic arrangements.

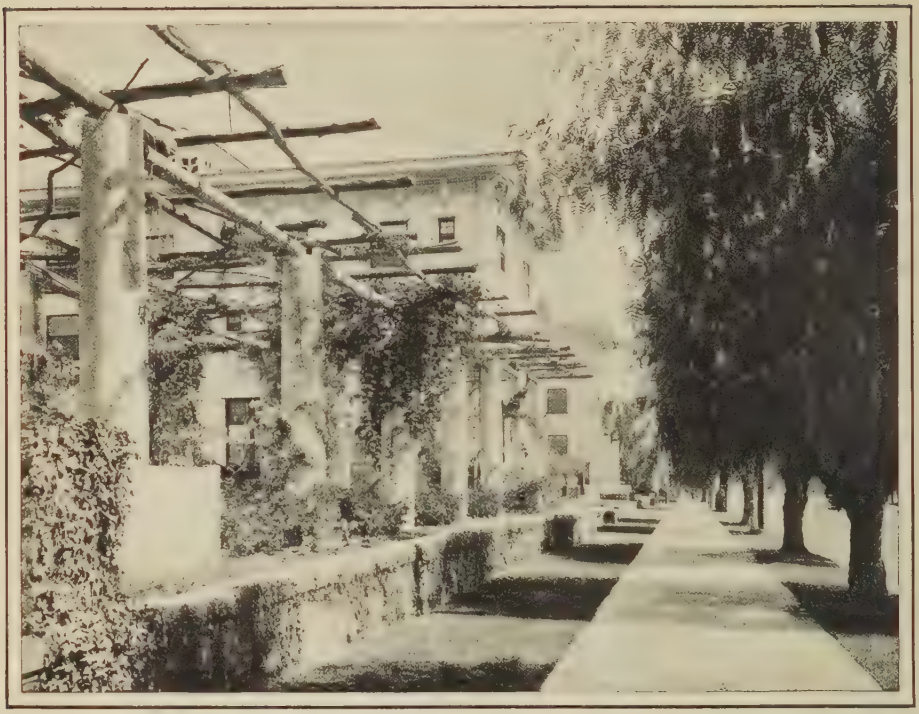
Within the white villa, the flagged floors and narrow stone passages of which are uncompromisingly foreign, and therefore thoroughly picturesque, there is a circular room which boasts no single piece of furniture save some Turkish tabourettes of exquisite workmanship. The roof of this room is domed, and pierced with small circular openings which permit a few mellowed notes of sunshine to light the room by day. By night a light as mellow comes from the alabaster lamps which swing from the roof. Around the walls a wide marble seat is built, cushioned with yellow velvet, and in the center of the stone floor is a circular pool surrounding a fountain which plays gently and musically in the gloom. Here it is that the rose-garden emerges from its seclusion and plays its part; for when coffee is served in this room after dinner, this pool is so heaped with splendid pink, or red, or white roses as almost to obscure the fountain. This is notable, for there are few places in the world where La France, American Beauty, or Kaiserin Augusta roses can be cut out of doors in great masses at nearly all seasons of the year.

The way to Mr. Gillespie's villa lends color to the delusion that one is on foreign soil; for it is steep and narrow, and leads through the little Spanish town of Montecito, where dark-eyed babies roll over the door-steps, and the sound of a soft foreign tongue is always to be heard.

Though the gardens of "Riso Rivo" (Laughing Rivulet), which is the home of Mr. Charles Frederick Eaton, have no architecture commingling with their shrubbery and no formality of design, they are possessed of a charm which is distinct from these things—which is distinct from every other garden. Having a great love of nature and a far-reaching insight as to what she may be coaxed, cajoled, and trained to accomplish, Mr. Eaton has used her resources unsparingly to obtain his results.

There is no classification into which these gardens may be fitted: they suggest the enchantment of Japan and the repose and dignity of Italy. There are clean-

FORMAL GARDEN AT THE HOME OF DR. RUDOLPH SCHIFFMAN, PASADENA



SOUTH SIDE OF A HOTEL PERGOLA, PASADENA

swept spaces of lawn holding trees so grouped that the full beauty of each bole and limb is clearly defined, and there are jungles of rich growth in which one may plunge and lose sight within a moment of any world save that of leaf and vine and frond and the purling sense of running water.

What at first gasp appears actual wizardry, upon reflection resolves itself into the conviction that here is not enchantment, but something higher—an art which is worthy of respect, and which may be emulated. Not a line of beauty, a tone, or a color value has been overlooked or left unused in the preparation of this picture.

In his palm-garden, Mr. Eaton has planted low-growing varieties under the flickering shadows of live-oak trees, and by a system of overhead sprinkling which is of his own invention he can at any time turn on a summer shower to patter on the palms below. Here the ground itself is completely hidden by English ivy, and except where it escapes at intervals to wreath the trunks and branches of the oaks, it forms a unique carpet, which gives more variety of form and shadow than would grass or any other greenery. At "Riso Rivo" the possibilities for beauty and effect which lie in the colors of bloom harmoniously blended have been utilized in the tropical suggestion of shapes and types of plants, in water reflections, in the music of running water, and in the cunning alternation of sunshine and shadow; and the picture is painted with an unerring instinct for artistic effect which never overshoots the mark.

On a miniature lake which is the central feature of the water-garden there is a boat pavilion wreathed and covered with blossoming vines. Around it grow closely tall, pink lotus flowers and broad-leaved water-lilies of all colors and varieties, their own reflections in the water doubling their beauty and value. Clumps of papyrus and numerous Egyptian water-plants also grow in this lake-garden, and when the boat-house moves noiselessly across the lake in obedience to a hidden cable, and the guests who are drinking

VISTA IN A HOTEL PERGOLA, PASADENA

afternoon tea within it are carried to different points from which to view the sea between the palm-trees, or to look down a sun-flecked vistā through acres of live-oaks, or to rest near the bank in the refreshing shadow of the tree-ferns and palm garden, it seems that the happy and healthful satisfaction which Nature in her benign moods imparts to restless human beings could no further go.

The rose-gardens of Pasadena have been widely written of and pictured, and there is ample excuse for enthusiasm over them, but until recent years the decorative quality of their abundant bloom had not been utilized. The formal garden is exploiting all of these beautiful possibilities, and when a pergola is festooned with Maréchal Niel, Gloire de Dijon, and Marie Henriette roses, it loses something of formality, and gains an unearthly beauty. A brown-beamed pergola hung with *Begonia vinusta,* its masses of orange and flame-colored clusters dripping from overhead and clinging to the pillars, is something never to be forgotten; and a pink Tacoma floating its crape-like blossoms airily in a beautiful color combination with the pale violet bells of the *Solanum aurasia* and the waxen trumpet of the sweet-smelling mandevilla, brings a whimsical wonder if the Garden of Eden could have held anything more lovely.

The rug-weaver of the Orient has not a greater variety of beautiful colors and shades of color to draw upon in composing his picture than has the gardener of southern California. If he wishes to hang a curtain of lavender and green against his house, he has only to plant heliotrope there, and in an incredibly short space of time it will be looking in at second story windows. Within the space of a few weeks he can terminate a vista in his garden walk with a solid wall of flaming scarlet through the medium of geranium, and can cover an arbor with the blue plumbago so that the eye receives an impression of a pure mass of its elusive, delicate purple blues, to the utter exclusion of the framework which upholds it.

It is because of this fact of being able to obtain color in masses, in measure full

and running over, that this part of the world appeals to the landscape-artist.

A Gold of Ophir rose or a Beauty of Glazenwood frequently covers a dwelling so that the architecture of the house is completely lost to view, and one may realize the delight this affords the eye when it holds millions of blossoms. The single Cherokee rose makes white the hedges, and climbs and covers the adjacent trees, and this is often intermingled with the crimson Gloire de Rosamonde.

Poinsettia from ten to twenty feet in height burns at every turn throughout the winter months, and in the early spring the trolley roads on the suburban lines are bordered with eschscholtzia. Crimson fuschias climb to the house-tops, and the pink, red, and purple passion-vines rapidly cover everything within their reach. The rank and overwhelming prevalence of the calla is illustrated in the story of the old lady who journeyed from the East, carrying carefully a single potted specimen of this stately flower, and when she reached this region, where her astonished eyes beheld them blooming by hundreds, forming hedges and guarding water hydrants in every yard, she ruthlessly tossed her precious crock out of the car-window.

Among the trees which blossom in Pasadena gardens there are none more decorative than the Japanese paper-tree, the white and scarlet Japonica, and the purple Jacaranda, and it is hardly fair to refer to them so cursorily. "Trees which blossom" may mean those which put forth a flower here and there, but in Pasadena and Santa Barbara it means trees which burst into a brilliant mass of color, or, as in the case of the paper-tree, of waxen bloom, and hold it through long seasons.

Pasadena is *par excellence* the place of flowers, Santa Barbara has its gardens of greenery, and over both lies a radiant atmosphere drenched in a wine brewed of the sun, which is the wine of life.

THE CITY AND THE MAN

BY LYMAN EDWYN DAVIS

(DEDICATED TO THE GREATER PITTSBURG)

WHERE broad the meeting rivers lie
  Between the honest hills of old,
A thousand cloudy pillars high,
  Red-winged by Vulcan's banners bold,
With palms of fire salute the sky,
  And pass like floating dreams of gold.
Lo! here the Iron City stands,
A giant born of many lands,
  And lordly dreams of gold.

In all thy clanging streets to-day,
  Forgotten cities sound review.
Behold, in pale and vast array,
  The hosts of Sardis, marching true!
I hear thy bells, in prayerful lay,
  Ring all the hopes of fallen Tyre;
And, pulsing through the ages gone,
The battle-throb of Marathon,
  In all thy springs of fire!

O wheels that welter day and night!
  O bells that murmur every creed!
O city crowned with iron might!
  Bring forth, in times of holy need,
An iron will to do the right!
  And, marking well where Wisdom stands,
Advance with purpose high and strong,
And lift against the ranks of wrong
  A million warrior hands!

Enthroned among the ancient hills,
  Glad child of Freedom's chosen race,
Thou hast a thousand magic mills,
  With all the world thy market-place.
But hark! for thee Jehovah wills
  One task in earth's diviner plan:
With sacred fires forever mold,
Of life and all its beaten gold,
  The city and the man!

A NIGHT RAID AT EAGLE RIVER

BY HAMLIN GARLAND

Author of "Money Magic," "The Tyranny of the Dark," etc.

I

THE post-office at Eagle River was so small that McCoy and his herders always spoke of the official within as "the Badger," saying that he must surely back into his den for lack of room to turn round. His presentment at the arched loophole in his stockade was formidable. His head was large, his brow high and seamed, his beard long and tangled, and the look of his hazel-gray eyes remote with cold abstraction. "He 's not a man to monkey with," said McCoy when the boys complained that the old seed had put up a sign, "NO SPITTING IN THIS OFFICE." "I 'd advise you to act accordingly. I reckon he 's boss of that thing while he 's in there. He 's a Populist, but he 's regularly appointed by the President, and I don't see that we 're in any position to presume to spit if he objects. No, there ain't a thing to do but get up a petition and have him removed—and I won't agree to sign it when you do."

Eagle River was only a cattle-yard station, a shipping-point for the mighty spread of rolling hills which make up the Bear Valley Range to the north and the Grampa to the south. Aside from the post-office, it possessed two saloons, a store, a boarding-house or two, and a low, brown station-house. That was all, except during the autumn, when there was nearly always an outfit of cow-boys camped about the corrals, loading cattle or waiting for cars.

On the day when this story opens, McCoy had packed away his last steer, and being about to take the train for Kansas City, called his foreman aside.

"See here, Roy, seems to me the boys are extra boozed already. It 's up to you to pull right out for the ranch."

"That 's what I 'm going to try to do," answered Roy. "We 'll camp at the head of Jack Rabbit to-night."

"Good idea. Get 'em out of town before dark—every mother's son of 'em. I 'll be back on Saturday."

Roy Pierce was a dependable young fellow, and honestly meant to carry out the orders of his boss; but there was so little in way of diversion in Eagle, the boys had to get drunk in order to punctuate a paragraph in their life. There was not a disengaged woman in the burg, and bad whisky was merely a sad substitute for romance. Therefore the settlers who chanced to meet this bunch of herders in the outskirts of Eagle River that night walked wide of them, for they gave out the sounds of battle.

They could all ride like Cossacks, notwithstanding their dizzy heads, and though they waved about in their saddles like men of rubber, their faithful feet clung to their stirrups like those of a bat to its perch. In camp they scuffled, argued, ran foot-races, and howled derisive epithets at the cook, who was getting supper with drunken gravity, using pepper and salt with lavish hand.

Into the midst of this hullabaloo, Roy, the cow-boss, rode, white with rage and quite sober.

"I 'll kill that old son of a gun one of these days," said he to Henry Ring.

"Kill who?"

"That postmaster. If he was n't a United States officer, I 'd do it now."

"What 's the matter? Would n't he shuffle the mail fer you?"

"Never lifted a finger. *'Nothing,'* he barked out at me. Did n't even look up till I let loose on him."

"What did he do then?"

"Poked an old Civil War pistol out of the window, and told me to hike."

"Which you did?"

"Which I did, after passing him a few compliments. 'Lay down your badge,' I says, 'come out o' your den, and I 'll pepper you so full of holes that your hide won't hold blue-joint hay.' And I 'll do it too, the old hound!"

"But you got out," persisted Ring, maliciously.

"I got out, but I tell you right now he 's got something coming to him. No mail-sifter of a little two-for-a-cent town like Eagle is goin' to put it all over me that way and not repent of it. I 've figured out a scheme to get even with him, and you have got to help."

This staggered Henry, who began to side-step and limp. "Count me out on that," said he. "The old skunk treated me just about the same way. I don't blame you; a feller sure has a right to have his postmaster make a bluff at shuffling the deck. But, after all—"

However, in the end the boss won his most trusted fellows to his plan, for he was a youth of power, and besides they had all been roiled by the grizzled, crusty old official, and were quite ready to take a hand in his punishment.

Roy developed his plot. "We 'll pull out of camp about midnight, and ride round to the east, sneak in, and surround the old man's shack, shouting and yelling and raising Cain. He 'll come out of his hole to order us off, and I 'll rope him before he knows where he 's at; then we 'll toy with him for a few minutes,—long enough to learn him a lesson in politeness,—and let him go."

No one in the gang seemed to see anything specially humorous in this method of inculcating urbanity of manner, and at last five of them agreed to stand their share of the riot, although Henry Ring muttered something about the man's being old and not looking very strong.

"He 's strong enough to wave a two-foot gun," retorted Roy, and so silenced all objection.

As soon as the camp was quiet, Pierce rose, and touching his marauders into activity, saddled and rode away as stealthily as the leader of a band of Indian scouts. He made straightway over the divide to the east, then turned, and crossing the river, entered the town from the south, in order to deceive any chance observer.

Just below the station, in a little gully, he halted his war-party and issued final orders. "Now I 'll ride ahead and locate myself right near the back door; then when I strike a light you fellows come in and swirl round the shack like a gust o' hell. The old devil will come out the back door to see what 's doin', and I 'll jerk him endwise before he can touch trigger. I won't hurt him any more than he needs. Now, don't stir till I 'm in position."

Silently, swiftly, his pony shuffled along the sandy road and over the railway-crossing. The town was soundless and unlighted, save for a dim glow in the telegraph office, and the air was keen and crisp with frost. As he approached the Badger's shack, Pierce detected a gleam of light beneath the curtain of the side windows. "If he 's awake, so much the better," he thought, but his nerves thrilled as he softly entered the shadow.

Suddenly the pony trod upon something which made a prodigious crash. The door opened, a tall young girl appeared in a wide flare of yellow light which ran out upon the grass like a golden carpet. With eager, anxious voice she called out: "Is that you, Doctor?"

The raider stiffened in his saddle with surprise. His first impulse was to set spurs to his horse and vanish. His next was to tear off his disguise and wait, for the voice was sweeter than any he had ever heard, and the girl's form a vision of beauty.

Alarmed at his silence, she again called out: "Who are you? What do you want?"

"A neighbor, Miss," he answered, dismounting and stepping into the light. "Is there anything I can do for you?"

At this moment hell seemed to have let loose the wildest of its warriors. With shrill whoopings, with flare of popping guns, Roy's faithful herders came swirling round the cabin, intent to do their duty—frenzied with delight of it.

Horrified, furious at this breach of discipline, Pierce ran to meet them, waving his hat and raising the wild yell, "Whoo-ee!" with which he was wont to head off and turn a bunch of steers. "Stop it! Get out!" he shouted, as he

succeeded in reaching the ears of one or two of the raiders. "It 's all off—there 's a girl here. Somebody sick! Skeedoo!"

The shooting and the tumult died away. The horsemen vanished as swiftly, as abruptly, as they came, leaving their leader in panting, breathless possession of the field. He was sober enough now, and repentant, too.

Slowly he returned to the door of the shack with vague intent to apologize. Something very sudden and very terrible must have fallen upon the postmaster.

After some hesitation he knocked timidly on the door.

"Have they gone?" the girl asked.

"Yes; I 've scared 'em away. They did n't mean no harm, I reckon. I want to know, can't I be of some kind of use?"

The door opened cautiously, and the girl again appeared. She was very pale, and held a pistol in her hand, but her voice was calm. "You 're very good," she said, "and I 'm much obliged. Who are you?"

"I am Roy Pierce, foreman for McCoy, a cattleman north of here."

"Was it really a band of Indians?"

"Naw. Only a bunch of cow-punchers on a bat."

"You mean cow-boys?"

"That 's what. It 's their little way of havin' fun. I reckon they did n't know you was here. I did n't. Who 's sick?"

"My uncle."

"You mean the postmaster?"

"Yes."

"When was he took?"

"Last night. They telegraphed me about six o'clock. I did n't get here till this morning—I mean yesterday morning."

"What 's the ail of him?"

"A stroke, I 'm afraid. He can't talk, and he 's stiff as a stake. Oh, I wish the doctor would come!"

Her anxiety was moving. "I 'll try to find him for you."

"I wish you would."

"You are n't all alone?"

"Yes; Mrs. Gilfoyle had to go home to her baby. She said she 'd come back, but she has n't."

Roy's heart swept a wide arc as he stood looking into the pale, awed, lovely face of the girl.

"I 'll bring help," he said, and vanished into the darkness, shivering with a sense of guilt. "The poor old cuss! Probably he was sick the very minute I was bully-ragging him."

The local doctor had gone down the valley on a serious case, and would not be back till morning, his wife said, thereupon Roy wired to Claywall, the county seat, for another physician. He also secured the aid of Mrs. James, the landlady of the Palace Hotel, and hastened back to the relief of the girl, whom he found walking the floor of the little kitchen, tremulous with dread. "I 'm afraid he 's dying," she said. "His teeth are set, and he 's unconscious."

Without knowing what to say in way of comfort, the herder passed on into the little office, where the postmaster lay on a low couch with face upturned, in rigid, inflexible pose, his hands clenched, his mouth foam-lined. Roy, unused to sickness and death, experienced both pity and awe as he looked down upon the prostrate form of the man he had expected to punish. And yet these emotions were rendered vague and slight by the burning admiration which the niece had excited in his susceptible and chivalrous heart.

She was tall and very fair, with a face that seemed plain in repose, but which bewitched him when she smiled. Her erect and powerful body was glowing with health, and her lips and eyes were deliciously young and sweet. Her anxious expression passed away as Roy confidently assured her that these seizures were seldom fatal. He did n't know a thing about it, but his tone was convincing. "I knew a man once who had these fits four or five times a year. Did n't seem to hurt him a bit. One funny thing—he never had 'em while in the saddle. They 'most always come on just after a heavy meal. I reckon the old man must of over-et."

Mrs. James came in soon,—all too soon to please him,—but he reported to her his message to Claywall. "A doctor will be down on 'the Cannonball' about five o'clock," he added.

"That 's very kind and thoughtful of you," said the girl. Then she explained to Mrs. James that Mr. Pierce had just driven off a horrid band of cow-boys who were attacking the town.

The landlady snorted with contempt. "I 'm so used to boozy cow-boys howlin' round, I don't bat an eye when they shoot up the street. They 're all a lot of cheap skates, any way. You want to swat 'em with the mop if they come round; that 's the way I do."

Roy was nettled by her tone, for he was now very anxious to pose as a valorous defender of the innocent; but agreed with her that "the boys were just having a little 'whizz' as they started home; they did n't mean no harm."

"Ought I to sit in there?" the girl asked the woman, with a glance toward the inner room.

"No; I don't think you can do any good. I 'll just keep an eye on him, and let you know if they 's any change."

The girl apologized for the looks of the kitchen. "Poor uncle has been so feeble lately he could n't keep things in order, and I have n't had any chance since I came. If you don't mind, I 'll rid things up now; it 'll keep my mind occupied."

"Good idea!" exclaimed Roy. "I 'll help."

He had been in a good many exciting mix-ups with steers, bears, cayuses, sheriffs' posses, and Indians, but this was easily the most stirring and amazing hour of his life. While his pony slowly slid away up the hill to feed, he, with flapping gun and rattling spurs swept, polished, and lifted things for Lida—that was her name—Lida Converse. "My folks live in Colorado Springs," she explained in answer to his questions. "My mother is not very well, and father is East, so I had to come. Uncle Dan was pretty bad when I got here, only not like he is now. This fit came on after the doctor went away at nine."

"I 'm glad your father was East," declared the raider, who was unable to hold to a serious view of the matter, now that he was in the midst of a charming and intimate conversation. "Just think—if he had 'a' come, I 'd never have seen *you!*"

She faced him in surprise and disapproval of his boldness. "You 're pretty swift, are n't you?" she said cuttingly.

"A feller 's got to be in this country," he replied jauntily.

She was prepared to be angry with him, but his candid, humorous, admiring gaze disarmed her. "You 've been very nice," she said, "and I feel very grateful; but I guess you better not say any more such things to me—to-night."

"You must n't forget I chased off them redskins."

"You said they were cow-boys."

"Of course I did; I wanted to calm your mind."

She was a little puzzled by his bluffing. "I don't believe there are any Indians over here."

"Well, if they were cow-boys, they were a fierce lot."

She considered. "I 've told you I feel grateful; what more can I do?"

"A good deal; but, as you say, that 'll go over till to-morrow. Did I tell you that I had a bunch of cattle of my own?"

"I don't remember of it."

"Well, I have. I 'm not one of these crazy cow-boys who blows in all his wad on faro and drink—not on your life! I 've got some ready chink stacked away in a Claywall bank. Want to see my bank-book?"

She answered curtly. "Please take that kettle of slop out and empty it. And what time did you say the express was due?"

Roy was absorbed, ecstatic. He virtually forgot all the rest of the world. His herders could ride to the north pole, his pony might starve, the Cannonball Express go over the cliff, the postmaster die, so long as he was left in service to this princess. "Lord A'mighty! was n't I in luck?" he repeated to himself. "Suppose I 'd a roped *her* instead of the old man!"

When he returned from listening for the train, he found her washing her hands at the end of her task, and the room in such order as it had never known before. The sight of her standing there, flushed and very womanly, rolling down her sleeves, was more than the young fellow could silently observe.

"I hope the old man 'll be a long time getting well," he said abruptly.

"That 's a nice thing to say! What do you mean by such a cruel wish?"

"I see my finish when you go away. No more lonely ranch-life for me."

"If you start in on that talk again I will not speak to you," she declared, and she meant it.

"All right, I 'll shut up; but I want to tell you I 'm a trailer for keeps, and you can't lose me, no matter where you go. From this time on I forget everything in the world but you."

With a look of resolute reproof she rose and joined Mrs. James in the inner room, leaving Roy cowed and a good deal alarmed. "I reckon I 'm a little *too* swift," he admitted; "but, oh, my soul! she 's a peach!"

When the train whistled, Lida came out again. "Will you please go to meet the doctor?" she asked with no trace of resentment in her manner.

"Sure thing; I was just about starting," he replied instantly.

While he was gone, she asked Mrs. James if she knew the young man, and was much pleased to find that the sharp-tongued landlady had only good words to say of Roy Pierce. "He 's no ordinary cow-boy," she explained. "If he makes up to you, you need n't shy."

"Who said he was making up to me? I never saw him before."

"I want to know! Well, anybody could see with half an eye that he was naturally rustlin' round you. *I* thought you 'd known each other for years."

This brought tears of mortification to the girl's eyes. "I did n't mean to be taken that way. Of course I could n't help being grateful, after all he 'd done; but I think it 's a shame to be so misunderstood. It 's mean and low-down of him—and poor uncle so sick."

"Now, don't make a hill out of an ant-heap," said the old woman, vigorously. "No harm 's done. You 're a mighty slick girl, and these boys don't see many like you out here in the sage-brush and piñons. Facts are, you 're kind o' upsettin' to a feller like Roy. You make him kind o' drunk-like. He don't mean to be sassy."

"Well, I wish you 'd tell him not to do anything more for me. I don't want to get any deeper in debt to him."

The Claywall physician came in to the little room as silently as a Piute. He was a plump, dark little man of impassive mien, but seemed to know his business. He drove the girl out of the room, but drafted Mrs. James and Roy into service. "It 's merely a case of indigestion," said he; "but it 's plenty serious enough. You see the distended stomach pressing against the heart—"

The girl, sitting in the kitchen and hearing the swift and vigorous movement within, experienced a revulsion to the awe and terror of the midnight. For the second time in her life death had come very close to her, but in this case her terror was shot through with the ruddy sympathy of a handsome, picturesque young cavalier. She could not be really angry with him, though she was genuinely shocked by his reckless disregard of the proprieties; for he came at such a dark and lonely and helpless hour, and his prompt and fearless action in silencing those dreadful cow-boys was heroic. Therefore, when the doctor sent Roy out to say that her uncle would live, a part of her relief and joy shone upon the young rancher, who was correspondingly exalted.

"Now you must let me hang round till he gets well," he said, forgetful of all other duties.

"That reminds me. You 'll need some breakfast," she said hurriedly; "for here comes the sun." And as she spoke, the light of the morning streamed like a golden river into the little room.

"It 's me to the wood-pile, then," cried Roy, and his smile was of a piece with the sunshine on the wall.

II

Beside the fallen monarch of the wood the lifting saplings bud and intertwine. So over the stern old postmaster these young people re-enacted the most primitive drama in the world. Indifferent to the jeers of his fellows, Roy devoted himself to the service of "The Badger's Niece," and was still in town when McCoy returned from "the East"; that is to say, from Kansas City.

Lida had ceased to protest against the cow-boy's attendance and his love-making for the good reason that her protests were unavailing. He declined to take offense, and he would not remain silent. A part of his devotion was due, of course, to his sense of guilt, and yet this was only a small part. True, he had sent warnings and dire threats to silence his band of marauders; but he did not feel keenly enough about their possible

tale-bearing to carry his warnings in person. "I can't spare the time," he argued, knowing that Lida would be going home in a few days, and that his world would then be blank.

"I lose too much of you," he said to her once; "I can't afford to have you out of my sight a minute."

She had grown accustomed to such speeches as these, and seldom replied to them, except to order the speaker about with ever-increasing tyranny. "You 're so anxious to work," she remarked, "I 'll let you do a-plenty. You 'll get sick o' me soon."

"Sick of you! Lord heavens! what 'll I do when you leave!"

"You 'll go back to your ranch. A fine foreman you must be, fooling round here like a tramp. What does your boss think?"

"Don't know and don't care. Don't care what anybody thinks—but you. You 're my only landmark these days. You 're my sun, moon, and stars, that 's what you are. I set my watch by you."

"You 're crazy!" she answered with laughter.

"Sure thing! Locoed, we call it out here. You 've got me locoed—you 're my pink poison blossom. There ain't any feed that interests me but you. I 'm lonesome as a snake-bit cow when I can't see you."

"Say, do you know Uncle Dan begins to notice you. He asked me to-day what you were hanging round here for, and who you were."

"What did you tell him?"

"I told him you were McCoy's hired man just helping me take care of him."

"That 's a lie. I 'm *your* hired man. I 'm takin' care of you—willing to work for a kiss a day."

"You 'll not get even that."

"I 'm *not* getting it—yet."

"You 'll *never* get it."

"Don't be too sure of that. My life-work is collectin' my dues. I 've got 'em all set down. You owe me a dozen for extra jobs, and a good hug for over-time."

She smiled derisively, and turned the current. "The meals you eat are all of a dollar a day."

"They 're worth a bushel of diamonds —when you cook 'em. But let me ask you something—is your old dad as fierce as Uncle Dan?"

She nodded. "You bet he is! He 's crusty as old crust. Don't you go up against my daddy with any little bank-book. It 's got to be a fat wad, and, mind you, no cloves on your breath, either. He 's crabbed on the drink question; that 's why he settled in Colorado Springs. No saloons there, you know."

He considered a moment. "Much obliged. Now, here 's something for you. You 're not obliged to hand out soft words and a sweet smile to every dog-gone injun that happens to call for mail. Stop it. Why, you 'll have all the cow-punchers for fifty miles around calling for letters. That bunch that was in here just now was from Steamboat Springs. Their mail don't come here; it comes by way of Wyoming. They were runnin' a bluff. It makes me hot to have such barefaced swindling going on. I won't stand for it."

"Well, you see, I 'm not really deputized to handle the mail, so I must be careful not to make anybody mad—"

"Anybody but me. I don't count."

"Oh, *you* would n't complain, I know that."

"I would n't, hey? Sure of that? Well, I 'm going to start a petition to have myself made postmaster—"

"Better get Uncle Dan out first," she answered, with a sly smile. "The office won't hold you both."

At the end of a week the old postmaster was able to hobble to the window and sort the mail, but the doctor would not consent to his cooking his own meals. "If you *can* stay another week," he said to Lida, "I think you 'd better do it. He is n't really fit to live alone."

Thereupon she meekly submitted, and continued to keep house in the little kitchen for herself, her uncle, and for Roy, who still came regularly to her table, bringing more than his share of provisions, however. She was a good deal puzzled by the change which had come over him of late. He was less gay, less confident of manner, and he often fell into fits of abstraction.

He was in fact under conviction of sin, and felt the need of confessing to Lida his share in the zealous assault of the cow-boys that night. "It 's sure to leak

out," he decided, "and I 'd better be the first to break the news." But each day found it harder to begin, and only the announcement of her intended departure one morning brought him to the hazard. He was beginning to feel less secure of her, and less indifferent to the gibes of the town-jokers, who found in his enslavement much material for caustic remark. They called him the "tired cow-boy" and the "trusty."

They were all sitting at supper in the kitchen one night when the old postmaster suddenly said to Roy: "Seems to me I remember you. Did I know you before I was sick?" His memory had been affected by his "stroke," and he took up the threads of his immediate past with uncertain fingers.

"I reckon so; leastwise I used to get my mail here," answered Roy, a bit startled.

The old man looked puzzled. "Yes; but it seems a little more special than that. Someway your face is associated with trouble in my mind. Did we have any disagreement?"

After the postmaster returned to his chair in the office, Roy said: "They 're going to throw your uncle out now in a few weeks."

"You don't mean it!"

"Sure thing. He really ain't fit to be here any more. Don't you see how kind o' dazed he is? They 're going to get him out on a doctor's certificate—loss of memory. Now, why don't you get deputized, and act in his place?"

"Goodness sakes! I don't want to live here."

"Where do you want to live—on a ranch?"

"Not on your life! Colorado Springs is good enough for me."

"That 's hard lines on Roy. What could I do to earn a living there?"

"You don't have to live there, do you?"

"Home is where you are." She had come to the point where she received such remarks in glassy silence. He looked at her in growing uneasiness, and finally said: "See here, Lida, I 've got something to tell you. You heard the old man kind o' feelin' around in his old haymow of a mind about me? Well, him and me did have a cussin'-out match one day, and he drawed a gun on me, and ordered me out of the office."

"What for?"

"Well, it was this way—I think. He was probably sick, and did n't feel a little bit like sorting mail when I asked fer it. He sure was aggravatin', and I cussed him good and plenty. I reckon I had a clove on my tongue that day, and was irritable, and when he lit on to me, I was hot as a hornet, and went away swearing to get square." He braced himself for the plunge. "That was *my* gang of cow-boys that came hell-roaring around the night I met you. They were under my orders to scare your uncle out of his hole, and I was going to rope him."

"Oh!" she gasped, and drew away from him, "that poor, sick old man!"

He hastened to soften the charge. "Of course I did n't know he was sick, or I would n't 'ave done it. He did n't look sick the day before; besides, I did n't intend to hurt him—much. I was only fixin' for to scare him up for pullin' a gun on me, that was all."

"That 's the meanest thing I ever heard of—to think of that old man, helpless, and you and a dozen cow-boys attacking him."

"I tell you I did n't know he was ailin', and there was only six of us."

Her tone hurt as she pointed at him. "And *you* pretend to be so brave!"

"No, I don't."

"You *did!*"

"No, I did n't. *You* said I was brave and kind, but I denied it. I never soberly claimed any credit for driving off that band of outlaws. That 's one reason why I 've been sticking so close to business here—I felt kind o' conscience-struck."

Her eyes were ablaze now. "Oh, it is! You 've said a dozen times it was on *my* account."

"That 's right—about eighty per cent. on yours and twenty per cent. on my own account—I mean the old man's."

"The idea!" She rose, her face dark with indignation. "Don't you dare come here another time. I never heard of anything more—more awful. You a rowdy! —I 'll never speak to you again. Go away! I despise you."

Her anger and chagrin were genuine, that he felt. There was nothing playful

or mocking in her tone at the moment. She saw him as he was, a reckless, vengeful young ruffian, and as such she hated him.

He got upon his feet slowly, and went out without further word of defense.

III

The sun did not rise for Roy Pierce on the day which followed her departure. His interest in Eagle River died, and his good resolutions weakened. He went on one long, wild, wilful carouse, and when McCoy rescued him and began to exhort toward a better life, he resigned his job, and went back to the home ranch, where his brothers, Claude and Harry, welcomed him with sarcastic comment as "the returning goat."

He tried to make his peace with them by saying "I 'm done with whisky forever."

"Good notion," retorted Claude, who was something of a cynic; "just cut out women *and* drink, and you 'll be happy."

Roy found it easier to give up drink than to forget Lida. To put away thought of her was like trying to fend the sunlight from his cabin window with his palm. He was entirely and hopelessly enslaved to the memory of her glowing face and smiling eyes. What was there in all his world to console him for the loss of her?

Mrs. Pierce wonderingly persisted in asking what had come over him that he should be so sad and silent, and Claude finally enlightened her. "He 's all bent up over a girl—the postmaster's niece—of Eagle River, who had to quit the country to get shut of him."

The mother's heart was full of sympathy, and her desire to comfort her stricken son led to shy references to his "trouble" which made him savage. He went about the ranch so grimly, so spiritlessly, that Claude despairingly remarked: "I wish the Lord that girl *had* got you. You 're as cheerful to have around as a poisoned hound. Why don't you go down to the Springs and sit on her porch? That 's about all you 're good for now."

This was a bull's-eye shot, for Roy's desire by day and his dream by night was to trail her to her home; but the fear of her scornful greeting, the thought of a cutting query as to the meaning of his call, checked him at the very threshold of departure a dozen times.

He had read of love-lorn people in the "Saturday Story-teller," which found its way into the homes of the ranchers, but he had always sworn or laughed at their sufferings as a part of the play. He felt quite differently about these cases now. Love was no longer a theme for jest, an abstraction, a far-off trouble; it had become a hunger more intolerable than any he had ever known, a pain that made all others he had experienced transitory and of no account.

Even Claude admitted the reality of the disease by repeating: "Well, you *have* got it bad. Your symptoms are about the worst ever. You 're locoed for fair. You 'll be stepping high and wide if you don't watch out."

In some mysterious way the whole valley now shared in a knowledge of the raid on the post-office, as well as in an understanding of Roy's "throw-down" by the postmaster's niece, and the expression of this interest in his affairs at last drove the young rancher to desperation. He decided to leave the State. "I 'm going to Nome," he said to his brothers one day.

"Pious thought," declared Claude. "The climate may freeze this poison out of you. Why, sure go. You 're no good on earth here."

Roy did not tell him or his mother that he intended to go by way of the Springs, in the wish to catch one last glimpse of his loved one before setting out for the far northland. To speak with her was beyond his hope. No, all he expected was a chance glimpse of her in the street, the gleam of her face in the garden. "Perhaps I may pass her gate at night, and see her at the window."

IV

The town to him was a maze of bewildering complexity and magnificence, and he wandered about for a day in awkward silence, hesitating to inquire the way to the Converse home. He found it at last, a pretty cottage standing on a broad terrace, amid trees and vines vivid with the autumn hues; and if any thought of asking Lida to exchange it for a shack

Drawn by N. C. Wyeth. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Merrill

"'YOU 'RE PRETTY SWIFT, ARE N'T YOU?' SHE SAID CUTTINGLY"

on a ranch still lingered in his mind, it was instantly wiped out by his first glance at the place.

He walked by on the opposite side of the street, and climbed the mesa back of the house to spy upon it from the rear, hoping to detect his loved one walking about under the pear-trees. But she did not appear. After an hour or so he came down and paced back and forth with eyes on the gate, unable to leave the street till his soul was fed by one look at her.

As the sun sank, and the dusk began to come on, he grew a little more reckless of being recognized, and crossing the way, continued to sentinel the gate. He was passing it for the fourth time when Lida came out upon the porch with an older woman. She looked at the stranger curiously, but did not recognize him. She wore a hat, and was plainly about to go for a walk.

Roy knew he ought to hurry away, but he did not. On the contrary, he shamelessly met her, with a solemn, husky-voiced greeting. "Hello, girl! How 's Uncle Dan?"

She started back in alarm, then flushed as she recognized him. "How dare you speak to me—like that!"

In this moment, as he looked into her face, his courage began to come back to him. "Why did n't you answer my letters?" he asked, putting her on defense.

"What business had you to write to me? I told you I would not answer."

"No, you did n't; you only said you would n't *speak* to me again."

"Well, you know what I meant," she replied, with less asperity.

Some way these slight concessions brought back his audacity, his power of defense. "You bet I did; but what difference does that make to a sick man? Oh, I 've had a time! I 'm no use to the world since you left. I told you the truth—you 're my sun, moon, and stars, and I 've come down to say it just once more before I pull out for Alaska. I 'm going to quit the State. The whole valley is on to my case of loco, and I 'm due at the north pole. I 've come to say good-by. Here 's where I take my congee."

She read something desperate in the tone of his voice. "What do you mean? You are n't really leaving?"

"That 's what. Here 's where I break camp. I can't go on this way. I 've got the worst fever anybody *ever* had, I reckon. I can't eat or sleep or work, just on account of studying about you. You 've got me goin' in a circle, and if you don't say you forgive me—it 's me to the boneyard, and that 's no joke, you 'll find."

She tried to laugh, but something in his worn face, intense eyes, and twitching lips, made her breathing very difficult. "You must n't talk like that. It 's just as foolish as can be."

"Well, that don't help me a little bit. You no business to come into my life and tear things up the way you did. I was all right till you came. I liked myself and my neighbors bully; now nothing interests me—but just you—and your opinion of me. You think I was a cowardly coyote putting up that job on your uncle the way I did. Well, I admit it; but I 've been aching to tell you I 've turned into another kind of farmer since then. You 've educated me. Seems like I was a kid; but I 've grown up into a man all of a sudden, and I 'm startin' on a new line of action. I 'm not asking much today, just a nice, easy word. It would be a heap of comfort to have you shake hands and say you 're willing to let the past go. Now, that ain't much to you, but it 's a whole lot to me. Girl, you 've got to be good to me this time."

She was staring straight ahead of her with breath quickened by the sincere passion in his quivering voice. The manly repentance which burdened his soul reached her heart. After all, it was true: he had been only a reckless, thoughtless boy as he planned that raid on her uncle, and he had been so kind and helpful afterward—and so merry! It was pitiful to see how changed he was, how repentant and sorrowful.

She turned quickly, and with a shy, teary smile thrust her hand toward him. "All right. Let 's forget it." Then as he hungrily, impulsively sought to draw her nearer, she laughingly pushed him away. "I don't mean—so much as you think." But the light of forgiveness and something sweeter was in her face as she added: "Won't you come in a minute and see mother and father—and Uncle Dan?"

"I 'm *wild* to see Uncle Dan," he replied with comical inflection, as he followed her slowly up the path.

Drawn by H. M. Brett. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

ELECTIONEERING ON THE WRONG SIDE

(SCENES FROM AMERICAN RURAL LIFE)

THE FUTURE WHEAT SUPPLY OF THE UNITED STATES

BY EDWARD C. PARKER

Assistant in Agriculture at the Agricultural Experiment Station, University of Minnesota

FOR many years the wheat acreage of the United States has been gradually moving westward and northward. The pioneer agriculture of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, and other Middle Western States was chiefly grain-growing. The early settler who braved the discomforts of the prairie, and who rarely had any working capital, was from necessity obliged to get quick returns for his labor, and spring wheat brought the quick returns. Then, as the oncoming tide of civilization created a demand for a cosmopolitan table, the acreage in wheat diminished, giving way to forage and food crops fed to live stock; or, more often, the farmer who had developed the habit of growing wheat, and nothing but wheat, was forced into diversified agriculture because of increasing land values and decreasing yields due to soil impoverishment and the wide-spread distribution of weeds. Winter wheat has supplanted the spring wheat in these regions, and even this crop is sown as much for a nurse crop for grasses and clovers as for a profitable market crop. The three States of Minnesota, North Dakota, and South Dakota now include nearly the entire spring-wheat area of the United States, and the acreage of wheat is gradually diminishing in the eastern and southern parts of Minnesota and South Dakota. From these States the spring-wheat belt is slowly but surely passing north into the fertile virgin prairies of Canada, regions in which the much-desired hard spring wheat is virtually inaccessible to American millers unless the present tariff on wheat is revised.

While the wheat areas in the United States have been continually shifting during the last forty years, the acreage of unoccupied land available for wheat production has been so great that shifting might occur, and the total acreage increase in proportion to the increase in population. The acreage utilized for wheat production in the United States has tripled in the last forty years, having risen from 15,424,496 acres in 1866 to 47,305,829 acres in 1906. From 1880 to the present time, about one third of the total wheat product has been exported. In 1903, however, the per cent. of total wheat product exported decreased to 18.92

TABLE I. WHEAT PRODUCTION IN THE UNITED STATES, 1880–1906

Periods	Average yearly acreage	Average yearly production bu.	Average yield per acre	Average yearly per cent. exported	Average No. of population	Average yearly consumption per cap. in bushels
1880–1884	37,738,882	463,973,170	12.3	30.17	53,172,399	6.09
1885–1889	36,819,442	435,415,400	11.8	25.99	59,205,133	5.44
1890–1894	36,814,067	476,678,028	12.9	34.72	65,590,121	4.73
1895–1899	39,355,767	529,477,802	13.4	33.77	72,325,863	4.84
1900–1904	46,426,633	626,194,816	13.5	25.98	79,193,734	5.84
1905	47,854,079	692,979,489	14.5	14.09	84,625,913	7.03
1906	47,305,829	735,260,970	15.5	19.95	86,645,301	6.78

THE GRAIN BREEDING NURSERIES OF THE MINNESOTA AGRICULTURAL EXPERIMENT STATION IN HARVEST-TIME

Each bundle of grain shown in the foreground is composed of plants that are the progeny of a selected, productive mother plant. These small groups of 100 plants each are planted by a machine which drops the seeds four inches apart each way, and thus gives nearly uniform conditions of environment to each group of plants. At harvest-time the plants matured in each group are counted, the best five plants are separately harvested to use for seed in extending the test the succeeding year, and the remaining plants are cut and bound as shown in the illustration. The grain produced by each group of plants is threshed out by an electric threshing-machine, and the total weight of grain is then divided by the number of plants harvested, thus giving the average yield per plant in each group. A criterion for comparing the productivity of one group of plants with another is thus developed, and after three to five years' trials have been made, an average is drawn and the most productive group of plants is put into increase plots and the newly created race or variety is then given a field trial with old, standard varieties.

per cent. as compared with 30.28 per cent. the preceding year. In 1904 it dropped to 7.99 per cent.; in 1905, to 14.09 per cent.; and in 1906, to 19.95 per cent.

These figures would seem to indicate that within the last few years the population of the United States has increased at a faster rate than the total wheat supply of the country, and that we shall soon cease to be exporters of wheat and begin to import this staple. In a recent address, President James J. Hill of the Great Northern Railway estimated that the United States would be importing wheat in twenty years from the present time. With the present methods of cultivation in the United States, the time is undoubtedly fast approaching when the home demand for wheat will be so great as to stop exports in any quantity.

The natural increase of population in the United States is approximately fifteen per cent. in each decade, and the increase from immigration about 750,000 annually. At this rate of increase, the population of the United States in 1910 will be 95,248,895; in 1915, 106,142,562; in 1920, 117,036,229, and in 1930, 142,091,663. The present consumption of wheat per capita in the United States, including seed, is approximately seven bushels. Thus the population of the United States in 1915, at seven bushels per capita, will require a wheat crop of 742,997,934 bushels; in 1920, a crop of 819,253,603 bushels; and in 1930, a crop of 994,641,641 bushels. At the present rate of consumption, the present wheat acreage of the United States, with the present methods of cultivation, will not meet this future demand, and in the life of the next gener-

STANDARD VARIETIES OF WHEAT AND THEIR HYBRID PROGENY

The spikes of wheat on the outside of this group are typical spikes from two standard varieties of spring wheat, the spike on the right being a *fife* type of wheat and the spike on the left a blue-stem type. These varieties were hybridized and from among the progeny of this cross a race of wheat was selected the characteristics of which are shown by the two spikes of wheat in the center of the group.

THE IMPROVED PROGENY OF HYBRID GROWTHS OF WHEAT

Four types of wheat which have been selected from among the progeny of an in-cross, the parents being two plants from the hybrid type of wheat shown in the center of the group on the previous page. The type of wheat on the extreme left is a bearded blue-stem; the next type resembles common blue-stem, but has a somewhat longer spike; the third type from the left is a common smooth chaff, or *fife* type, and the type at the extreme right is a bearded *fife*, or bearded smooth-chaff wheat. These widely differing types of wheat, all having the same breeding, illustrate the great variation that may be induced by means of hybridizing and which may be used to great advantage in the selection and development of new and improved races of wheat.

A FIELD OF SELECTED BLUE-STEM WHEAT GROWN AT THE MINNESOTA AGRICULTURAL EXPERIMENT STATION IN 1903

The yield was 33½ bushels per acre. The seed of improved varieties of grain is sold in small lots to the farmers of Minnesota at prices approximately double the market-price. Selling improved seed at these prices from a reputable institution insures good care from up-to-date farmers who realize the value of good seed and will keep the variety pure and distribute seed to their neighbors.

ation the pressure of population upon the wheat supply of the United States is going to become acute.

UNOCCUPIED LANDS OF THE UNITED STATES AVAILABLE FOR WHEAT PRODUCTION

Some relief will be found in the extension of the wheat acreage into the semi-arid regions of that part of the United States lying between the Mississippi River and the Rocky Mountains, through knowledge of "dry-land farming," and also into the irrigated regions of the far West. The possibilities in cereal production on these areas are as yet unknown. The value of these regions for cereal production has been greatly overestimated, and although their value will increase as experience dictates methods of cropping, it is doubtful if they can ever be relied upon, as are the agricultural regions of the Mississippi Valley and the South.

The greater portion of the unappropriated public domain of the United States now lies in Arizona, California, Colorado, Idaho, Montana, Nevada, New Mexico, Oregon, Utah, and Wyoming, and consists of about 425,000,000 acres, approximately one half of which, or 212,500,000 acres, might be used for cereal production by means of artificial irrigation, if water could be secured. Government reclamation of swamp-lands may also place new land on the market in the future; but, the value of such reclaimed areas for cereal production is as yet undetermined, and is a problem for future generations to solve. The actual wheat acreage that may be developed in these regions cannot be even estimated for years to come.

DEVELOPMENT OF NEW REGIONS NOT THE ONLY MEANS OF INCREASING THE TOTAL WHEAT PRODUCT—PRICE OF WHEAT AN IMPORTANT FACTOR

The unoccupied land that may be used for wheat production is by no means the

only factor which will control the future wheat product of the United States. The price of wheat, extension of the winter-wheat area, improved methods of culture, and the use of new, highly productive varieties, are all factors that will have a great influence in calling into existence new supplies of wheat. Price is undoubtedly the most powerful factor of all. Dollar wheat will expand the wheat acreage to the very margins of production, and quickly swell the total product. Whenever the demand for wheat tends to exceed the supply, and prices rise sharply, the inevitable result is an increased acreage in the succeeding crop; and if a strong demand should become persistent, there is no telling what acreage would be devoted to wheat that had previously been used for other crops.

EXTENSION OF THE PRESENT WINTER-WHEAT AREA

An ever-increasing demand for wheat would cause an extension of the winter-wheat area into regions previously thought uninhabitable by this crop. Already the winter-wheat area is slowly creeping into southern Minnesota and South Dakota, and excellent yields have been obtained in the last few years in the heart of the spring-wheat belt, the great Red River Valley region of Minnesota. These trials of winter wheat here and there in the North will gradually result in producing hardy, acclimated varieties, and the day is not far distant when winter wheat will be seen growing in the northern limits of the present spring-wheat region. The northern limit for the growth of corn has been found to be elastic, and so it will be found for winter wheat. Many regions of the upper Mississippi Valley that have ceased to grow spring wheat because of soil depletion for this crop, and because other forms of agriculture are more profitable on high-priced land, could and undoubtedly would devote a large acreage annually to winter wheat, provided prices were high enough to make the crop a profitable one on high-priced land. Winter wheat, because of its late autumn and early spring growth, develops a much stronger root system than spring wheat, and thus by means of its strong and far-reaching roots it is able to come in contact with and assimilate more plant food from the soil than spring wheat; and will thus yield a profitable crop under soil conditions that are unfavorable to successful cropping of spring wheat.

LARGE YIELDS OF WHEAT MAY BE MAINTAINED ON OLD SOILS BY MEANS OF SYSTEMATIC CROP ROTATION

Wheat farming in a majority of the wheat-producing regions of the United States is still carried on in a slothful and careless manner. It is the type of agriculture that is followed by the farmer with the least ability and business capacity. His knowledge of agriculture is usually less than that of any other class of farmers, excepting perhaps the tenant farmers of the South; and so long as nature's bounty, in the form of soil fertility, lasts, he prospers. Then when the soil loses its readily available fertility, when noxious weeds choke the grain, and insect pests are rampant, the common proceeding of the wheat farmer is to move westward, and begin the process of soil robbery anew. Land that has been cropped with wheat for many years is not necessarily infertile and permanently unproductive because of such cropping. Continuous wheat culture quickly reduces the supply of organic matter in the soil, and therefore injures its mellowness and water-holding capacity, properties which are essential in a grain-growing soil. The most available elements of mineral plant food are also rapidly exhausted by wheat, and the crop having also exhausted the organic matter of the soil, the conditions essential to soil decay are impaired, and the production of new supplies of mineral plant food in the soil is checked. Soils that have been brought to this condition may be renovated and made extremely productive again by intelligent schemes of crop rotation, use of live stock, and soil tillage. It is to be hoped that the present wheat lands of the United States can be utilized for wheat production for many generations to come; but this can be done only by making wheat alternate with other field crops in the scheme of cropping, instead of growing the crop continuously

until the land must undergo a period of renovation before it is again productive. If systems of agriculture could be instituted on all the soils of the United States in which the grain, grass, and cultivated crops were alternated, the fertility of our soils could be indefinitely maintained. As agriculture is now practised, however, one region produces a large acreage of one crop to which it is peculiarly fitted at the present time, and some other region another crop. Thus in many regions fertility is not conserved, but rapidly exhausted, and the intensive systems of agriculture which prevail in the eastern part of the United States build up the Eastern soils at the expense of the fertility in the West.

Experiments in crop-rotation and the yield of spring wheat that have been in progress at the Minnesota Agricultural Experiment Station for the last sixteen years indicate that bountiful yields of spring wheat may be obtained indefinitely, provided this crop is alternated with corn and clover crops. In Table II are shown the results of some of these experiments which affect the yield of spring wheat.

Rotations of field crops as shown in Table II, and which include only a small acreage of wheat, are rotations which are adapted to advanced, diversified systems of agriculture. Such schemes of cropping demand relatively large numbers of live stock to make profitable use of the forage produced, and they demand considerable capital in the form of buildings, fencing, and other improvements. While such schemes of cropping are adapted only to those regions where markets, transportation facilities, labor conditions, and climate allow the most advanced forms of agriculture to be practised, they illustrate certain well-defined principles of cropping relative to wheat production that should be incorporated in the scheme of cropping where wheat and the other small grains are the chief products, instead of beef, milk, and pork. These rotation experiments clearly bring out this fact: that wheat yields may be kept up, and the crop be made an exceedingly profitable one at present prices, provided the soils on which wheat is to be grown are kept in good tilth, free from foul weeds, and provided with an abundant supply of organic matter and available

TABLE II. SPRING WHEAT YIELDS FROM 1899 TO 1907

MINNESOTA AGRICULTURAL EXPERIMENT STATION

Year	Continuous wheat cropping	Five-year rotation of corn, wheat, meadow, pasture, and oats	Three-year rotation of corn, wheat, and clover
1898	21.4 bu.	30.1 bu.	29.5 bu.
1899	22.5 "	27.3 "	25.3 "
1900	14.5 "	25.6 "	27.3 "
1901	16.0 "	15.2 "	13.5 "
1902	17.0 "	25.1 "	18.1 "
1903	16.3 "	30.8 "	24.4 "
1904	20.8 "	32.0 "	27.3 "
1905	20.8 "	30.9 "	20.6 "
1906	14.1 "	22.6 "	13.3 "
1907	24.5 "	23.9 "	19.1 "
Average for ten years	18.8 "	26.3 "	21.8 "

NOTE. The average annual gross incomes per acre from the products obtained by these various systems of cropping (cash values based on a ten-year average of Minneapolis cash prices for products) are as follows: Continuous wheat, $12.72; five-year rotation of corn, wheat, timothy, and clover, pasture, and oats, manured once in five years, $17.64; three-year rotation of corn, wheat, and clover, unmanured, $16.21. The average annual outlay per acre for cost of production in these different schemes of cropping is $7.38 per acre for the continuous wheat, $7.53 per acre in the five-year rotation, and $7.94 in the three-year rotation. Thus, the average annual *net profit* from an acre of land cropped continuously to wheat is $5.34; from an acre of land cropped under a systematic five-course rotation, $10.11; and from an acre of land cropped by a systematic three-course rotation, $8.27.

plant food. These conditions can be brought about in agricultural practice only by the rotation of wheat with cultivated crops (corn), and quick-maturing crops (barley), which destroy weeds, and with such crops as clover, alfalfa, alsike, etc., which add atmospheric nitrogen to the soil, and also replenish the soil's supply of organic matter. As an example, I may mention a 320 acre grain farm in the Red River Valley wheat regions of Minnesota. In 1904 eighty-nine per cent. of the total acreage was devoted to grain-growing, and sixty per cent. of the total acreage was devoted to the growing of grain for market, the remaining twenty-nine per cent. being grain fed to work-horses and cattle. Although the soils of the region in which this farm is located are considered the most productive soils in the world for small grains, the yields of wheat in this locality have decreased to an average of about 13 bushels per acre; of oats, 29 bushels; and of barley, 27 bushels, due to the unsystematic schemes of cropping in vogue, to insufficient soil tillage, and to a lack of drainage for the excess of spring water. If this farm were replanned in accordance with the principles of crop rotation, grain might continue to be the chief product of the farm. Under such a scheme of cropping, the farm has been divided into eight fields of nearly equal size, and the crops to be grown on those fields would be arranged in such sequence that if the scheme were consistently followed out, the desired soil conditions might easily be maintained. In this reorganized plan, 61 per cent. of the total farm acreage would be in grain, and 37 per cent. of the total acreage would be in market grain, the remaining 24 per cent. of the total acreage being grain fed to work-horses and cattle. In years when the corn crop matured thoroughly, more grain could be sold than is estimated in the preceding figures; but if only 37 per cent. of the total farm acreage was devoted to market grains, there is little doubt that the total product from this acreage would nearly equal the product obtained at the present time from the fields which, under unsystematic cropping, represent 60 per cent. of the total acreage. Justification of this statement may be had by noting the comparative yields of wheat, as exhibited in Table II, from fields continuously cropped to wheat, and fields cropped by such a system as that outlined in the five-year rotation scheme. The increase in yield per acre in these experiments (based on a ten-year average) amounts to a 40 per cent. increase; and there is no reason for believing that similar increases could not be obtained over large acreages where similar principles of cropping were in vogue. Methods of cropping such as the one outlined in Fig. 2 will not only maintain the fertility of the soil, and thus keep the wheat crop in old agricultural regions as a permanent, paying crop, but they will greatly increase the total sales from the farm. If, because of improved methods and improved soil conditions, a grain acreage representing 37 per cent. of the total farm acreage will yield a product equal or nearly equal to a product previously obtained from an acreage representing 60 per cent. of the total farm acreage, the acreage represented by the difference, 13 per cent., will increase the total profits of the farm by the amount of product obtained on this acreage; and in the spring-wheat regions of the Northwest the corn and grass lands can be profitably employed with a small cost of production in the production of "feeder" cattle, to be shipped out and fattened farther south, and also in the feeding of bacon hogs. Rotations of this character may also be made very flexible, and still not violate the principles of crop rotation. If the price of wheat, for instance, should advance to such a point as to make this crop much more profitable than flax, the flax crop could be eliminated from the rotation, and wheat put in its place.

WELL-DRAINED SOILS ESSENTIAL IN SECURING MAXIMUM YIELDS OF WHEAT

SYSTEMATIC rotations of farm crops which are built up around wheat and other small grains as the main product cannot be undertaken in many localities, however, until drainage work is accomplished which will reduce the slough area and allow the early seeding of wheat and oats, a practice which is essential in securing big yields in the spring-

wheat regions. Wheat will never thrive well on poorly drained soils, and wherever lowlands prevail, the inevitable result is to have grass grown continuously on the lowlands and wheat on the uplands, thus violating all the principles of crop rotation which aim to keep the soil in a productive condition for wheat.

IMPORTANCE OF THOROUGH SOIL TILLAGE AND SEED SELECTION IN WHEAT PRODUCTION

Thoroughness of soil tillage, seed selection, and the prevention of plant diseases, such as grain smut, are other factors which exert an enormous influence upon the yields of the wheat crop on any soil. A large portion of the present spring-wheat crop is sown on poorly plowed fields that have only been "scratched" over once or twice with a harrow preparatory to seeding. Spring wheat, more than any other field crop, demands a thoroughly pulverized, compact seed-bed, and only when sown on such a seed-bed will it give maximum yields. Half a bushel of wheat at average country prices will pay for the additional cost of production involved in thorough tillage preparatory to seeding, and the gain may be conservatively placed at from two to five bushels. The effect of seed quality upon yield is only beginning to be realized by wheat-growers, whose attention has recently been brought to this factor of wheat production through the campaign for good seed that of late years has been carried on all over the Northwest on the good-seed trains. Experiments in wheat production in the United States, Canada, and Australia indicate that the use of heavy, plump seed grains, which may be selected by machinery, according to the specific gravity of the seeds, may increase the yield of wheat under given soil conditions by from ten to twenty per cent., as compared with crops which were developed from shrunken, light-weight seeds. And modern agricultural science also offers a remedy for the prevention of such parasitic diseases as smut, which often reduces the yield and quality of the wheat crop. This remedy costs less than one-half cent per bushel for the seed grain, and consists of a seed treatment with formaldehyde which destroys the parasite and leaves the seed embryo uninjured.

RELATION OF THE PLANT BREEDER TO THE POSSIBILITIES IN WHEAT PRODUCTION

In reviewing the improved methods and practices which modern agricultural science has to offer relative to wheat production, the work of the plant-breeder should not be lost sight of. Climate and soil environment are without a doubt the most important factors in determining the yield and quality of the wheat crop, and yet under similar soil and climatic conditions there may be found great differences in crop yields, due to variety characteristics or to what we might term the "hereditary efficiency" of a certain variety to project desirable qualities, such as yield and quality, into future generations of plants. It is usually the work of some skilful, patient plant-breeder, with the ability to select and fix desirable qualities in plants that produces the new races of plants the blood-streams of which contain qualities unknown in common, unselected varieties. Values thus created by the plant-breeder, and fixed in the variety, create wealth without additional expense at the hands of the producer; for a variety which has an inherent ability to yield high will give a greater product under given conditions of climate and soil environment than will a variety which is lacking in this ability. The work of the German chemists who have increased the sugar content of commercially grown beet varieties from 10 per cent. to 16 per cent. through analysis of individual sugar beets, and the development of varieties from beets yielding a high per cent. of sugar, offers an important illustration of values which may be created by plant-breeding; as does also the work of Luther Burbank with horticultural crops, and that of the many experiment-station workers in the United States who have created new values in corn, wheat, oats, barley, flax, and other field crops. The work of the Minnesota Agricultural Experiment Station in developing new and improved varieties of wheat may be cited as an illustration of how wheat yields may be increased by the use of pedigreed,

improved varieties. Two carefully bred and improved varieties of wheat known as Minnesota No. 163 (Fife) and Minnesota No. 169 (Blue-stem), have been distributed to the farmers of Minnesota and surrounding States from the Experiment Station. For two years following the distribution of Minnesota No. 169, yield records were obtained from farmers who grew the wheat, and the average of all trials placed the new wheat ahead of common blue-stem by 3.9 bushels per acre. This variety, first distributed in 1902, is now well distributed throughout the entire spring-wheat regions of the United States, and no estimate can be placed upon the new wealth which it has created.

The creation of new and valued races of wheat, as well as other field crops, is based primarily upon the art of selection. The trained plant-breeder who is working, for instance, to develop a new and high-yielding variety of wheat, grows large numbers of individual plants under such conditions that each plant has the same environment, and then by eliminating the weakest individuals, the strongest and most productive may be saved, and groups of progeny from each selected plant may be compared, in order to determine the efficiency which these selected plants possess in projecting their productivity into future generations. The best group or groups of plants may then be increased for commercial culture. In well-established varieties, however, the variation among individual plants is small, and the opportunity to select individual plants of unusual productiveness is sometimes wanting. The plant-breeder then has recourse to crossing, or hybridizing, as a means for inducing variation, and giving him an opportunity to select the types desired, as hybridizing is well known to break up the natural tendencies of heredity and to cause the appearance of new types among the resulting progeny, or in some cases, perhaps, the reappearance of old ancestral types. But hybridizing must be followed by much careful selection, or it is of no value in the creation of improved varieties; so that the work of the plant-breeder is, after all, a work of careful hunting for an individual of unusual productiveness which is not only productive itself, but has the power to impart its productiveness to future generations.

MORE DIFFICULT TO MAINTAIN HIGH QUALITY IN WHEAT THAN TO MAINTAIN HIGH YIELDS

The problem of maintaining quality in spring wheat is far more perplexing than that of maintaining productiveness. Spring wheats are more highly prized for bread flour than winter wheats because of the more elastic and expansive qualities which they impart to the dough. In regions where spring wheat has been produced for a number of years, the quality of the grain is undoubtedly lower than the quality of the grain from virgin soils. Every new wheat line that is built in the spring-wheat region causes a rush and scramble of the grain and flour interests to secure favorable elevator sites, and the competition is all brought about in the search for quality. Old soils, even though fertile and producing wheat in rotation with other crops, do not in most instances impart the same quality to wheat that is obtained on virgin soils. No definite reason can be assigned at the present time for this phenomenon of agriculture. It may be due to the exhaustion of certain elements of mineral plant food necessary to quality, or to the ravages of fungous plant diseases, such as rust, smut, and scab, which are more prevalent in old communities than in new. Climate is the most important factor of all in determining quality, and climatic conditions destructive to quality may prevail for a certain period of time that will not return for many years. Whatever the causes for loss in quality may be, it has been thoroughly demonstrated by rotation experiments at the Minnesota, North Dakota, Ohio, and other agricultural experiment stations that wheat can be so grown on old soils as to give bountiful yields of No. 2 grade, if not of No. 1 grade. Possibly, as the area of new spring-wheat land decreases, the millers and bakers will have to be content with a somewhat poorer quality of flour than that now made from the best of the spring-wheat crop. If this were true, no cause for alarm need be felt, for at the present time a large share of the flour output of the United States is from winter wheat and

Pacific Coast wheat that is much inferior to the best grades of spring-wheat flour made from No. 1 hard and No. 1 Northern spring wheat.

MANY MEANS ARE AT HAND WITH WHICH TO MEET THE FUTURE DEMANDS FOR WHEAT

With the many means which are at hand to the future farmers of the United States to meet the ever-growing demand for the "staff of life," it is hard to imagine a real wheat famine for our population in the immediate future. He is a most unwise prophet who would attempt to estimate the potential wheat acreage of the United States ten, twenty, or fifty years from now. While it is true that the most available and most productive wheat-lands have already been tapped, the future acreage of desert- and swamp-lands that may be made productive through engineering skill is an absolutely unknown factor. That many of these regions will sometime be extremely productive no one can doubt, and if high prices for wheat become persistent, an extensive wheat acreage may be developed in old agricultural regions which have abandoned wheat for more profitable forms of agriculture. Science has many aids and suggestions to offer to the future wheat-producer, such as rotation of crops, methods of soil tillage, seed selection, etc., by means of which wheat may be profitably grown in a permanent system of agriculture. The future should bring to us as much, if not more, knowledge of soil fertility than has the past, and such knowledge will eventually become effective in the hands of the producer, and put off the day when population will cease to increase because of insufficient food supplies.

The possibilities in increasing the world's supply of wheat, as well as that of the United States, are manifold and impossible of estimation. Vast regions of land in South America, North Africa, and Asia are awaiting the demand for "still more wheat" which shall bring to them the steel plow and the self-binder, and cause them to yield a food product sufficient to feed a new population of untold millions. And were modern agricultural implements and agricultural knowledge in the hands of the Russian and European peasants, another addition, the extent of which can hardly be guessed, could be made to the world's wheat supply.

The science of agriculture is still in its infancy. Methods are crude and undeveloped, as compared with many other industries. Because this industry furnishes the food supply of the human race, it may be said to be the basic industry of all nations. It is an industry that is bound sooner or later to have a rapid and wide-spread development, aided by inventions in machinery, the teachings of science, and the demand for its products. The limit of its present possibilities will be set aside by a new limit set by each succeeding generation. There is sufficient wheat for the present, and he is indeed a pessimist who would predict the impossibility of keeping wheat bread on our tables for many generations to come.

Last June Mr. Parker, the writer of the above article, started for Manchuria on an agricultural mission for the Chinese authorities, who requested the State Department of the United States to furnish them with two American experts in agricultural experiment work. The State Department referred this matter to the Department of Agriculture, and the appointments were made through Mr. B. T. Galloway of that department. Mr. William D. Straight, a graduate of Cornell University, who holds the position of Consul-general at Mukden, may have been influential in securing the appointment of Americans for this work. Mr. W. H. Tomhave, a graduate of the University of Minnesota, and an expert in live stock and meat products, will be associated with Mr. Parker.

The work contemplated is that of organizing an experiment station and agricultural school in the Province of Manchuria. There are a number of young Chinese in that region who were educated at Cornell, Yale, and the University of California, who are expected to give assistance. Manchuria is considered to be the richest agricultural region of the Chinese Empire, comprising a soil area approximately as large as Minnesota the two Dakotas and Iowa, and having a climate which varies from the climate of northern Minnesota to the climate of southern Illinois. Wheat, oats, corn, and the soy bean are the chief crops capable of being produced on a commercial scale.—The Editor.

THE RUN THAT TURNED THE GAME

BY OWEN JOHNSON

Author of "In the Name of Liberty," "Beauty's Sister," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE

I

IN the year when the Dickinson, the Cleve, the Woodhull, the Griswold, the Hamill, the Kennedy, and the Davis, were each separately convinced that the faculty was seeking to prevent its winning the foot-ball championship by filling the house with boys under weight and under size, there arrived at the Kennedy the now celebrated "Piggy" Moore. He did not come on the top of the stage, as new boys should, but drove up in a carriage, in the company of an aunt, who kissed him in the full sight of the campus, and departed with misgivings.

For she had raised Piggy on the bottle of gentle manners and rocked him in the cradle of innocent and edifying ambitions until the manly age of sixteen. His hands were soft and manicured; he entered a room with grace, and left it with distinction. His body was swathed in plumpness. His face was chubby and well nourished, with fat, indolent eyes and wide nostrils. He was five feet eight and weighed a hundred and fifty.

Without embarrassment or anxiety he went to his room, removed his coat, folded it neatly on a chair, turned up his sleeves, and proceeded to spread on his bureau a toilet-set of silver. He was neatly arranging eight pairs of shoes, carefully treed, when his name was shouted from the hall.

"Oh, Moore! Hello there!"

He emerged hurriedly, to find Captain Hasbrouck in foot-ball togs, eying him critically and without enthusiasm.

"Foot-ball practice, Moore."

"It will take me an hour or so, I 'm afraid," said Moore, politely, "to put my things in order and get thoroughly unpacked."

"*Sir!*" added Hasbrouck.

Piggy was surprised. The voice was harsh, rude, and ominous, and the figure of Hasbrouck quite obscured the doorway.

"Yes, sir," he said hastily; "I 'll be right down, sir."

"Have you got any foot-ball togs?" said Hasbrouck, looking at the toilet-set.

"No, sir."

"A sweater?"

"No, sir."

"Well, we only want a little light practice. Get your things to-night in the village. On the jump, now!"

"'IT WILL TAKE ME AN HOUR OR SO, I 'M AFRAID,' SAID MOORE, POLITELY"

Moore hastily trooped down with the others, and followed modestly across the long, green stretches in the tingling September air, a little apprehensive of what the term "light practice" might mean. The veterans in scarred suits and rent jerseys marched gloriously in front, gamboling and romping with the ball, shouting out salutations to other parties, who swarmed over the campus from other houses on the way to the playgrounds. The new-comers in hastily patched-up costumes, incongruous and absurd, clustered together, talking in broken, forced monosyllables. Suddenly the advance halted, and a shout went up.

"Here come the Dickinsons. Gee! look at the material they 've got!"

Piggy, uncomprehending, beheld a group of thirty-odd boys swinging toward them, shouting and laughing as they came. From the advancing crowd came a challenging yell.

"We 're going to wipe the earth up with you, Kennedy."

"Good-by, Kennedy! Good-by!"

From the Kennedys the challenge was flung back:

"We 've got you where we want you."

"You 'll be easy, Dickinson."

"We 'll attend to the championship this year."

The two crowds halted, while the leaders inspected their antagonists, sizing up the new material. Moore, in a tailor-cut suit of English tweed, a stiff collar, and a derby hat, felt for the first time a little out of the picture when Turkey Reiter of the enemy paused in front of him and derisively asked:

"Where did that come from?"

"Oh, that 's been specially raised for us."

"He has? In a hothouse, yes. What 'll *he* play?"

"He 'll play all over the field. *He 's* a regular demon."

"Huh!"

"We 'll twist your tail, Dickinson."

"We 'll skin you, Kennedy."

"Yes, you will!"

"Yes, we will!"

The groups departed, each vowing that it was disheartening the way the faculty had favored the other.

On the playground, "Jock" Hasbrouck and "Fire-Crackers" Glendenning held a consultation while the old boys frolicked with the ball and the new arrivals huddled in an embarrassed group.

The new material was excellent, beyond expectation, but no joy appeared on the face of the captain.

"A STINGING HAND DESCENDED UPON THE CROUCHING PIGGY"

"How in the deuce are we ever going to beat the Dickinsons with such a bunch as that?" he said, with a shake of his head. "What do we need, anyhow?"

"Both ends, a tackle, and the halves," said Fire-Crackers gloomily.

"Well, we 've got to do our best, that 's all," said the captain, with a glance that made every new-comer miserable. "Let 's see how we can line up. Fatty Harris, get in at center, there. Keg, you 'll have to go in at right guard; Buffalo, you stay at left."

The old boys, brawny and hard, formed into a center trio.

"If you take left tackle, we 'd better put Walsh in at right to face Turkey,"

said Fire-Crackers. "Legs Brockett, there, plays end, he says."

Walsh and Brockett, eyes to the ground, took their places in the line at a nod from "Jock."

"Duke Wilson, full; Fire-Crackers, quarter. What, then?" he said slowly to his counsel. "Suppose we give Pebble Stone a chance at half this year?"

"What do you weigh, Pebbles?" asked Fire-Crackers.

"One hundred and forty-five," brazenly answered the lithe but rather frail person addressed.

"Honest?"

"Honest to God, Jock."

"Stripped?"

"N-o-o-o."

"Well, get in there, Pebble; you 've got the sand all right."

Pebble, with a delighted whoop, sprang into line. Then Fire-Crackers and Jock stopped before a trim, cleanly built boy, with a suit that looked worthy.

"You 're Francis, ain't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Played half?"

"Yes, sir."

"What do you weigh?"

"One hundred and fifty, stripped, sir."

"Take right half."

Francis quickly, but with an air of ease, took his place. Only one position remained vacant—left end. Hasbrouck glanced over the squad of slight, overgrown boys, and his eye by a process of elimination, rested on Moore, standing stiff and immaculate.

"Moore, get in to right end."

"Me?" said Moore, in horror.

"*Sir!*" suggested Hasbrouck.

"Sir."

"Quick!"

"But I—I 've never played, sir!"

"Get into line!"

Piggy went sullenly, indignant, and cherishing resistance. Hasbrouck gave a professionally pessimistic glance at the whole, and said:

"Well, fellows, we 'll only take a little light practice to-day. Try a few starts."

The candidates, in threes and fours, crouched on a designated line, dug their toes in the sod, and at the clap of a hand raced forward for a good fifteen yards.

"Take your place, Moore," Jock said finally. "Dig down, and get off with a jump."

Piggy, embarrassed by the stiffness of his collar and the difficulty of retaining his derby without loss of dignity, made a lumbering attempt.

"Try again. You 're not racing a baby buggy. Get back on your marks," said Hasbrouck, cruelly, and moving to a position directly behind him, he thundered: "Now, one—two—*three!*"

A stinging hand descended upon the crouching Piggy, who leaped forward in indignant amazement.

"That helped," said Jock, with an approving nod. "Once more."

Piggy, red to the ears, a second time was forced to humble himself and receive the indignity of such propulsion.

"Here, Piggy, catch!"

Moore had just time to spin around, when a foot-ball, vigorously thrown, smote him full on the stomach.

"Oh, butter-fingers!"

"Clumsy!"

"Get your arms in to it!"

"Now!"

Warned by a chorus of instructions, Moore strove a dozen times to retain the tantalizing, spinning oval, which constantly slipped his grasp with a smart reminder as it bounded away.

"My boy, your education has been neglected," said Jock in disgust. "At least try and learn how to fall on the ball. Like this."

Rolling the pigskin in front of him, he

"'HERE, GUTTER PUP, . . . TAKE THIS YOUNG LADY AND SHOW HER HOW IT 'S DONE'"

"'WHAT 'S HAPPENED TO YOU?' DEMANDED FIRE-CRACKERS WITH GREAT SERIOUSNESS"

dived for it, pouncing on it as a beagle on a rabbit.

"Now, Piggy, let her go!"

Moore, who loved his tailor suit with the pride and affection which a father bestows only on the first-born, desperately essayed to secure the pigskin with the minimum of danger possible.

A shriek of derision burst forth.

"No, my dear Miss Moore, I did not ask you to lie down and pillow your head upon it. That is not what is called falling on the ball. Go at it like a demon; chew it up, mangle it," said Jock, in disgust. "Here, Gutter Pup," he added, turning to a scrubby little urchin who was gamboling about, "take this young lady and show her how it 's done."

To Piggy's culminating mortification, the diminutive Gutter Pup, with a contemptuous sneer, began to instruct him in the new art, with a rattling fire of insults which drew shrieks of laughter from the squad.

"Now, then, old ice-wagon, get your nose in it."

"Don't spare the daisies, dearest."

"Jump, you Indian! jump!"

"Ah, watch me—like this."

The urchin hurled himself viciously on the ball, plowing up the soft turf, and bounding gloriously to his feet, with scornful, mud-stained face, cried: "Ah, what 're you afraid of! Now, then, old houseboat!"

Piggy's collar clung limply to his neck, two of the buttons of his coat had gone, streaks of yellow and green decorated the suit a custom tailor had fashioned for fifty dollars cash; but still he was forced to go tumbling after the ball, down and up, up and down, heels over head, at the staccato shriek of the Gutter Pup, like the one dog in the show who circles about the stage, tumbling somersaults.

"That 's enough for to-day," came at last Jock's welcome command. "We must begin easily. To-morrow we 'll get into it. Practice over! Moore, jog around the circle six times, and cut out pastry at supper."

II

During the dinner a great light dawned over Moore, as he sat silently investigating his new masters with sidelong, calculated glances. He went to his room, and with one sweep eliminated the solid-silver toilet-set, removed the trees from his boots, packed away the pink, embroidered bedroom slippers so neatly arranged under the bed, and pruned solicitously among the gorgeous cravats. Then he went to the village and, under skilful prompting, bought a pair of corduroy trousers, a cap, a red-and-black jersey, the softest pair of foot-ball trousers in stock, a jersey padded at the elbows and shoulders, a sweater, a pair of heavy shoes, a nose protector, and a pair of shin-guards. Encased in every possible protection, he reported next day for the dreadful ordeal of tackling and being tackled.

"So you 've all got your togs," said Fire-Crackers, surveying the squad of Freshmen on the field. "Let 's see how you made out."

With Keg Smith and Jock, he passed them over in inspection, punching and poking the new suits, with brief interjections, until Moore was reached. Before that swollen figure the three halted in mock amazement.

"Who 's this?" said Keg with a blank face.

"It 's Moore, sir," said Piggy, innocently.

"What 's happened to you?" demanded Fire-Crackers, with great seriousness.

Moore, perceiving that he had blundered again, grew red with mortification, while Fire-Crackers stripped the sweater from him and examined the jersey.

"Say, just see what Bill sold him!" he exclaimed. "Is n't it a shame how he 'll impose on the green ones? Look at that bed-ticking! And those pads! Gee! I 'll fix that!"

Before Moore could protest, Fire-Crackers had ripped off the protections and flung them away.

"Now you 'll feel easier," he said, with a friendly smile. "Bill Appleby is an infernal old swindler, selling you shin-guards and a nose-protector! Huh! Throw 'em away!"

"Thank you, sir," said Moore, gratefully; "I 'll make him take them back."

"That 's right," said his inquisitor, with a nod; "you 're pretty green at this, are n't you?"

"I have never done much, sir."

"Well, let me give you a pointer: when you tackle, you want to grit your teeth and slam down hard, then you don't feel it at all."

"Thank you, sir."

"And when you 're tackled," continued Fire-Crackers, with perfect seriousness, "just let yourself go limp. Then you can't break any bones, see?"

"Yes, sir."

"You like the game, don't you?"

"Oh, very much."

Fire-Crackers' advice did him scant good. On the whole, it was probably the most painful afternoon he had ever known in his life. He had no instinct for tackling, that was certain. His arms slipped, his hands could not fasten to anything, and he accomplished nothing more than to go sprawling, face downward.

"HE HAD NO INSTINCT FOR TACKLING, THAT WAS CERTAIN"

"Funny you don't get on to that," said Jock, shaking his head. "I tell you what you do. Run down the line and take a few tackles; then you 'll see how it 's done."

Moore stood balancing, looking down to where Jock's one hundred and sixty-five pounds were gathering for a model tackle. Every natural instinct in him bade him turn tail and run.

"Come on now!" cried Jock, spitting on his hands. "Hard as you can!"

Piggy went as a horse goes to a road-crusher, faltering and finally stopping dead. The next moment, Jock, cleaving the air in a perfect dive, caught him about the knees and threw him crashing to the ground. Piggy rose with difficulty.

"Do you get it now?" said Jock, seriously.

"I think I do, sir," said Moore, faintly.

"Well, now, try one on me," said Jock, brightening. "Put your shoulder in to it and squeeze it. Remember, now."

Piggy remembered only the sensation of being tackled, and, with the thought of that greater evil, improved astonishingly.

"That 's the way to learn," said Jock, approvingly. "Now notice how I pull your legs from under you, and try to get it."

That evening, after supper, Moore valiantly determined to take the bull by the horns. Seizing a favorable opportunity, he accosted his captain with the resolution of despair, and told him point-blank that he would not be eligible for the team.

"Why not?" said Jock, aggressively.

"I don't know anything about the game, sir," said Moore, defiantly, "and I don't like it."

"Is that the only reason?"

"I don't want to play, sir; that 's enough."

"We 're not *asking* you what you want to do."

"But, sir, I don't like it," said Moore, beginning to shrink under the cold, boring gaze of Hasbrouck.

"That has nothing to do with it, either."

"Nothing—"

"Certainly not. We don't want you; in fact, we 're crying because we 've got to take you. You 're a flub-dub and a quitter. But there 's no one else, and so, Piggy, we 're going to make a demon out of you—a regular demon. Mark my words."

All of which was accomplished easily and naturally within a short two weeks by the discipline and traditions which have put courage into the hearts of generations of natural cowards.

The crisis came in the first game of the series, when for the first time Piggy beheld the terrifying spectacle of an end run started in his direction. At the sight of the solid front of bone and muscle ready to sweep him off his feet and send him tumbling heels over head, he shut his eyes and funked ingloriously and deliberately.

The next moment Jock had him by the small of the neck, Jock's hand jerked him to his feet, and Jock's voice cried:

"You cowardly little pup! You do that again, and I 'll tear the hide off you!"

Piggy, chilled to the bone, went to his position. The opposing team, with a shout of exultation, sent the same play crashing in his direction. Piggy, desperate with fear, tore through the advancing mass, found the runner, and hurled him to the ground. Jock smiled contentedly. Moore was a coward, he knew, but from that time forth no passing menace before him could compare with the abiding terror that waited behind.

III

Had Moore been possessed of even moderate courage, the task would have been difficult; for then it would have resolved itself into a mere question of natural ability. But being an arrant and utter coward, his very cowardice drove him into feats of desperate recklessness. For always, in lull or storm, in the confusion of the mêlée or the open scramble down the field to cover a punt, Moore felt the ominous presence of the inexorable Hasbrouck just at his shoulder, and heard the sharp and threatening cry:

"Get that man, you, Piggy!"

So blindly and rebelliously he served the tyrant, and unwilling and revolting learned to despise fear, little suspecting how many reckless spirits of the other teams had been formed under the same rude discipline.

The earlier contests developed the strength of the two long-time rivals, the Kennedy and the Dickinson, between whom at last lay the question of supremacy. The last week approached with excitement at fierce heat. Every day a fresh rumor was served up: Hickey, the Dickinson quarter, had a weak ankle; Turkey, the captain, was behind in his studies; a Princeton 'varsity man was over, coaching the enemy; the signals were discovered, and a dozen trick plays were being held in reserve, each good for a touchdown.

Each night on the Kennedy steps the council of war convened, and plans were discussed in utter gravity for temporarily crippling and eliminating from the contest Turkey, Slugger, Jones, Hickey, and the Butcher. For, of course, it was conceded that Jock, Tom Walsh, and Fire-Crackers would probably be maimed for life by the brutal and unscrupulous enemy.

Piggy, whose critical sense of humor had been under early disadvantages, took all this as gospel truth and beheld the horrible day arrive with an absolute conviction that it would be his last. He did not sleep during the night; he could eat nothing during the day; his fingers trembled and snarled up the lacings as he forced himself into his foot-ball clothes. Then he stood a long moment viewing his white face in the mirror,—the last look, perhaps,—and went weakly to join the squad below. He heard nothing of the magnificent address of Jock to his followers; one idea only was in his head—to sell his life as dearly as possible.

While the captains conferred and tossed for position, the two teams, face to face at last, walked up and down, eying each other with contempt, breathing forth furious threats.

The Egg Head assured Fatty Harris that the first scrimmage would be his last. Fatty Harris returned the compliment, and suggested that the Egg Head leave a memorandum for the hearse. The Coffee

"'WHEN WE STRIKE YOUR END, THE BEST THING YOU CAN DO IS TO LIE DOWN QUICK AND SOFT'"

Cooler looked Buffalo Brown over and sneered; Keg Smith did as much to the Butcher, and laughed. The diminutive Spider at right end approached his dear friend Legs Brockett, his opponent, and muttered through his teeth:

"I 'm going to slug you!"

While these friendly salutations were taking place, Lovely Mead and Wash Simmons, the Dickinson halves, approached Piggy, who, sick at heart, was stamping his feet and churning his arms to convey the impression to Red Dog, opposite, that he was thirsting for his blood.

Wash gave Piggy one withering glance, and said loudly to the Red Dog:

"This fellow 's a quitter. He 's got yellow in his eyes. Smash him good and hard, Red Dog. Don't waste any time about it, either."

"He 's got a chicken liver," said Red Dog, who looked a reed beside the sturdy Piggy. "He shuts his eyes when he tackles! I 'll fix him."

"Ah, go on now! go on! go on!" said Piggy, with a desperate attempt at lightheartedness.

Lovely Mead, lovely no longer in mud-stained jacket and a pirate band around his forehead, strode up to Piggy and added:

"Old sport, let me give you a word of advice. When we strike your end, the best thing you can do is to lie down quick and soft. *Savez?*"

Luckily for Piggy, whose imagination was panic-driven by this innocuous braggadocio, the torrent of conversation was checked by a cry of exultation.

The Kennedy had won the toss, and chose the kick-off. Bat Finney, umpire from the Fourth Form, called the two teams together, and said solemnly:

"Now I want it understood by you fellows this is going to be a gentleman's game—no roughing it, no slugging, nothing bru-tal. Take your sides."

Immediately the air resounded with war cries:

"Get in there, Dickinson!"

"Chew 'em up, Kennedy!"

"Hit 'em hard, Buffalo!"

"Sock 'em, Turkey!"

"Knock 'em out, boys!"

Piggy at left end, with his eye on the ball, waited hopelessly for Jock to send the oval spinning into Dickinson territory. He was shivering in a dead funk. The whistle blew, the run was on. Piggy went perfunctorily, helplessly down the field to where Hickey, with the ball under his arm, was dodging toward him. Suddenly the vigorous form of Wash Simmons hove into view, headed directly for him. He wavered, and the next moment was knocked off his feet, while Hickey, the way thus cleared for him, went bounding back for a run of forty yards.

Meanwhile Piggy was in the hands of Jock, who administered to him, before the eyes of every spectator, a humiliating and well-placed kick.

"You funked, I saw you funk, you miserable, shivery little coward!" he cried, shaking his fist in his face. "You jump in there and cripple a few of those fellows, or I 'll massacre you."

He added a few words which shall remain sacred between them, and shoved

him into place. The old fear awoke triumphant in Piggy. He rushed in like a demon, whirling over the field, upsetting play after play, making tackles that brought Lovely Mead and Wash Simmons to their feet, rubbing their sides. Nothing could stop him, for at last he was panic-stricken, utterly and horribly afraid.

The two teams, evenly matched, fought each other to a standstill. The first half closed without any perceptible advantage to either side. The second half continued the dead-lock, the precious minutes slipping away. Such a struggle had never been known in a house contest. Several eyes were closed, several bandages had appeared. The frenzy of battle had taken possession of the descendants of Goth and Viking. Challenges to future encounters were flung recklessly and recklessly accepted. After each mêlée, little clusters of battling boyhood were disentangled with difficulty, while Bat Finney, the umpire, joyfully proclaimed:

"No roughing it, fellows! Remember, this is a gentleman's game."

The dusk began to cloud the field and the players, one of those tragic, melancholy mists that come only at the close of a desperate second half. Two minutes only to play, and the ball in the Kennedy's possession, exactly at midfield, without a score.

"6-5-8-15-2-3," shrieked Fire-Crackers, grimy and unrecognizable.

The team, converging swiftly for a revolving mass play on tackle, strove wearily to make headway against the reeling Dickinsons, who, too fagged to upset the play, could only hold, surging and twisting. Piggy, scrambling and pushing, head down in the mêlée, whirled and spun with the revolving mass. Then his feet tripped and he went underneath, shielding his head from the vortex of legs that swirled above him. Suddenly, lying free, a scant five yards in front of him, he perceived, to his horror, the precious ball! With a lurch, he freed himself from the mass, scrambled to his feet, picked up the ball and set out, break-a-neck, for the far-away goal. Five yards behind him was Hickey, the fleet quarter, bounding after him.

In a twinkling, the whole scene had changed into the extraordinary spectacle of a stern chase, two figures well in front, striving for the mastery of the fates, and behind the futile, scrambling, exulting, or desperate mass of players, sweeping helplessly on the tracks of destiny.

Forty yards to the interminable goal! Piggy remembered with dread the stories of Hickey's fleetness. He glanced back. His pursuer had not gained an inch. On the contrary, his freckled face was distorted with the agony of his effort to increase his speed. So he was beating out Hickey, the famous Hickey! Then the touchdown was a fact! Above the uproar he heard a strident shriek:

"Piggy, oh, you, Piggy!"

The terror of that familiar voice gave a new impetus to his chubby legs. Some one else must be gaining on him. Thirty yards still to go!

He ran and ran, hugging the ball in

"HE RAN AND RAN . . . HIS HEAD THROWN BACK, GASPING FOR BREATH"

his arms, his head thrown back, gasping for breath. Twenty yards, fifteen yards! Suddenly swift, glorious visions rose before him, scenes of jubilation and exultation, of cheering comrades, celebrations that would wipe out the long record of humiliation. Hickey was closer now, but Piggy did not dare to turn his head. Five yards more and the game would be over, and the kingdom of the Kennedy in his grasp. He sped over the last white chalk-line and dropped triumphant behind the goal-posts. The next moment, Hickey, screaming with laughter, flung himself on him.

Piggy gazed about wildly with a sudden horrible suspicion. He had run over his own goal-line, and scored a safety for the Dickinson!

Then Hasbrouck arrived.

THE QUIET SINGER

(*AVE!* FRANCIS THOMPSON)

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

HE had been singing, but I had not heard his voice;
He had been weaving lovely dreams of song,
Oh, many a morning long!
But I, remote and far,
Under an alien star,
Listened to other singers, other birds,
And other silver words.
But does the skylark, singing sweet and clear,
Beg the cold world to hear?
Rather he sings for very rapture of singing,
At dawn, or in the blue, mild summer noon,
Knowing that late or soon
His wealth of beauty, and his high notes ringing
Above the earth, will make some heart rejoice.
He sings, albeit alone,
Spendthrift of each pure tone,
Hoarding no single song,
No cadence wild and strong.

But one day from a friend far overseas,
As if upon the breeze,
There came the teeming wonder of his words—
A golden troop of birds

Caged in a little volume made to love;
Singing, singing,
Flinging, flinging
Their breaking hearts on mine, and softly bringing
Tears, and the peace thereof.

How the world woke anew!
How the days broke anew!
Before my tear-blind eyes a tapestry
I seemed to see,
Woven of all the dreams dead or to be.
Hills, hills of song, springs of eternal bloom,
Autumns of golden pomp and purple gloom
Were hung upon his loom.
Winters of pain, roses with awful thorns,
Yet wondrous faith in God's dew-drenchèd morns—
These, all these I saw
With that ecstatic awe
Wherewith one looks into eternity.

And then I knew that though I had not heard
His voice before,
His quiet singing, like some quiet bird
At some one's distant door,
Had made my own more sweet; had made it more
Lovely, in one of God's miraculous ways.
I knew then why the days
Had seemed more perfect to me when the spring
Came with old burgeoning;
For somewhere in the world his voice was raised,
And somewhere in the world his heart was breaking;
And never a flower but knew it, sweetly taking
Beauty more high and noble for his sake,
As a whole wood grows lovelier for the wail
Of one sad nightingale.

Yet if the springs long past
Seemed wonderful before I heard his voice,
I tremble at the beauty I shall see
In seasons still to be,
Now that his songs are mine while life shall last.
Oh, now for me
New floods of vision open suddenly!
Rejoice, my heart—rejoice
That you have heard the Quiet Singer's voice!

THE CONFUSION OF IDOLS

BY GRACE ELLERY CHANNING

WITH PICTURES BY A. D. BLASHFIELD AND W. L. JACOBS

LYDIA came slowly up the path, just to take in the wide sweep of beauty. The elms bent magnificently above her, a scent of new-mown hay filled her nostrils, and on the lawn two children, their arms full of the drying grass, lifted delicately sharpened faces from under frames of blond hair to survey her. A gentleman in a silk shirt and city-cut knickerbockers leaned a moment on his scythe and wiped a perspiring brow, and at the end of the carriage-drive a lady rose from her seat on the porch and greeted Lydia with a smile.

"You are our next-door neighbor," she said. She was very pretty in an odd kind of way, and her long gown, also odd in color and make, trailed behind her, as she led Lydia to a seat on the porch, which was large and deep, and furnished like a room with rugs and tables and chairs.

"I knew you," she continued, drawing her own chair near Lydia's and folding her white, slender hands, the movement of which Lydia, in an obsession of awkwardness, felt drawn to follow, "because I have seen you so often working in your garden. I can't help looking over, it 's so picturesque. I have seen your husband, too, and little boy."

"Yes," said Lydia; "that 's Mr. Cutts, and our Abe. It is n't much of a place," she added, "but it 's been in the family ever since there *was* a place, I guess, and we think a good deal of it. But of course"—she swept an admiring glance about—"it is n't anything to this. This is the finest place anywheres about."

"It is a very pretty place," assented her hostess. "We are going to be very fond of it—and of our neighbors, too, I think." Her eyes rested kindly on the spare figure before her. "It was very kind to call so soon."

Lydia colored a little.

"The fact is, Mrs. Westerlyng, I come to ask a favor, or I 'd have waited till you were a bit settled. I know it is n't just the way to begin an acquaintance," she concluded, with a touch of proud embarrassment.

"Why not?" asked Gertrude Westerlyng, quickly. "I think it 's a very good way—when people mean to be friends."

Her guest's eyes—Mrs. Westerlyng had noted already that they were fine eyes—gave her a swift look of approval.

"It 's just this way,—I don't know as it 's any use beating about the bush,—Tim (that 's the workman) told Hiram (that 's Mr. Cutts) that you were taking out the 'lectricity?" An incredulous inflection invited contradiction, while an anxious glance distinctly deprecated it.

"Yes, we are," answered Gertrude.

"And he said"—Lydia's tone grew more and more diffident—"that the old fixtures would n't be worth hardly anything when you come to sell them second-hand."

"I am sure I don't know. No, I don't suppose they would."

"Well,—" her visitor hesitated, then plunged,—"it 's just like this: we 've been counting—Hiram and I—on putting in 'lectricity for years back, but we have n't ever seen our way to making connections and payin' for the fixtures at the same time. Either Hiram 's been laid up,

or the crops have been bad, or something. Now we thought if you *were* selling, mebbe this might be our chance—mebbe Mr. Cutts could fix up a trade with Mr. Westerlyng, or work off a part of it, and then we 'd see our way."

There was an almost painful, suppressed eagerness in the question of her look, and Mrs. Westerlyng was so far moved by it that she found herself answering cordially to it:

"I am sure you could. I will speak to Mr. Westerlyng about it." She remembered herself enough to say regretfully: "You really think you *want* to put in electricity?"

"Want to! Seems as if I could n't wait to get it in," replied Lydia. She drew a long breath of relief. "You intend usin' gas, I s'pose?"

"Oh, no; we prefer using lamps. The light is far more—is better, we think." Mrs. Westerlyng brought up on the changed ending with a little accent.

"Yes," said Lydia; "I s'pose it is. For the matter of that, there 's really nothing like candles, if you have enough of them." Her glance, relieved from the tension of her errand, roved curiously about the porch, with its exotic weight of Oriental rugs, porcelain vases, Indian chairs, and denim hangings, and alighted at last on a familiar object.

"If that is n't a loom!"

"Oh, you know how to weave!" exclaimed Mrs. Westerlyng, her face lighting with interest.

Lydia shook her head.

"My mother did, and my grandmother was a master hand at it; but I have n't never had time to learn, nor any one else about these parts. I s'pose you came across it in the garret?"

Mrs. Westerlyng smiled.

"Oh, no; I brought it with me. People are beginning to go back to weaving, you know," she amplified easily, "now that we are learning how much more beautiful hand-made things are than those we buy."

Lydia glanced involuntarily at her hostess's dress.

"Well, it 's a real pretty accomplishment," she said politely, rising. "I 'm more obliged than I can say, Mrs. Westerlyng—and so 'll Mr. Cutts be. It means a good deal to us. You tell Mr. Westerlyng he don't need to trouble about that

Drawn by A. D. Blashfield

"A GENTLEMAN IN A SILK SHIRT AND CITY-CUT KNICKERBOCKERS"

mite o' hay; Hiram 'd be pleased to come over and do it for him out o' time. We all know what a distinguished man your husband is," she added earnestly. "We think a good deal of having a writer among us. It don't seem right for him to use up his strength that way."

Gertrude Westerlyng's laugh rang frankly out.

"But he likes it, Mrs. Cutts," she explained. "You see, you are too kind; but we believe in work—even the children work." She beamed on her visitor, still with a twinkle of amusement.

"Well, I suppose it *is* healthy," Lydia responded simply, adding with the unmistakable accent of motherhood, "They 're as pretty children as ever I saw."

Mrs. Westerlyng responded to the touch inevitably.

"They *are* rather nice; and you have a very fine boy of your own, Mrs. Cutts. I 'm so glad you cut his hair in that picturesque way."

"It 's the only way I know how," answered Lydia. "I put a bowl over it, same 's my mother used to do when we were youngsters. I thought strange to see your children's done the same."

"Oh, everybody is cutting it that way now," responded Mrs. Westerlyng, brightly, as she pressed Lydia's hand in farewell. "Do come again, won't you?"

"That Mrs. Cutts is going to be an acquisition, Lance," she said an hour later, as she nodded to Lydia across the hedge, where, armed with a big pair of shears and long gloves, she was diligently snipping the heads of roses. "Have you noticed what a really fine face she has?"

Her husband glanced up and touched his hat to the pair in the neighboring vegetable garden.

"Splendid physique her husband has, too," he exclaimed, with involuntary envy. His own slender face was dark with fatigue.

"I do ache to give that feller a lift," Hiram observed under his breath to Lydia. "He puts more strength and less get-there into every stroke than ever I see. Seems a shame to waste muscle like that."

"They 've got some notion," responded his wife, "about liking to work. Far 's I can make out, they 're just huntin' round for things to do."

Hiram snorted; his good-natured face relaxed into a grin.

"I guess they war n't raised on a farm," he said briefly. "I ain't never had to hunt work any."

"Nor me neither," said Lydia, with an emphasis that made Hiram say with a quick glance:

"You just let that pail alone, Lyddy," adding indulgently as he shouldered it: "I s'pose they got to fill their time up somehow. Likely they 're delicate and want to keep out-o'-doors; they look so. Your back hurtin' again, Lyddy?"

"I should n't wonder," replied Lydia, a trifle wearily to the first half of his remarks, adding, "Yes, it aches some," as she plodded to the house behind her husband, dragging a reluctant calf with her.

Yet she did wonder, as she watched from day to day the master and mistress of the big house toiling about the grounds, while the children in faded gowns and bareheaded performed minor tasks with a reflex effect of the same tense energy.

"Seems to me if I was they and *could,* I 'd be glad to sit still a mite," she mused. "I wonder if they don't ever have a new thing for them children. A body 'd think they *bought* their things old. Makes me think o' play-actin'. And if she don't look for all the world like a play-actress!" she added to herself, as Gertrude Westerlyng came up the path through the garden, stopping here and there to enjoy a flower. She looked something like a long-stemmed flower herself, in her pale-green gown, with a faint-pink parasol over her blond head.

"Makes me think somehow of my own great-grandmother," thought Lydia. "Come right in, Mrs. Westerlyng." She spoke cordially, wiping her moist hands on a spotless apron, and hastening to throw open the sitting-room door. But Gertrude halted on the kitchen sill, her eyes wide and alight with admiration.

"What a perfectly beautiful room! Oh, Mrs. Cutts, may n't I stay here?"

Lydia's eyes followed her guest's over the scrubbed deal floor, the snowy tables and chairs, and glowing brasses, which her capable hands had barely finished polishing, and her face exhibited a kind of tired pride.

"I 'm glad you like it. It 's just as my grandmother left it. Mother would n't have a stick changed, and we 've never been able. It 's been as much as we could do to keep the place unmortgaged, without improvin' it."

"Improving it!" exclaimed Mrs. Westerlyng. "What could improve it? It 's quite perfect!"

A curious, self-communing expression came into her hostess's face—an expression Mrs. Westerlyng had already remarked on other occasions.

"I used to feel pretty much that way myself," Lydia said quietly, "but now I could improve it considerable."

"I wonder how," said Gertrude, curiously.

"Well,"—Lydia's face kindled,—"of course, first of all there 's the 'lectricity. Thanks to you, we 'll be able to do that right off. Then the next thing I 'd do would be to put in a gas-stove."

"A gas-stove in place of that magnificent old oven! Why, Mrs. Cutts, I 'm paying a fortune to have one built in!"

"That 's all right for you," said Lydia, quietly, "and they cook first rate. Mother always said nothing ever tasted like the things that come out of an old-fashioned oven. Then I 'd want a linoleum on the floor."

"That beautiful floor, Mrs. Cutts!"

"And oil-cloth covers for them tables—"

But her visitor had risen impulsively.

"Mrs. Cutts, if you don't care for them, would n't anything induce you to sell me those tables and chairs? I wish I could buy the floor, too."

Lydia was not given to impulsive movements; she merely stood very still for a moment before answering slowly:

"I do care for them, Mrs. Westerlyng; but that 's neither here nor there. I don't know but I might be willing to sell them; but I tell you plainly I 'd want a price for them."

"Name it," said Mrs. Westerlyng, quickly.

"Well, the truth is, I would n't know *what* to say. How much do you think yourself they 'd be worth, Mrs. Westerlyng?"

Gertrude hesitated, then named a sum which she instantly feared was too little; but Lydia gasped.

"Mercy! I s'pose you know you 're cheating yourself, Mrs. Westerlyng. Why, I could buy me a gas-stove and the linoleum, too."

"If any one is being cheated, it is not I. People pay a good price now, Mrs. Cutts, for these beautiful *real* things. We are just beginning to understand how beautiful they are." There was a curious effect of conscientiousness in the speech.

Lydia, however, made no response, and

Drawn by A. D. Blashfield

"MRS. WESTERLYNG HUNG OVER THEM, FAIRLY SHINING WITH DELIGHT"

her visitor's eyes wandered about with the collector's avidity.

"I suppose you would n't part with those old brass candlesticks?" she asked almost wistfully.

"Those were mother's,"—Lydia spoke abruptly,—"I 've seen her use them all my life. I don't know 's I could bring myself to part with them—yes, I will, too," she broke off. "I spend a lot of time on them." She lifted them down and set them on the table. Mrs. Westerlyng hung over them, fairly shining with delight.

"You know," she said laughingly, when, half an hour later, they walked down the garden path together, "when you get *too* homesick, you will have to come over and sit in *my* kitchen."

"I calculate I 'll take a lot more comfort sitting in my own than I ever did be-

fore," Lydia answered tranquilly as she finished tying a bunch of old-fashioned pinks with a wisp of grass, and offered it to her guest.

"Such lovely flowers!" breathed Gertrude. "I should think you would keep your house filled with them, Mrs. Cutts."

"I have n't any time for flowers round the house," replied Lydia, "but I like them real well. I made up my mind long ago I 'd be satisfied with what I could raise outside and the scarlet runners round the windows: they mostly take care of themselves, and look real cheerful, I think."

"With us," said Gertrude Westerlyng, "that is one of the children's duties." She hesitated delicately. "Could n't you teach your little boy to keep just one vase filled? It is such a good thing for children to have their responsibilities, and a single rose is so restful and sweet to look at."

"Well, you see," said Lydia, "by the time Abe has finished all his chores, milking, and tending to the chickens, and helping his father, and carrying wood and water, he 'd rather sit down on the doorstep than go to pickin' roses. And when he *has* a little time, there 's his studies. His father never had much chance for an education, but he wants Abe should have."

"But the love of beauty—is n't that part of one 's education, too?" Gertrude asked quickly.

Lydia's eyes rested on the gate-top. She did not reply for a moment, and Mrs. Westerlyng was again struck with the mingled strength and calm of her expression. Then she smiled down at her neighbor.

"Mebbe it is," she said briefly, putting out a large, hard hand to grasp Gertrude's in cordial farewell.

She remained leaning on the gate, watching the green gown fade down the street, until roused by a voice of keenest curiosity at her elbow.

"I want to know if that war n't Mis' Westerlyng!" exclaimed Amanda Harris. She had run out from the next-door cottage and peered eagerly after the retreating shape.

"My, ain't she a figure—with them floppin' sleeves! Miss Hammond—" Miss Hammond was the village seamstress—"has been fixin' up some things for the children, and she says she *did* admire how Mrs. Westerlyng gets those gowns of hers made; and finally she got up courage to ask her, and she says there 's one special dressmaker in New York who does 'artistic dress-makin'.' Must cost somethin'."

"I guess they can afford it," Lydia answered.

"They 're havin' their kitchen all laid in white deal," said Amanda. "I guess they never scrubbed a deal floor with grease spots on it."

"I guess they never did," assented Lydia, laconically; but she smiled. Lydia was the most reserved ("close") person in Springville, and though Amanda was her best friend, she had no notion of imparting to her the late transaction till she saw fit—certainly not till she had talked it over with Hiram. "I 'm goin' to sell them eggs and butter and greens till they get their own goin'," she vouchsafed instead.

"That so!" said Amanda, with pleased interest. "They believe in patronizing local industries, Mr. Westerlyng told the groceryman. I guess it 'll be a good thing for the town havin' them here. Mebbe he 'll take hold of the trolley-line. 'T would be a great thing if he would."

"Yes, so 't would," said Lydia. Then, with her prophetic kindling of eye and voice, she added, "But we 'll get it anyway, same 's we have the coöperative bakery."

"The Westerlyngs ain't goin' to patronize *that*. He told the baker they do all their bakin' at home; that he believes in home-made bread."

"And I suppose they goin' to do all their washin' and ironin', too, and mebbe their slaughterin', and make their own ice," said Lydia, quietly.

"Why, Lydia Cutts, what a notion!" Amanda laughed. "But as for the washin' and ironin', yes, they are; he said so."

"Oh, well, they can pay for all the help they want—if they can git it," observed Lydia. "I got to feed the calf." She terminated the interview abruptly. She wanted to get away and think over the linoleum. Blue was Hiram's favorite color, and she had a notion of having it blue and white, with white chairs and ta-

Drawn by A. D. Blashfield

"'OUT WASHIN' CLOTHES—MEN AND ALL!'"

ble, with a blue line. Then she was eager to tell Hiram about the other things. It would be a great thing to have a regular customer for the dairy and garden stuff. She saw Abe's future brightly.

It proved in fact to be a great thing; the new neighbors were a little mine of wealth to the Cutts family. For some reason the Westerlyngs' vegetables and poultry did not flourish—perhaps because of the large element of the amateur and the experimental. There were gardeners and under-gardeners; but the whole family had also a hand in the matter, and not only the family, but the guests, and there were a great many of these.

"Such doin's!" exclaimed Amanda, with innocent zest, coming in upon Hiram and Lydia in the very act of "laying" the linoleum, while Abe looked eagerly on. "I carried some new cheese over, and there was the whole lot of them, city-folks and all, out washin' clothes—men and all! They had their sleeves rolled up, and every one of them was bare-headed, and a good lot of them bare-footed, too. I never see such doin's in my born life!"

"Mebbe they 're short of help again," said Lydia, with neighborly anxiety, "or it 's to help the servants out."

"Well, it don't. I heard they got to change again, and I asked the cook whatever was the reason they can't keep no one. And she said nobody had a word of complaint; they pay a lot, and want the maids to be comfortable, and to come in and hear the piano, and all that; but that it 's a *wearin'* place—fuss all the time to keep all that deal scrubbed up, (they 're usin' your kitchen table for the dinin'-room, I s'pose you know!) and emptyin' and fillin' flower-vases and fillin' two or three dozen lamps, and settin' the table just so. She 'll make them change the glasses three times to get the right shape, and then *he 'll* worry whether 't would better be a bowl or a pitcher for the drink, and they 'll both spend half an hour tryin' to decide whether to lean a flower to the right or to the left; but more 'n all else, she said, havin' all those folks under her feet was what she could n't abide; and I don't know 's I blame her," wound up Amanda. "When I 've work to do, the first thing I do is to clear the children out o' the house."

"I see them this mornin'," snickered Abe. "They was all walkin' barefoot, and tossin' hay, and diggin'."

"Yes; I seen them dig," said Hiram. He grinned a little, adding with his usual tolerance: "Oh, well, I can't see that they do nobody any harm, and they bring quite a lot of money into the town."

"They don't favor the trolley, though, I hear," remarked Amanda. "He says 'twill destroy the quiet; I s'pose they don't like it 's going by their place."

Lydia's lips folded in a peculiar manner, and there came into her eyes that strange, deep light which Gertrude Westerlyng had so often remarked.

"I wonder where Mrs. Cutts gets that look of *quiet,*" she had more than once said to her husband, after one of her frequent visits to her neighbor for counsel in domestic crises. "She is one of the most strenuous workers in the village; she put through that coöperative bakery, and she and her husband are the bottom

of the trolley-line agitation, yet she looks more reposeful every time I see her."

She herself was not looking at all reposeful as, one warm summer morning, she stood again at Lydia's kitchen door. The tense little lines about her eyes and lips were deeper than when she came to Springville, and, in spite of the daintiest of muslin gowns, she looked dragged and tired. The kitchen door was open, and she paused a moment on the threshold, recalling the aspect of the room on her first visit. Blue-and-white linoleum and white-painted chairs, decorated with a blue stripe, now replaced the deal; painted tin candlesticks usurped the place of the brass, and a smug gas-stove, pleasantly fireless, held dominion over the now obsolete oven and fireplace. The room was cool and fresh, and Gertrude noted with a distinct thrill of self-gratulation the presence of a red rose in a glass bottle on the oil-cloth covered table. She took it as a good omen for her visit. By the open window sat Lydia, though the day was still young. Her mending-basket was beside her, but she was doing absolutely nothing, and it struck Gertrude that this was the first time she had ever seen her thus, and that the repose of her attitude only faintly mirrored the extreme repose of her face. She rose to meet her visitor with a look of quick coming back to earth.

Drawn by A. D. Blashfield

"'YES; I SEEN THEM DIG!'"

"Sit right down," she said hospitably, and with the special accent of motherliness this young creature always evoked in her.

"Mrs. Cutts," Gertrude plunged directly, "I 've come on business—"

"Anything wrong with the butter—or milk?" asked Lydia, anxiously. "I attend to them myself, Mrs. Westerlyng—"

"No, no; this is something far more important. Mrs. Cutts," said Gertrude, laying down her parasol and leaning both elbows on the table and her chin on her hands, while she confronted her hostess with intensity, "do you know that you are doing a great harm to Springville—without intending it?"

Lydia looked up—a swift but silent interrogatory.

"You have a great deal of influence in this village," repeated Gertrude, impressively, "and you are, unintentionally, of course, exerting it to do a great injury."

"I guess likely you mean the trolley-line?" observed Lydia, quietly.

"I do," said Gertrude, firmly. "Mr. Westerlyng tells me you and your husband have done more than any other ten people to work up the project, and he is seriously afraid there is danger of its being carried through."

"I guess there is," said Lydia, quietly again.

Mrs. Westerlyng flushed a little at the tone.

"You don't realize what you are doing," she said almost angrily. "I have lived where there are trolley-lines always, and I can assure you, so far from being a benefit, it would be the greatest injury to the place; it would destroy its whole beauty. Why, the very charm of Springville is its rural character, the absence of modern, hideous improvements. And it is n't only the place that will be changed; it will change the people, too, especially the young people—your boy and all the rest. They will want to be going to the city all the time, and aping city fashions and buying city clothes—"

"Yes; we do look forward to the city shoppin' considerable," said Lydia. She kept her eyes on her visitor's face, which flushed more and more.

"And the moment you have cheap and quick transit, all the city people will be coming here—making excursions."

"Anybody 'd think that would be good business for the place," commented Lydia.

Mrs. Westerlyng rose to her feet; her pretty face was red now with indignation.

"If you take that tone, Mrs. Cutts, and business considerations are the only ones that will affect you, may I ask if you will *also* think it good business to drive your best customers away? For I tell you frankly, if the line is carried through, *we* go." She stopped, for Lydia rose opposite her; it seemed to Gertrude that she expanded in bulk and height, and her eyes and cheeks glowed with a deep fire beside which Gertrude's little flare turned to ashes.

"I don't s'pose you *meant* to be wicked when you said that, Mrs. Westerlyng; I don't s'pose you even know what a wicked thing it was to say," she said slowly, "nor what a wicked thing you do when you come here to try to tempt me like that. But I ain't that kind. Look here, Mrs. Westerlyng, we 've all had a kind of liking for you and your husband, and it is n't on account of the money you bring here either, much as most of us need money in these parts. You come here because it 's what you call rural, and you find our country ways amusing. Well, you 've amused us, too, considerable; but we 've all been glad you should do as you liked. But when it comes to preventin' *our* doin' as *we* like, you make a great mistake if you think you can, just to keep things the way you like them. Mebbe a trolley *will* destroy the ruralness; but what you never think of is what it 's goin' to mean to us to be able to buy things cheap and good at Highville. Mebbe the young folks *will* get notions; but they 'll also get a little more schoolin' thrown in. You want to keep everything pretty, but there 's something more than prettiness has to come first. Those deal tables and chairs and floors were pretty, but since I got rid of them I got time for the *first* time in my life to sit down mornin's. And since I got rid o' the lamps and the old oven, I got time to go and sit with a sick neighbor and help Abe with his sums. These are the things you never think of, because you have n't never had to work. And I 'll tell you right now and here," added Lydia, firmly, "that if there 's one thing those that *do* work despise more 'n another, it 's *playin'* at work. It 's like that getting back to nature business that the summer folks talk about everlastingly, and then, come the first cool days, scuttle back to the city as fast 's ever they can. We get enough of nature, livin' with her right along, and what we want is a little something else. We 're goin' to have that trolley, same 's we 've got the bakery, and it 'll be the same blessing to us when we do get it. You mean well, Mrs. Westerlyng," she went on kindly, "but the trouble is, as I said before, you have n't *had* to realize and you *don't* realize what 's more important than all the prettiness in the world, and I wish," she continued with growing earnestness and kindliness, "that I could bring the thought home to you. It was brought home to me by a man I heard lecture in Highville, —where you don't want us to go,—and it is n't too much to say it 's made my whole life different. I see everything different, and it 's goin' to make more difference as long 's I live. It set me on the track of the bakery and the trolley, too, and it 's what made me glad and willin' to give up the things I 'd been slavin' my life out over, so 's to have some time for real livin'. We 've all got to come to it more 'n' more,—you, Mrs. Westerlyng, as well as the rest of us,—we 've got to learn to live the simpler life." She brought out the concluding words with a certain solemnity, and Gertrude Westerlyng started as if she had been shot.

"The simpler life!" she echoed, "the simpler life! Why, but that 's *exactly*—" She broke off, scarlet, confused. For Lydia, after one astonished moment, seemed suddenly illuminated. She looked at Gertrude with a face in which one emotion after another chased rapidly, merging finally into an expression which beginning in her eyes broadened slowly down to her lips and broadened and broadened still further, till it overran her cheeks in a smile of keenest humor.

"Lands' sakes!" she ejaculated. "That ain't what *you 've* been tryin' for, too? Well, of all things!"

There was no response. With averted face, Gertrude Westerlyng snatched her parasol from the table and fled down the garden-path, showing as she went no more than the outline of one cheek—the color of the rose upon the table.

Drawn by W. L. Jacobs. Half tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"'I DO CARE FOR THEM, MRS. WESTERLYNG; BUT THAT 'S NEITHER HERE NOR THERE.'" (SEE PAGE 760)

THE REMINISCENCES OF LADY RANDOLPH CHURCHILL

TENTH PAPER: TRAVELING IN THE EAST—LORD AND LADY CURZON—"THE ANGLO-SAXON REVIEW"—CORRESPONDENCE WITH CONTRIBUTORS

BY MRS. GEORGE CORNWALLIS-WEST

IT was with much regret that we brought our delightful visit to Japan to a close. Leaving Kobe, we sailed for China in the steamship *Ancona*. On board we found Mr. de Bunsen, the present English Ambassador to Spain; also a young officer who was returning to India and had wasted all his leave in trying to see something of the war, but without success, the Japanese authorities proving too much for him. Mr. de Bunsen, an old friend of mine, whom I had known in Paris when he was in the embassy there, was at that time military attaché at Bangkok. It was a great pleasure to see him again. He told me many interesting things about Siam and his life there, and tried to persuade us to pay him a visit.

Three days exhausted the sights of Hong-Kong, the magnificent view being the principal attraction. My chief amusement consisted in going up and down the steep tramway to the peak two or three times a day. Many of the houses were in a damaged condition, owing to the last typhoon, of which we came in for the tail-end. We made a flying visit to Canton, going up the Pearl River in a large steamer which had an English captain. As I entered the ship, I caught sight of stacks of rifles in the saloon, with printed instructions to the passengers to use them if necessary. This did not make me feel at all safe, these river steamers having been known to be attacked by pirates. At Hong-Kong we were advised not to go to Canton, since, owing to the war and their defeat, the Chinese were in rather a turbulent state. We thought, however, as we meant to spend only the day there, we would be safe enough. The steamer was obliged to anchor at the mouth of the river, as there were torpedoes laid across it, and the Chinese pilots were rather vague as to their locality. It was a lovely moonlight night, and I remember the ghostly effect of a search-light from a fort near by, which was constantly being turned on us, lighting up strange crafts and great, lumbering Chinese junks with square sails which hovered near.

At Canton we were at once surrounded by a flotilla of sampans and junks. Our guide, A. Cum by name, had arranged everything for us, and we found a row of palanquins, each with three men, waiting. Mine was bright-green, lined with pale-blue, and supplied with transparent blinds. Not being a Chinese lady, I insisted on having them all pulled up. Our carriers went at a swinging pace through the labyrinth of narrow, crowded streets, uttering loud cries to the people, whom we were scattering right and left, to get out of the way. The streets were full of open shops, banners, Chinese lanterns, and gaudy signs. A continuous stream of people hurrying along made it a most animated scene. They scowled and glared at us as we passed, calling us "frank-wei" ("foreign devils"), and they spat at one of our party and hit another, who luckily did not retaliate, otherwise we might have been made into mince-meat. The shops were very attractive, and Randolph bought me one of the green jade bangles which have since become fashionable. It is supposed to keep the devil away, and I still wear it.

A visit to the execution-ground was not

SIR FRANK SWETTENHAM AND A TIGER CUB

so attractive. Eight men had been decapitated a few days before, and the blood was still on the ground. We were asked if we would like to see the heads, which had been placed in jars, an offer declined with thanks. Some of our party, having been told by the captain and officers of the boat that our expedition was rather a dangerous undertaking unless we were prepared to "turn the other cheek" at any insult, persuaded us to get back to the ship as quickly as we could. So after luncheon at an old palace called "The Garden of Flowers," we started on our return journey, being rushed through more streets, sometimes meeting a "towkee," or mandarin, surrounded with many attendants. It was then a case as to whose criers could make the most noise.

We returned to Hong-Kong, and left the next day for Singapore, Mr. de Bunsen going with us. Sir John and Lady Mitchell invited us to Government House, where we stayed a week. I found the heat for the first time nearly unbearable; it was like a vapor bath, and so enervating that one felt absolutely incapable of doing anything. However, I was delighted with the beauty of the tropical plants, especially the traveler's palm, its height and symmetry being a revelation.

The Malay villages perched on poles

were very picturesque, particularly those in the cocoanut plantations near the sea. In the town every nationality seemed to be represented in the streets—Malays, Chinese, Hindus, Klings, Japanese, and Europeans of all countries, the Chinese, who own all the best houses, predominating. The late Sultan of Johore gave us to come and see us. She was a very pretty Circassian of about twenty-five, a present from the Sultan of Turkey. Enormously fat, we were told that she was fed every two hours, the Sultan admiring large proportions. Her costume was most peculiar, to say the least—a Malay sarong of silk; a blouse with huge diamond buttons;

From a photograph, copyright, by Elliott & Fry

LORD CURZON OF KEDLESTON

a sumptuous luncheon at his palace which lasted as long as a lord mayor's feast. The house was a curious mixture of good and bad taste; a few real objects of art, such as old lacquered cabinets and boxes and fine Satsuma vases, were lost in a sea of tawdriness and vulgarity. In one room the tables and chairs were made of cut-glass, upholstered in bright-blue velvet, with glass buttons! After luncheon the Sultan, who was a charming and courteous old man, sent for his Sultana round her neck a *rivière* of diamonds, and one of sapphires; and on her short, black curls, cocked over one ear, a velvet Glengarry cap with an eagle's feather and a diamond aigret. The Sultan, thinking, I suppose, that she had been seen enough, suddenly pointed with a stern gesture to the door. Casting a frightened glance at him, she fled as fast as her fat little feet could take her.

At the end of the week we started for Rangoon in company with Sir Frank

LADY CURZON OF KEDLESTON

Swettenham, Resident of Perak and later Governor of Singapore. Mr. Swettenham, as he then was, went only as far as Penang with us, which we regretted, as he proved a very entertaining companion. A man of exceptional intelligence, he was virtually the ruler of the Straits Settlements, and certainly no one better understood the natives, and how to treat them. His books "Malay Sketches" and "Unaddressed Letters" are deservedly popular. Rangoon was an agreeable disappointment, for although the heat was great, it was dry, and therefore tolerable.

The Governor, Sir Charles Mackenzie, and Lady Mackenzie were away, but they had placed Government House at our disposal. I found, to my surprise, a pleasant company of English people, who entertained us most hospitably, and amused themselves playing golf and polo, which, considering the heat, was most energetic.

I was taken to see the Royal Lakes, which are gorgeous and beautifully kept, with a wealth of tropical plants and variegated flowers, great bushes of alamanders growing in wild profusion at the edge of the lakes, bougainvilleas climbing everywhere, and a tree of which I did not find out the name with dark-green foliage and large bunches of red flowers like grapes. As we drove by, I saw half a dozen priests in their yellow robes, worn like a toga, standing on some marble steps leading down to the lake. Behind them in the setting sun the great golden dome of the Shoëdagong Pagoda shone in the distance, the whole forming a superb picture. The pagoda was an endless source of interest, and we spent pleasant hours

From a photograph by Elliott & Fry

MRS. CRAIGIE (JOHN OLIVER HOBBES)

among its many shrines. The two huge white stone dragons guarding the entrance stood out against the deep-blue sky, the waving palms and tall cocoanut-trees in the background forming an Eastern picture full of light and color. The lepers and beggars infesting the steps were the only drawback. Inside, everything glittered; temples inlaid with colored glass and bits of mirror shone like jewels in the sun, their graceful minarets and domes marvelously carved. Piled up before every shrine were the offerings of the faithful, conspicuous among them gaudy umbrellas with fringes of gold or beads. I revisited the pagoda by moonlight, and was well repaid, as it had lost the garishness and tawdriness apparent in the glare of day. The spell of silence was over the whole scene, broken only by the not unmelodious voice of a fanatic reciting verses as he walked solemnly round and round his favorite shrine. I was rather amused one day at receiving a visit from some relatives of the late King Thebaw. These were three princesses; two of them were young and pretty,—that is, according to Burmese taste,—and were swathed in wraps, even their hands being hidden, whereas the third, who was old and ugly, wore hardly any garments, according to the custom of the country. They presented me with some artificial flowers made by themselves, also some cheroots they "hoped I would smoke," and departed in a cart drawn by bullocks, for thousands of years the unchanged mode of conveyance in Burmah. Poor things! Perhaps they would not have been so gracious had they realized that it was my husband who had been instrumental in destroying their dynasty and annexing their country.

Cholera was raging at Mandalay, which, much to our chagrin, prevented our going there. Randolph naturally wanted to see as much of the country as possible, he being very proud of the part he had played in the annexing of Burmah when in the India Office.

Crossing the Bay of Bengal to Madras, we stayed a few days with Lord and Lady Wenlock at Government House, where we were treated with the greatest kindness.

It had been our intention to travel for several months in India, but Randolph's health, which up to then had been good enough to allow of his enjoying the tour, suddenly gave way. We were obliged to curtail our further travels, and proceeding to Bombay, we embarked for England.

It was on one of the many visits I paid to Bradford between 1884 and 1886, when Lord Randolph Churchill was holding political meetings there, that I remember for the first time hearing Lord Curzon of Kedleston (then Mr. George Nathaniel Curzon) make a speech. Called upon unexpectedly to second a resolution, he spoke with natural eloquence and an astonishing choice of words. Randolph predicted to me then that he would go very far. We knew him well while he was still at Oxford when he used to come over to Blenheim, a distance of only eight miles.

When he was made Viceroy of India, his many friends gave a farewell dinner to him and Lady Curzon. The speeches were most amusing, notwithstanding the note of sadness which prevailed at the prospect of losing for several years so delightful a couple.

The few brilliant years the Curzons spent in India are too recent and too familiar in people's minds for me to dwell on that time or the tragedy which was so soon to follow their departure. To her great beauty Mary Curzon added grace of manner and kindness of heart, and her extraordinary and unselfish devotion to her husband made her a paragon among wives. I recall one other remarkable woman who was equally devoted and absorbed in her husband's career, and whose life was one of sacrifice to duty and care for others. This was my sister-in-law Fanny, Lady Tweedmouth, without exception the noblest character I have ever met. Apart from her brilliant gifts, which made her one of the most popular and influential political hostesses in England, her sympathy and advice were a tower of strength to all who came in contact with her. Indeed, it may be said with truth that society in general and the Liberal party in particular sustained an irreparable loss when her too short life ended.

It will always be a regret to me that I was unable to accept the Viceroy's invitation to attend the great Durbar, that

crowning function of a most memorable viceregal reign. I often corresponded with Lady Curzon, and in one of her letters she says:

Viceroy's Camp, May 18, 1903.

. . . The result of the Durbar for Empire more than justifies the expenditure of £200,000 (the cost). The mere bringing together of people from the Chinese frontier of Thibet and Siam, Burmah, Bootea, Nepal, Gilgit, Chitral-Swat, Beluchistan, Travancore, and Kathiawar has been the most marvelous object lesson. Chiefs from the outer fringes of civilization who for years had been turbulent, gasped, "Had we known we were fighting *this* we should have remained in peace!" There is no doubt it was the most surprising gathering the world has ever seen or will ever see again and the "lucky hand" of George's organization amazed every human soul there. . . . Forgive this dull scrawl. I am sticking to the sides of the Himalayas like a barnacle with only a three weeks' old copy of the "Times" to make me gay or witty. Do write. You are the only person who lives on the crest of the wave and is always full of vitality and success.

Yours ever affectionately,
Mary.

From a sketch by the Duchess of Rutland

THE RIGHT HON. CECIL RHODES

On the eve of their departure from England, the Curzons paid a visit to the Duke and Duchess of Portland at Welbeck. I was of the party, and sitting next to Lord Curzon at dinner one night, we approached a subject which, without my knowing it at the time, was fraught with great importance for me. In a despondent mood I bemoaned the empty life I was leading at that moment. Lord Curzon tried to console me by saying that a woman alone was a godsend in society, and that I might look forward to a long vista of country-house parties, dinners, and balls. Thinking over our conversation later, I found myself wondering if this indeed was all that the remainder of my life held for me. I determined to do something, and cogitating for some time over what it should be, decided finally to start a review. My ideas were of the vaguest, but they soon shaped themselves. I consulted my friend Mrs. Craigie ("John Oliver Hobbes"), whose acquaintance I had made some years before at the Curzons. At her house I met various people who helped me with their good counsels, notably Mr. Sidney Low, who became much interested in the scheme and assisted me greatly, editing and bringing out two numbers during my subsequent absence in South Africa. Mr. John Lane, who published the first numbers of the review, was full of ideas, and originated that of having a new cover for each issue. Mr. Cyril Davenport of the British Museum joined the staff and helped in the selection of the bindings, which were to be facsimiles of celebrated books of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries. They were mostly chosen from examples in the British Museum. He also contributed a short article descriptive of each cover. These essays were excellent, and form a liberal education in bookbinding. Mr. Lionel Cust of the National Portrait Gallery undertook to supervise the illustrations, which were reproduced as photogravures, and was indefatigable in finding original and interesting subjects. The late Mr. Arthur Strong, librarian of the House of Lords, and at Chatsworth, was responsible for the historical matter. A delightful and enthralling period began, which absorbed me from morning till night in the most interesting of occupa-

tions. I left no stone unturned to make the review a success, and my friends helped me *con amore*. Sometimes I became a little bewildered at the conflicting advice and suggestions that I received. "Why don't you have articles in three languages?" said one. "That would damn it at once," said another. "Mind you have something startling in the first number, 'New Ideas on Free Love,' or 'Sidelights on Royal Courts.'" "Be lofty in your ambitions; set up a poetical standard to the literary world." "Why not get a poem from the Poet Laureate?" "Or an essay on bimetalism from Mr. Henry Chaplin." "Aim at a glorified 'Yellow Book'; that 's the thing!" How amusing it all was! Then the title. Many were offered, from "The New Anthology" to "The Mentor of Mayfair." Sir Edward Vincent, whose classical and literary education is backed by the most admirable common sense suggested "Anglo-Saxon." I thought the name most apt, and was enchanted. "The Anglo-Saxon"—how simple! It sounded strong, sensible, and solid. Of course the moment I had settled on the name, some obscure man claimed it as being registered for his still more obscure paper or magazine. It seemed as difficult to find an unappropriated title as though I were naming a race-horse instead of a book. However, I found that adding the word "Review" made it quite safe. I had endless consultations with my literary friends, and received valuable information from Mr. John Morley and the late Mr. Knowles of "The Nineteenth Century" as to the financial part of the undertaking. I gave a luncheon party to introduce "Maggie," as the review was affectionately called by some of my friends. In her green and gold brocade, the replica of Thevet's *"Vie des Hommes Illustres,"* which was executed about 1604 for James I, she presented a brave appearance. If I could only insure that her *"ramage se rapporta à son plumage"* I felt I might indeed claim to have produced a phenix.

The same night I dined with the Asquiths, taking the volume with me, where it was received with acclamation. I have the book still, with all the signatures of those present written on the fly-leaf.

In explanation of my venture I permit myself to quote here the preface to the first number, in which I tried to set forth my aims and objects:

The explanation of the production of another Review will be found in the number of those already in flourishing existence: the excuse must be looked for in these pages. Yet a few words of introduction are needed by this new-comer who comes into the crowded world thus late in the day, lest, in spite of his fine coat, he be thought an unmannerly intruder. I desire to say something of his purpose, of his aspirations, of his nature, in the hope that, if these seem admirable, good friends instead of jostling will help him through the press, and aid him somewhat in his journey toward the golden temple of literary excellence.

The first object of every publication is commercial. "No one but a blockhead," says Dr. Johnson, "ever wrote except for money"; and *The Anglo-Saxon* is not disposed to think lightly of his wares, or set low value on his effort — for otherwise his green-and-gold brocade would soon be threadbare. But after the vulgar necessities of life are thus provided for, reviews, and sometimes reviewers, look to other and perhaps higher ideals. It is of those that I would write, for are they not the credentials which must carry the ambitious stranger on his way?

Formerly little was written, but much of that little was preserved. The pamphlets, the satires, the lampoons, the disquisitions — above all the private letters — of the eighteenth century have been carefully stored for the delight of succeeding generations. Now the daily production of printed words is incalculably vast. Miles of newspapers, tons of magazine articles, mountains of periodicals are distributed daily between sunrise and sunset. They are printed; they are read, they are forgotten. Little remains. And yet there is no reason why the best products of an age of universal education should not be as worthy of preservation as those of a less cultivated era. The literary excellence of the modern Review is high. How many articles, full of solid thought and acute criticism, of wit and learning, are born for a purely ephemeral existence, to be read one day and cast into the waste-paper basket the next? The most miserable lampoons of the reign of Queen Anne are still extant. Some of the finest and cleverest productions of the reign of Queen Victoria are almost as difficult to find as ancient manuscripts. The newspapers of to-day light the fires of to-morrow. The magazine may have a little longer life. It rests on the writing table for perhaps a month; and thereafter shares the fate of much that is good in an age that, at least in

art and literature, takes little thought for the future. The sure knowledge that their work will perish must exert a demoralizing effect on the writers of the present day. Newspapers and periodicals become cheaper and cheaper. To satisfy the loud demand of the enormous and growing reading public, with the minimum of effort, is the modern temptation.

I do not imagine that *The Anglo-Saxon Review* will arrest these tendencies. But its influence may have some useful effect. This book is published at a price which will insure its respectful treatment at the hands of those who buy it. It will not be cast aside after a hurried perusal. It appears, too, in a guise which fits it for a better fate. After a brief, though not perchance unhonored stay on the writing table, it may be taken up into that Valhalla of printed things — the library. More than this, that it may have company, another of similar character, but different design will follow at an interval of three months, until a long row of volumes — similar but not alike — may not only adorn the bookshelves, and recall the elegant bindings of former times, but may also preserve in a permanent form something of the transient brilliancy of the age.

It is with such hopes that I send the first volume out into the world — an adventurous pioneer. Yet he bears a name which may sustain him even in the hardest of struggles, and of which he will at all times endeavor to be worthy, a name under which just laws, high purpose, civilizing influence, and a fine language, have been spread to the remotest regions.

Lastly, I would in this brief note express my sincere thanks to all who have helped to fit *The Anglo-Saxon* for the battle of life — not only to those who have, as subscribers, furnished him with his costly habit, but also to those who — like the fairy godmother in the child's story — have given him something of their energy, their wisdom and their brains.

Among my most valued contributors was Lord Rosebery, who, on account of his great friendship with Randolph and out of kindness to me, wrote a short essay on Sir Robert Peel for the first number. Later, in one of the subsequent volumes an article appeared which, to my regret, criticized his political opinions. I had gone to Scotland thinking the number was completed as I had seen it, but owing to the exigencies of time and space, the offending article had been substituted at the last moment. I was very much annoyed, but it could not be helped. Writing to Lord Rosebery, I told him how grieved I was that anything even approaching criticism of him should have appeared in my review, and received the following characteristic answer:

Dalmeny House, Edinburgh,
September 28, 1901.

. . . It is very good of you to write to me about ——'s article. But I had not even heard of it. Frankly, I ceased to be a subscriber after the previous number, in which I perceived the cloven hoof of politics (in an article by Massingham). Frankly, also, I think the introduction of politics into "The Anglo-Saxon" a great mistake. But you are a better judge of this than I am.

As to Mr. ——'s article, I think it very unlikely that I shall ever see it, and am quite sure that, if I do, it will not trouble me. But I tender my humble and hearty thanks to the Editress.

On looking back at the early period of the review, I often wonder how I should have succeeded without Pearl Craigie's intelligent help and advice. A woman of great sympathies, her unselfishness was realized by all who ever came in contact with her. Her valuable time was always at the disposal of any one she could help. It is not for me here to dwell on her literary gifts; her works speak for themselves. A brilliant and clever talker, she could hold her own with all manner of men, and yet, in the more frivolous company which she often frequented and thoroughly enjoyed, she never talked over people's heads. She had the art of drawing people out and making them appear at their best, so different from some clever women writers I have met. I recall a luncheon party being wrecked owing to the presence of a well-known authoress, who persistently directed the conversation to her own subjects, which were as erudite and pedantic as they were uncongenial to the rest of the company.

I always made it a point to go to Mrs. Craigie's plays, and we had many discussions about them. In reference to the "Repentance," which she asked me to see and then give her my candid opinion, the following correspondence passed between us:

56 *Lancaster Gate, W.,*
Wednesday, 1899.

My dearest Jennie: I shall *love* to hear your honest criticism. The play of course is about Spanish Catholics: the man is not

meant to be a hero, but he is a typical Carlist. The gist of his speeches show the political "talk," as it were, of the Period. My object was not to display *inhuman* excellence, but a psychological diagram of the Carlist question! Perhaps this is too daring an experiment for the stage. All the same, the experiment was worth trying. Browning, in his dramatic romances, always made a soul's crisis (lasting but a few moments) the test of a life. I thought this might be done on the stage. Some people love the play: others don't like it at all. So long as they admit that it is, at all events, *carefully* composed, I mind nothing else. You are quite right—*too* right, my dear, about the squalid side of literary life. Sometimes I get so sick of it that I long to retire to some lonely hilltop and meditate on the Four Last Things! But—after all—we cannot make terms with existence: we must cultivate our garden and a sense of humor: and for the rest, Almighty God and the devil can deal with *that.*

Yours ever affectionately,
Pearl Mary Teresa C.

I thought the play most interesting, but too condensed. There was tragedy enough in the one act to make a substantial play of three. The critics were not overkind, and I wrote, telling her that the general public were much better judges than the ordinary theater critic, who was under the delusion that he could make or mar any unfortunate playwright with a wave of his pen.

56 *Lancaster Gate, W.,*
Friday, 1899.

MY DEAREST JENNIE: I love your letter. You recognize humanity when it is drawn. *Des Escar* is a man: the Countess is a real Spanish Catholic of the devout type. I dared not give the English public two acts about "foreigners." They all like "A Repentance," but it is against their will. They have no instinctive interest, such as we feel, in foreign politics or other races. All the same, the play has held its own, and it is well received at every performance. Alexander is the one manager in London who will try experiments, and he always responds to good art, good music, and the like. Remember what the English stage is: the dramatic critics are illiterate (William Archer and Walkley excepted), the public are patient, the actors mostly amateurs.

To-morrow I will send you my *proposed* contribution to your Quarterly. Say just what you think of it: the length is under 9000 words. This ought not to be too long for those pages. Poor Stephen Phillips—it is hard indeed for him to have his magnificent tragedy *published* before it is *acted.* What an outrage it would be if these uneducated pressmen had the *first* fling at work of such quality!

Yours ever affectionately,
Pearl Mary Teresa C.

Again she writes:

. . . As for criticism, if one gives work to the general public, one has to accept the fate of an "Aunt Sally" so far as the journalists are in question. These detest every educated influence, particularly on platforms and on the stage. They fear the brightening of the average intelligence, for, in the imbecility of the mob (well-dressed and otherwise) is the hack journalist's strength. But the times are changing rapidly. The mob—as a mob—is becoming well read, even philosophical. The press in England has less power, and the *country* more power, every day. Mistakes are certainly made in the House of Commons (where the average intelligence is not startling) because it is assumed that electors and others are mentally afflicted! I see much of the laboring classes and the Nonconformist classes; the *individuality* and independence of each unit in these forces is extraordinary. I hold that *nothing* (either in good sense or high art) is really beyond them. Where they don't wholly comprehend, they are slow in forming judgments. They reject nothing hastily. The discipline of their daily lives is the best of educations, and, where the so-called lower classes of England are concerned, I am full of hope. Our trouble lies with the sham-educated—the Bounderbys and lampooners of the press,—the "better vulgar" in middle-class life. There 's a jaw for poor Jennie with a big Quarterly in tow! But you will pull it along in splendid style.

Yours ever affectionately,
P. M. T. C.

One letter more to show how strenuous her work was:

56 *Lancaster Gate, W.,*
January 1, 1900.

MY DEAREST JENNIE: I am delighted with the Medal, and shall regard it as a treasure. Few things are so hard to design. The artist has to deal in allegory and semi-divine creations at a time when allegory means something inexorably dull and every one is exclaiming, "Les dieux s 'en vont!" Forgive this scribble. I worked for nearly fourteen hours straight off at an article for the "Times" people—their new edition of the Encyclopædia, and as a result I have a cramped hand. The theme was George Eliot — for-

tunately an interesting one. This vile weather affects me, and I am rather furious with myself for giving up the trip to Egypt. But actors and actresses need constant encouragement. I wish they would remember the words of the immortal Mrs. Chick to Florence Dombey: "If any misanthrope were to put in my presence the question, 'Why were we born?' I should reply, 'To make an effort.'"

I am working now at my play (for the Haymarket) and a new novel. I propose to take my time over both. . . .

Ever yours affectionately,
Pearl Mary Teresa Craigie.

To her many gifts Mrs. Craigie added that of being a very good musician, and her nimble fingers could discourse very effectively. We sometimes played together at concerts, and on one occasion, at the Queen's Hall, she and I and Mademoiselle Janotha played Bach's Concerto in D Minor for three pianos, with an orchestra from the Royal College of Music, which was conducted by Sir Walter Parratt. This was the only time I can remember enjoying playing in public.

In the preface to Mrs. Craigie's last book, Mr. Choate says: "In her brief day and generation she contributed much by her charming intellectual productions to the entertainment and enjoyment of hosts of English and American readers, who deeply lament her early death, and in whose affections she will hold a permanent place." When one remembers that George Eliot *began* to make a great name for herself only at the age at which my poor friend's short life came to a close, it is possible to prophesy that, had she lived, she would have achieved a still greater name and fame for herself. It would have been a pity if the "John Oliver Hobbes" generation were to allow posterity to forget her brilliant gifts as a writer and her noble qualities as a woman. I am glad to think that, with others of her friends, I have been instrumental in getting up a fitting memorial to her. A portrait medallion is now placed in University College in London, where she studied, and a scholarship is to be given annually in England. The same scheme will be carried out in the United States.

Among the many criticisms of "The Anglo-Saxon" the one which amused me the most appeared in "The Saturday Review," a slating article saying among other things that it was a swindle to ask people to pay a guinea for a book which, however magnificent in appearance, was not tooled by hand. This was too much for my proprietary pride, and I pranced off to the British Museum to see my friend Mr. Davenport. "Look at this for honest criticism," I cried, flourishing the offending journal under his eyes. "What would the cost be," I asked, "if it were real leather and tooled by hand?" In view of the elaborate binding of that particular volume, he thought about £100, if not more. Delighted with my information, I then wrote to the late Lord Hardwicke, who was interested in "The Saturday Review" inclosing the criticism, and begging him to put my facts under the nose of his "ignorant reviewer."

One of the American notices ran:

> It has been given out that no one but the upper ten are to put a pen in it. However, Lady Randolph is too shrewd to run a periodical for the amusement of the incapables!

Again some of the newspapers used me as a form of advertisement.

> You pay five dollars for this magazine. It may be good, but you can buy "The World" for a cent.

Then there were some verses which appeared in "Books of To-day," from the pen of E. V. Lucas.

> Have you heard of the wonderful magazine
> Lady Randolph 's to edit, with help from the Queen?
> It 's a guinea a number, too little by half,
> For the Crowned Heads of Europe are all on the staff;
> And every one writing verse, fiction, or views,
> The best blue blood ink must exclusively use;
> While (paper so little distinction achieves)
> 'T will wholly be printed on strawberry leaves;
> And lest the effusions, so dazzlingly bright,
> And brilliantly witty, should injure the sight,
> A pair of smoked glasses (of ducal design)
> Will go with each copy to shelter the eyne.
> The articles promised already, or written,
> Suggest what a treat is preparing for Britain.
> The Princess of . . . will describe a new bonnet;
> The Spanish Queen Mother has offered a sonnet,
> Provided that all whom its scansion may beat,
> Will refrain from indelicate mention of feet.

And the Duchess of . . . has accepted the section
Devoted to "Babies, their Tricks and Correction."
The Czar will contribute a fable for geese
On "Breaking up China and Keeping the Peace";
The Porte sends a batch of seraglio tales,
And our Prince will review "Mr. Bullen on Whales,"
Mr. Primrose who also has thoughts of the sea,
Addresses to Captains of every degree,
A treatise profound, yet delectable too,
On "How to be Father-in-law to a Crewe";
While William the Second, the ablest of men,
Will fill every gap with one stroke of his pen,
And, lest art be slighted 'midst hurry and rush
Will illustrate all with one flirt of his brush.

. . . . . .

Such, such is a hint of the new magazine
Lady Randolph will edit, with help from the Queen.

It is curious how sometimes *"les beaux esprits se rencontrent."* Mrs. W. K. Clifford before producing her play "The Likeness of the Night," sent it to me for publication in "The Anglo-Saxon." Shortly after the appearance of the volume containing it, Mr. Sidney Grundy's play "A Debt of Honor" was given. There was no doubt a great similarity between the two, and this led to an animated correspondence in the press between Mrs. Clifford and Mr. Grundy. Both parties were interviewed, and the literary and dramatic world were much interested in the controversy, the details of which it is unnecessary for me to dwell on. Mrs. Clifford, however, having in her first letter said that her play was published in "The Anglo-Saxon Review" "for all who run and pay a guinea to read," Mr. Grundy retorted: "I do not run, and I did not pay a guinea; *nor have I met anybody who did.*" This was too much! Was it possible that a literary man existed who had not read my review? And worse, did not even know of its existence? I at once wrote to Mr. Grundy, regretting that such should be the case, and accompanied my letter with the volume containing Mrs. Clifford's play. He replied in an amusing letter that I "must perceive that his own ignorance of Mrs. Clifford's play would have mattered nothing, if he had met others who had told him its story. As a matter of fact, he had not."

The battle ended in peace, and the two plays were given with marked success.

The choice and study of my bindings afforded me the greatest pleasure; there was nothing tentative about them. I knew they would be a success and please all bibliophiles. The interest in the art of binding has increased greatly of late years, and there are many amateurs who turn out most creditable work, not to speak of the Women's Guild of Bookbinders, which has made giant strides since its formation. I remember once lending a book, "Madame Chrysanthème," by Pierre Loti, to Lord Morley of Blackburn (Mr. John Morley). In the second of the following letters to me he refers to people's fancies as to bindings.

DEAR LADY RANDOLPH: Thank you very much for sending me the book; I will take it in such doses as you prescribe, unless I find it too attractive to lay down.

Yours sincerely,

J. Morley.

I am afraid the doses were very microscopic, for he kept the book so long that I wrote to remind him that he still had it.

95 Elm Park Gardens,
South Kensington, S. W.

DEAR LADY RANDOLPH: It cuts me to the heart that I should have given you cause to suspect me of being a book-stealer. I have suffered too much from that evil tribe. But I have kept the book so long that I am almost as worthy of reprobation at if I had lost it. The truth is, that I knew you were away from home, and so I kept it. I am shocked to find the dilapidated condition of the poor lady. I think, however, she was rather ragged when she reached me. I had half a mind to send her to be bound, but I thought you might have fancies of your own about bindings, as I have. The book will reach you to-morrow. It has amused me very much indeed, and I am most grateful to you.

I am devoted to French literature, but the modern French novel is rather too horrid for me, who was reared on George Sand.

Yours sincerely,

J. Morley.

In making up each quarterly volume of "The Anglo-Saxon Review," I did not find the difficulty I had anticipated in procuring fitting contributors. The first

number of the review had established its reputation, and although it was not wanting in critics, it could rightly lay claim, on the whole, to keeping up the standard of excellence it had set itself. I aspired high; sometimes too high, as the following letter shows:

Walmer Castle, Walmer, Kent.
July 2, 1899.

DEAR LADY RANDOLPH: It would give me great pleasure if I could aid you in any way; but I am not capable of complying with your flattering invitation. My allowance of time and energy are only just enough to enable me to keep up with my necessary work. I do not feel it possible for me to do any literary work.

Winston made a splendid fight — but the Borough[1] bears a bad name for fickleness.

Believe me,
Yours very truly,
Salisbury.

I could hardly expect the Prime Minister, with the affairs of the nation weighing on him, to put them to one side to please me. "Mais qui ne risque rien n'a rien," and one must aim high, even if one falls short. I was also disappointed of getting an article from Mr. Cecil Rhodes, who although not what might be called a literary man, could speak clearly and with great authority on his own particular subjects.

I first met him in London in the early eighties. He was then a handsome young man, but with a delicate chest, and was just starting for South Africa, where he hoped the wonderful air would cure him. This it did, for although he died at a comparatively early age, it was not from consumption. I remember once having a most interesting conversation with him over his aims and ambitions. His whole soul was bound up in the future and progress of South Africa, and although he was not a self-seeker in any way, he was justly proud of having the immense province of Rhodesia named after him. In his heart of hearts he wanted his name to be handed down to posterity in this indelible manner, and he would have been bitterly disappointed had any other been chosen. When I taxed him with this, he admitted it quite frankly. He was, I think, a very happy man, for he never allowed small things to worry him, and his mind was not encumbered with the subtleties with which brains are so often hampered. A man of big ideas, he knew what he wanted, and made for the goal. He was singularly outspoken. On one occasion, discussing a sculptor, he said:

"Why don't you let the fellow do you? You 've got a good square face." These two letters are characteristic of his style.

Burlington Hotel, W.

DEAR LADY RANDOLPH: I think you will see me on your return from Paris. I will try to write something for you on board ship, but do not announce it. I shall try to do something to help you and my cause, perhaps my cause first and you second, but I shall see you again.

Yours,
C. J. Rhodes.

You will have lots of bother, some pleasure, and you will be doing something, which is best of all.

After all, women, remember, have great imagination and a much more delicate instinct than my sex, who are rough and brutal. I think you should have a fair chance.

Vienna, February, 1899.

DEAR LADY RANDOLPH: You must think I am very rude, but I only got your letter just before starting. It was not the secretary's fault, but it got mislaid; the excuse is that I get about one hundred a day—a telegram to me is always the surest.

I will come and see you if you will let me on my return in about three weeks.

We are getting through to Egypt fairly well. Maguire finds that he has to look after and attend to his servants as well as himself. I believe that is the usual thing with English servants; they simply collapse and do nothing.

I am learning the mysteries of bridge, and even with shilling points am only 30/— to the bad. I quite see that it is an assured income to a thinking player. Of course the annoyance — I would say amusement — is playing badly and seeing your partner's face; it sometimes changes their manners.

Yours,
C. J. Rhodes.

I have been treated with great urbanity, in spite of some slight mistakes such as revokes, etc.

Among many interesting contributions, it was with unbounded satisfaction that I received an article from George Bernard Shaw, "A Word more about Verdi,"

[1] Oldham.

which he begins in his characteristic manner: "I have read most of the articles on Verdi elicited by his death, and I have blushed—blushed for my species. By this I mean the music-critic species." He ends the article, which is one to prove that Verdi was not influenced by Wagner, in this wise: "Certainly, where you come to a strong Italian like Verdi, you may be quite sure that if you cannot explain him without dragging in the great Germans, you cannot explain him at all."

I disagree with him, as in "Aïda" the orchestration is decidedly Wagnerian, compared with Verdi's other operas, and still more so in "Falstaff." I had met Mr. Shaw a few times. He was tall, pale, thin and ascetic-looking, with wonderful, transparent eyes; his conversation was unconventional. Some correspondence passed between us àpropos of a luncheon party to which I had invited him, and which he, to my chagrin, refused; but his refusal was couched in such Shavian terms that I felt justified in answering in the same spirit. He wrote:

Certainly not; what have I done to provoke such an attack on my well-known habit?

To which I answered:

Know nothing of your habits; hope they are not as bad as your manners.

I thought the matter would rest there, but to my telegram came the following letter:

Be reasonable: what can I do? If I refuse an invitation in conventional terms, I am understood as repudiating the acquaintance of my hostess. If I make the usual excuses, and convince her that I am desolated by some other engagement, she will ask me again. And when I have excused myself six times running, she will conclude that I personally dislike her. Of course there is the alternative of accepting; but then I shall endure acute discomfort and starvation. I shall not have the pleasure of really meeting her and talking to her any more than if we happened to lunch at the Savoy on the same day by chance. I shall get no lunch, because I do not eat the unfortunate dead animals and things which she has to provide for the other people. Of those other people, half will abuse the occasion to ask me to lunches and dinners, and the other half, having already spread that net for me in vain, will be offended because I have done for you what I would not do for them. I shall have to dress myself carefully and behave properly, both of which are contrary to my nature.

Therefore I am compelled to do the simple thing, and when you say, "Come to lunch with a lot of people," reply flatly, "I won't." If you propose anything pleasant to me, I shall reply with equal flatness, "I will." But lunching with a lot of people — carniverous people — is not pleasant. Besides, it cuts down my morning's work. I won't lunch with you; I won't dine with you; I won't call on you; I won't take the smallest part in your social routine; and I won't ever know you except on the most special and privileged terms, to the utter exclusion of that "lot of other people" whose appetites you offered me as an entertainment. Only, if I can be of any real service at any time, that is what I exist for; so you may command me. To which you will no doubt reply, "Thank you for nothing; you would say the same to anybody." So I would, but it is a great concession to write it at such length to a lady who has bludgeoned me with an invitation to lunch. So there!

It was with the greatest regret that I ceased publishing "The Anglo-Saxon Review." But circumstances over which I had no control obliged me to bring its career to an end. No one can be responsible for a publication of that kind without having many anxious and annoying moments, but I shall always look back with pleasure and pride to that period, and to the ten volumes it produced. My heart will never forget the gratitude I owe to those who worked so efficiently for me and with me.

(To be continued)

THE EARLY LIFE OF ROBERT FULTON

BY ALICE CRARY SUTCLIFFE

Great-Granddaughter of the Inventor

ROBERT FULTON was born at Little Britain, Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, November 14, 1765. His biographers have called him "a self-made man," and have made but brief reference to his parentage. It is noteworthy that his father, the senior Robert Fulton, in a failure to leave financial patrimony to his children, has not been accorded the mention of other achievements, not slight in those primitive days. His ancestors crossed from Scotland to Ireland prior to the time of Cromwell. From Kilkenny, Ireland, the Fulton family came to America before the year 1735. The senior Robert Fulton was among the prominent men of Lancaster, his name having been on record upon all the town organizations which existed at that period. He was a founder of the Presbyterian church, the Secretary of the Union Fire Company, and a charter member of the Juliana Library of Lancaster, the third library established in the American Colonies. He married Miss Mary Smith, a sister of Colonel Robert Smith of Chester County. They were the children of Joseph Smith of Oxford township, Pennsylvania, whose will, dated May 22, 1760, bequeathed "To my beloved Daughter, Mary, wife of Robert Fulton, the sum of Five Pounds, to be levied off my Estate."

The following story is told of the Smith family prior to their departure from Ireland in 1720.

"Just before the battle of the Boyne, King William the Third was personally reconnoitering the locality in the northeastern part of Ireland. His horse cast a shoe. There was no farrier in attendance to replace it, and Mr. McDonnell, in whose neighborhood the accident occurred, and who was something of a blacksmith, as were many farmers in thinly populated districts, volunteered to repair the injury, shod the horse, and so enabled the King to proceed. His neighbors dubbed him 'McDonnell, the Smith.' Thus the name was ultimately changed from McDonnell to Smith. He was a Scotchman, but thought the name 'Smith' a compliment, and allowed the future generations to take the name."

This brief incident of adaptability has so befogged the McDonnell line of descent that the children of the third and fourth generations do not know their original name.

On August 23, 1759, the elder Robert Fulton bought the brick dwelling-house on the northeast corner of Penn Square,

afterward known as Center Square, in the town of Lancaster. Two children, daughters, were born in this house, and Mr. and Mrs. Fulton lived there until 1765. On November 8, 1764, he purchased a farm of 393¾ acres, situated on the Conowingo Creek, in Little Britain township, and in the following spring moved to the new home.

The farm-house to which Fulton brought his family in the early spring of 1765 is still standing at the country cross-roads. There Robert Fulton the inventor was born.[1] The exact date of his birth was unknown to history for many years, until a letter, written from London, during the year 1806, by the inventor, to his friend the Hon. Joel Barlow, was found to contain these words: "I am now busy winding up everything, and will leave London about the 23d for Falmouth, from whence I shall sail in the packet the first week in October, and be with you, I hope, in November, perhaps about the 14th, my birthday,—so you must have a roast goose ready!"

In 1844 the township of Little Britain was resurveyed, and a new section was set aside, to be known as "Fulton Township," in honor of the child who lived for the first few months of his eventful life within its quiet borders. The farm-house which sheltered his infancy was built of plastered stone, two stories high, and at one end the roof sloped to a low porch.

But Robert Fulton's father was not a successful farmer. Perchance he yearned for the companionship of his Lancaster friends, his comrades of the fire com-

[1] A curious discussion arose in 1876, when John Stevenson, a correspondent of the Glasgow "News," claimed Robert Fulton to have been a native Scotchman. The question, sifted through several numbers, was finally conclusively answered by Robert Fulton's daughter, Mrs. Crary (Cornelia Livingston Fulton) in a letter to the New York "Times," attesting her father's American birth, and also by a contributor, "Epoc" (presumably Thomas P. Cope, a native of Lancaster), who told of his personal comradeship with Robert Fulton at the Lancaster school. Mr. Cope, an eminent merchant of Philadelphia, established the line of packet-ships between Liverpool and Philadelphia, forerunner of the American line of steamers.

From a photograph by D. E. Brinton

FARM-HOUSE AT LITTLE BRITAIN, PENNSYLVANIA, THE BIRTHPLACE OF ROBERT FULTON

ROBERT FULTON, SR., AND MARY SMITH FULTON, THE PARENTS OF ROBERT FULTON

From the original paintings by Benjamin West (when a boy) owned by Alice Crary Sutcliffe The originals are signed "B. West, 175–"

pany and the library board. One thing is certain: during the following year he and his wife mortgaged the property, and moved back to the town of Lancaster.

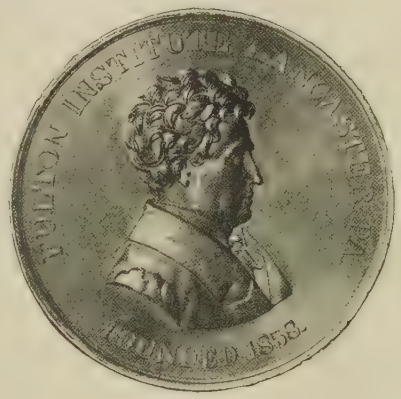
Three years ago the present owner rebuilt the old house, the old section of the homestead being encompassed by the new. The two parlors, low-ceiled and broad, remain; and in one of these rooms, formerly the kitchen, the original fireplace is intact, the crane still swinging within the sooted inclosure where Robert Fulton's father laid the logs so many years ago. Above the parlor is the room where Robert Fulton was born. Only the broad window-sills show age; the remainder of the house is placidly and emphatically modern. A gigantic buttonwood-tree overshadows the old section of the house; and is said to have sprung from a riding-whip which Esther Swift, a daughter of the owner who succeeded Fulton's father, stuck in the ground one day when she returned from a ride upon her favorite pony.

Joseph Swift, a cousin of Robert Fulton, in writing years ago from Philadelphia, says that his grandfather well remembered in his youth "the great preparations which a visit to Aunt Fulton required in the way of baking, boiling, and roasting, and in getting ready the camp equipage which the journey through the wilderness required. It was only less formidable than a journey across the Atlantic."

The father of the celebrated artist Benjamin West lived in the adjoining county of Chester, and was an intimate friend of the senior Robert Fulton. The interesting portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Fulton, here for the first time reproduced, have unique interest, in that they are among the earliest known works of the young artist, who later attained distinction as President of the Royal Academy of London. At the age of twelve years, West had gained local fame as an artist, and was invited to visit Lancaster to paint the portraits of Mrs. Ross and her children, famous beauties of the day. The father's permission was obtained, and Benjamin West came to Lancaster, and executed his task with such a degree of success that he could with difficulty find time to fill the orders which poured in upon him. It is recorded that he received his first payment in exchange for drawings made on poplar boards, and that he continued for some time to paint portraits in Lancaster. The Fulton portraits were found some years ago in the attic of an

old house in Lancaster County, and were thought by the owner to be representations of the inventor and his wife. This is manifestly impossible, not merely from their lack of resemblance to other authenticated portraits, but also because of the discrepancy in the date of the signature, which is "B. West 175–", the last figure being indistinct. It is therefore concluded that they are the only known representations of the father and mother of the inventor. The daily sight of these portraits in his home, and the knowledge of the success of his energetic young neighbor Benjamin West, may have been the inspiration of Robert Fulton's subsequent study and love of art.

In 1756, Benjamin West's mother died, and he went to reside in Philadelphia, although it is probable that he frequently returned for visits in Lancaster. It is known that he painted signs for local taverns, and some of these have been preserved by collectors. In Philadelphia he gained reputation as an artist, and an increased patronage. For his portraits, at this time, he received two and a half guineas for a head, and five guineas for a half-length. With a motive, it is said, of increasing his prices, he went to New York for a period of eleven months, and there executed many portraits.



Owned by the Rev. R. F. Crary, D.D.

OBVERSE OF A MEDAL ISSUED BY THE FULTON INSTITUTE, OF LANCASTER, PA.

The elder Robert Fulton was an ardent Presbyterian. A letter from Edward Burd of Philadelphia to William Rawle, published in the "Pennsylvanian Magazine," concludes with these words: "Having lived in Lancaster till I was eleven years of age, I recollect that the father of the famous Robert Fulton, who had a sonorous and stentorian voice, used to raise the Psalm in the Court House, where Presbyterians occasionally preached." He was one of the founders of the First Presbyterian Church in Lancaster. His death occurred in 1768.

In Delaplaine's "Repository," which may be seen at the Lenox Library, New York, the writer on "Robert Fulton" states:

> Although highly respectable, the elder Fulton was far from opulent, and the small fortune he left at his death was to be divided between his widow and five children. The patrimony of Robert was, therefore, but slender. To this circumstance, however, he never looked back with the false shame of common minds, but rather rejoiced on being considered, as he really was, the founder of his fortune.

There are several anecdotes which relate to Robert Fulton's early interest in mechanics—the first steps of progress toward his later skill. In 1773, when he was eight years old, his mother, having previously taught him to read and write, sent him to a school kept by Mr. Caleb Johnson, a Quaker gentleman of pronounced Tory principles—so pronounced, in fact, that he narrowly escaped with his life during the Revolution. But Robert Fulton did not care for books, and he began at a very early age to search for problems never mastered and bound in print. This greatly distressed the Quaker teacher, who spared not the rod; and it is said that in administering such discipline on the hand of Robert Fulton, he one day testily exclaimed: "There, that will make you do something!" To which Robert, with folded arms, replied: "Sir, I came to have something beaten into my brains, and not into my knuckles." Without doubt he was a trial to his teacher.

He entered school one day very late, and when the master inquired the reason, Robert with frank interest replied that he had been at Nicholas Miller's shop pounding out lead for a pencil. "It is the very best I ever had, sir," he affirmed as he displayed his product. The master, after an examination of the pencil, pronounced it excellent. When Robert's mother, who had been distressed by his lack of application to his

From the painting by Benjamin West. (Owned by R. F. Ludlow, Claverack, New York)

ROBERT FULTON

studies, expressed to his teacher her pleasure at signs of improvement, the latter confided to her that Robert had said to him: "My head is so full of original notions that there is no vacant chamber to store away the contents of dusty books."

These incidents to the contrary, it is nevertheless true that Robert Fulton did absorb a good knowledge of the rudiments of education.

In 1777, Congress held session in the old court house at Lancaster, and during this time the town became famous as a depot of supplies for the American forces. Rifles, blankets, and clothing were manufactured there, powder for the troops was stored in the town, and in that year

a certain Paul Zantzinger furnished General Wayne's men with 650 suits of uniform.

During the autumn of 1775, Major John André, while on his way to Quebec, was captured by General Montgomery, and with other officers was taken for safety to Lancaster. He was granted a certain amount of freedom on the following parole:

I, John André, being a prisoner in the United Colonies of America, do, upon the honor of a gentleman, promise that I will not go into or near any seaport town, nor farther than six miles from Lancaster, without leave of the Continental Congress or the Committee of Safety of Pennsylvania, and that I will carry on no political correspondence whatever on the subject of the dispute between Great Britain and the Colonies so long as I remain a prisoner.

Upon these conditions, Major André became an inmate in the house of Caleb Cope, and was tutor to John Cope, then thirteen years of age. Major André had a talent for art, and made a dainty sketch of a scene in England, probably near his early home. The drawing was in tints of green; a church spire in the background, and in the front, the heavy foliage of trees embowered a lodge. He gave this picture to Mr. Cope, who treasured it and wrote of it in these words: "In memory of the artist and of my affection for that gifted and deceived, that noble-hearted and generous man." Mr. Cope had five sons, of whom John was the eldest. André gave lessons in art to his young pupil, and also to Benjamin T. Barton, who became a clever draftsman. The prisoner also played marbles and other boyish sports with his young friends. Robert Fulton was then eleven years old and eager for every form of activity. It is quite possible that when the Cope boys received their lessons in art, Robert may also have profited from the excellent tutor, and received lessons in drawing.

Painted by Robert Fulton. (Owned by H. A. Boardman, St. Paul, Minn.)

MINIATURE OF SAMUEL BEACH

Samuel Beach was born in 1761, served in the Revolutionary War, and after the peace, resumed his studies at Princeton College, where he was graduated. He was a member of the American Whig Society and of the American Philosophical Society. Later he became a Commissioner of Currency in South Carolina. He died there in 1793, and his gravestone is in the shadow of the old Circular church in Charleston.

At a very early age, a love of art became to Robert a pronounced delight. One of his classmates in the Lancaster school-house told in after years an interesting story of those days. He had an older brother, he said, who was fond of painting, and had learned the art of mixing and preparing colors, which he displayed upon mussel shells. The War of the Revolution at that time made it difficult to obtain painting materials from abroad, and few people had time or thought for such quiet pastimes. This painting outfit fell into the possession of the younger brother, who carried it to school and showed it to Robert Fulton. Immediately the latter pleaded for a share, and his artistic productions were so superior to those of the donor that the entire outfit was given to Robert.

Fulton was nicknamed by his comrades "Quicksilver Bob," because of his frequent purchases of the illusive and glittering metal, used by him in experiments which he declined to describe. Before this time he had drawn designs for firearms and had become expert in experimenting with them in order to determine the comparative carrying distance of different bores and balls. He is known to have manufactured an air-gun in the year 1779, but there is no record of its success. The firm of Isch and Messersmith were employed by the Continental authorities to make and repair arms for the troops. Guards were stationed at the doors of their shops, and to fill the orders the workmen labored night and day and also on Sundays, a rare trespass upon sacred time in those days. "Quicksilver Bob" came and went daily among the workmen, and it has been said that his mechanical judgment was so highly thought of that his suggestions and drawings were frequently followed. It is asserted that he also painted signs for the village taverns and shops, as did his famous predecessor, Benjamin West.

In 1779, when Robert was fourteen years of age, he formed a friendship with Christopher Gumpf, an apprentice in the machine-shop of Mr. Messersmith. Christopher was eighteen years old. His father, Deter Gumpf, an experienced fisherman in the quiet waters of the Conestoga Creek, used to take Christopher and Robert with him, and the boys would pole the flat-bottomed boat from place to place, over the good fishing-grounds. The exercise was severe, for the boat was cumbersome. Robert and Christopher agreed that they were tired of the work. About this time Robert went to Little Britain

Painted by Robert Fulton. (Owned by the Pennsylvania Historical Society)

MINIATURES OF MR. AND MRS. JOHN WILKES KITTERA

township for a brief visit with his aunt, and during his absence from the machine-shops he busied himself with the manufacture of á small working model of a fishing-boat to be propelled by paddles. He is said to have left this model in his aunt's attic with the request that it be kept, and in subsequent years it was an object of curiosity in the old lady's parlor. When Robert returned to Lancaster, he made a set of paddle-wheels for Mr. Gumpf's boat, to be operated by a double crank motion. He tried this invention on the Conestoga River, opposite Rockford, and found it so satisfactory that it was used in subsequent fishing-trips.

At one time in 1777, as many as 2000 British prisoners were quartered at Lancaster, and the natives greatly feared an outbreak. The privates were kept at barracks, and the British officers lodged at public or private houses. The prisoners fared poorly enough at times. One day rations were cut off from their women and children, and they were forced to appeal for relief from starvation. The Hessians, some of whom had their wives with them, occupied square huts of mud and sod. Their strange encampment was naturally attractive to the boys of the village, and Robert Fulton's ready pencil caricatured them.

At the age of seventeen, Fulton left Lancaster to seek his fortune, taking up his residence in Philadelphia as a painter of portraits and miniatures. His papers are singularly devoid of reference to these years. He was never retrospective, but eager for new accomplishment. Life offered him delights in art and science, and his industry appears to have made alternate choice in these fields of thought and enterprise. His energy was indefatigable; he not only earned his own living, but sent remittances to his mother in Lancaster. He apparently seized upon any form of employment which could be secured by personal endeavor. He is known to have drawn plans for machinery, which he submitted to various shops; he designed carriages and buildings, and at the same time worked hard at his regular profession as a painter. White's Directory of the City of Philadelphia for 1785 has this entry:

Painted by Robert Fulton. (Owned by the Academy of Fine Arts, Philadelphia)

MINIATURE OF CLEMENTINA ROSS

"Fulton, Robert: Miniature Painter. Corner of 2nd & Walnut Streets."

His success during the subsequent four years in Philadelphia was due to his indomitable perseverance, aided by the charm of an attractive personality. He seems to have possessed a positive faculty for friendships, and his choice, determined by social rather than sordid considerations, speedily won him much patronage. He enjoyed a personal friendship with Benjamin Franklin, who gave him unusual attention and kindness.

A diligent search has brought to light several examples of Fulton's art, which, by kind permission of the several owners, are here reproduced for the first time. In the Pennsylvania Historical Society are deposited, by bequest of Mary Kittera Snyder of Selin's Grove, Pennsylvania, the miniatures of John Wilkes Kittera and wife, painted by Robert Fulton. Kittera was a member of the Philadelphia bar, and later United States District Attorney for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania. His wife was Mary Moore, a noted beauty of Lancaster, the daughter of Captain John Moore. Kittera was also originally from Lancaster, his father being pastor of the Presbyterian church in that town. Fulton and Kittera had doubtless been friends in boyhood.

Dr. Edward Everett Hale, in his "Memories of a Hundred Years," mentions a portrait of Franklin, painted by Robert Fulton during his youth. Dr. Hale writes of it in a personal letter as follows: "A year or two ago I made a vigorous effort to find the picture, but I am sorry to say that I failed entirely. It was not a very good picture, nor did it give a very favorable idea of Fulton's ability as a portrait painter. . . ." A reference to this portrait is made in the "Centennial Memorial Volume of the Inauguration of Washington," edited by Clarence W. Bowen, who quotes the following from the "Pennsylvanian Magazine of History & Biography" (Vol. XI):

> A portrait of Ben Franklin painted by Robert Fulton, of steamboat celebrity. On the back of the canvas is written 'R. Fulton Pinxt 1787.' The history of this rare picture is distinctly traceable back thirty-three or thirty-four years, at which time it was sold at auction for twenty-five cents. For thirty years it hung without frame in the sitting-room of a farmer in Rhode Island. At another time it was used as a barrel cover in a farmer's garret, and still later ornamented an engine house. The Rev. Henry Baylies found it in a photograph gallery in Fall River, Massachusetts. Mr. Baylies sold the portrait in 1891 to C. F. Gunther of Chicago.

The only known pastel portrait made by Robert Fulton is of Margaret Ross, at sixteen, done in 1787. At present it is owned by Mrs. C. S. Bradford of Philadelphia. In the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts there is an interesting minia-

Drawn by Robert Fulton in 1787. (Owned by Mrs. C. S. Bradford, Philadelphia)

PASTEL PORTRAIT OF MARGARET ROSS

Drawn by Robert Fulton in 1797. (Owned by the Engineers Club, New York City)

PLAN IN WATER COLOR FOR A HIGH-LEVEL CANAL

ture, accredited to Robert Fulton, of Clementina Ross, sister of Margaret. They were daughters of John Ross, a successful merchant of Philadelphia. The following from the "Pennsylvanian Magazine" (Vol. XXIII), taken from "The Memoirs of John Ross," by his granddaughter throws some light on the portrait.

Robert Fulton, when a young man and poor, brought a letter of introduction from Dr. Franklin to my grandfather, John Ross. He was soon found to be a man of genius, and to find him some present employment, my grandfather proposed his taking crayon likenesses of the young ladies in society. He took my mother in 1786, then seventeen years old. In my grandfather's frequent trips to Paris on government business, he wished to take my mother, his eldest and best beloved child. This was objected to by my grandmother, who feared that she might fall into the hands of privateer men, who then infested the ocean. Mr. Ross took the crayon picture and had it copied on ivory by an admirable artist.—When my eldest sister was fully grown, about 1808 or 1809, she went to a Birthnight Ball, 22d February, at the Mansion House Hotel, formerly Mr. Bingham's mansion on Third Street above Spruce. Mr. Fulton accosted her and asked to sit by her. Mr. [Joel] Barlow, an intimate friend of my father, had brought Mr. Fulton to our house. Fulton had been his secretary in Paris and lived with him seven years assisting him with "The Columbiad." Fulton was a man of consequence at this time, both in our cities and in those of Europe, where Mr. Barlow had introduced him into the best of circles. He asked my sister whether she had any likeness of her mother. He said, "When I was unknown and friendless, I took a likeness in crayon of her: a beautiful young girl." None but a great man would have made such an avowal.

Clementina Ross married Governor John F. Mifflin of Pennsylvania. Upon the reverse side of the miniature was discovered, when it was taken from the case, another picture of interest, depicting Mrs. Mifflin's daughter weeping over the tomb of her mother.

After a severe attack of pulmonary trouble, which gave evidences of a tendency toward a hasty decline, Fulton was obliged, through expert advice, to seek the recovery of his health at the famous springs of Virginia. At this then fashionable place of resort, he formed friendships with several persons of wise judgment, and through their recommendation, and his own personal desire to seek out and profit by the study of the art treasures of Europe, he began to arrange his affairs for a voyage to the Old World.

Desiring, in ill-health, to provide a permanent home for his mother and sisters, he invested his savings of more than four hundred dollars in a farm in the township of Hopewell, Washington County, Pennsylvania. A history of Hopewell shows that a certain Reverend Joseph Smith had charge of the Presbyterian congregation; and as Joseph Smith, the father of Robert Fulton's mother, had mentioned a son Joseph in his will, it is probable that the Joseph Smith of the Hopewell parish was the brother of Mrs. Fulton. The adjacent town of Washington was at this time enjoying a land boom, and in addition to the purchase of the farm for his mother, Robert Fulton also bought four lots in Washington as laid out by Mr. Hogl, the pioneer settler. During the year 1793 Robert Fulton wrote from London to Mr. Hogl to convey deeds for three of his lots to his three sisters, Mrs. Mary Morris, Mrs. Isabella Cook, and Mrs. Peggy Scott. From this fact it is known that the three sisters had married. Mrs. Cook and Mrs. Morris are known to have lived upon the lots provided by their brother. Mary Morris was the wife of David Morris, who in 1812 and 1817 served as a borough officer of Washington. His name also appears in the list of burgesses. In the record of a town meeting held at the court house, January 25, 1798, to decide the momentous question, whether it would be proper to introduce smallpox by inoculation into the families of the village, David Morris is mentioned as having voted "No," as did the entire company.

In 1786, Robert Fulton sailed for England, bearing numerous letters of introduction to distinguished Americans abroad. Among these, a letter from his friend and patron Benjamin Franklin to Benjamin West, the Pennsylvania artist who had won high honor in London, was of special help in launching Mr. Fulton in the art circles of Europe, and the previous intimacy between the West and Fulton families, and the pronounced similarity in tastes and ambitions, seem to have attracted them to an immediate and intimate comradeship.

Fulton must already have been familiar with some of the early attempts toward steam navigation. His Lancaster townsman, William Henry, an ingenious gunsmith, during a visit in 1760 to England, had applied his mind toward the possibility of using a Watts engine in the propulsion of boats. In Bowen's "Sketches of Pennsylvania," it is asserted that Henry, after his return from Lancaster, constructed a machine, and in 1763 attached it to a boat. He made an experiment with this unique craft upon the Conestoga River, but by a mishap the boat became disabled and sank. He afterward constructed a second model with improvements, and in 1782 he presented to the Pennsylvania Philosophical Society a design for a machine with steam as motive power. An intelligent German, Herr Shoepff, who visited the United States in 1783, while in Lancaster made the acquaintance of Henry, and was shown a machine intended for the propelling of boats. He reported that Henry himself had been doubtful whether such a machine would find favor with the public, "as every one considers it impracticable to make a boat move against wind and tide." But Henry was credited with the assertion that "such a boat *will* come into use and navigate on the waters of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers," although the time for appreciation and application had not yet arrived.

Henry was apparently more a prophet than an inventor of steam navigation. To him also belongs the honor of the first encouragement in art to young Benjamin West. During the year 1750, when the lad West was painting his first portraits in the town of Lancaster, Henry suggested to him the moral and educational advantages of historical paintings. "The Death of Socrates" was his initial attempt, resulting in many subsequent triumphs in historical delineation.

John Fitch, whose name is also rightfully honored as a pioneer experimenter in steam navigation, was a frequent visitor at the house of Mr. Henry in Lancaster. There were doubtless discussions between the two men in regard to the project which Henry had under consideration. On the 2d of December, 1785, at a special meeting of the Philosophical Society, John Fitch was personally presented to the members, and consulted a few of them, including Henry, as to his projects.

Of Henry and Fitch, and of Robert

Fulton's ultimate success in solving the problem of steam navigation, the late Dr. Robert H. Thurston, former Director of the Department of Mechanical Engineering of Cornell University, wrote:

> Fitch evidently made the first successful experiment in the propelling of boats by steam; but William Henry has probably the honor of originating the idea, and building the first steam-boat ever built in the United States. Fitch improved on Mr. Henry's model, and Fulton improved on both. . . . Fulton took the genius of other mechanics, and set them at work in combination, and then applied the already known steam-boat in his more proportioned form, to a variety of useful purposes, and with final success. It is this which constitutes Fulton's claim upon the gratitude and the remembrance of the nations. And it is quite enough.

At the time of his visit to England, Robert Fulton's preferred aim was art, though his active mind soon began to busy itself with various inventions. West was conspicuous for the consideration which he showed to younger artists; but he bestowed unusual favor upon Fulton, who became an inmate in the home of the great artist. In these years he worked indefatigably at his art, and while the sum of his works is unknown, records of a few of his paintings have been found. There is mention in the Royal Academy catalogue of three portraits as having been on exhibition, as follows: In 1791 "Portrait of a Young Gentleman," and "Portrait of Two Young Gentlemen"; and in 1793 "Portrait of a Lady" (Mrs. Murray). Smith, in his "Catalogue of Portraits," mentions a fancy picture of Lady Jane Grey, painted by Fulton about 1793. In the same year was published a print engraved by Sherwin, from a picture by Fulton, of "Louis XVI in Prison, Taking Leave of his Family." Only two of these prints are known recently to be in existence. One is owned by Robert Fulton's granddaughter, Mrs. Hermann H. Cammann, and a reference is made to the other in Schaff's "History of Philadelphia," which says: "The only copy I have seen is possessed by Dr. Francis [the historian]. It is now a curiosity." A personal letter from Lionel Cust, Esq., present Curator of the National Portrait Gallery, London, states: "In the year 1791, Robert Fulton exhibited at the Society of Artists, four paintings: two subject pictures and two anonymous portraits."

Colden, in his "Life of Robert Fulton," says that Fulton, when he returned to this country

> brought with him a family piece representing that great artist (Benjamin West) and his lady, done by Mr. West himself; who also painted a portrait of Mr. Fulton, which his family now possess. These pieces were offerings of friendship and were made and received as tokens of the attachment formed between the family of that great painter and his young friend, and which lasted until his death.

The present whereabouts of the first-named portrait is unknown. The latter is in the possession of Robert Fulton Ludlow of Claverack, New York, and is here reproduced. During the year 1792, Benjamin West succeeded Sir Joshua Reynolds as President of the Royal Academy, but declined the proffered honor of knighthood.

James Renwick, in his "Biography of Robert Fulton," published in Jared Sparks's "Library of American Biography," is the only historian to refer to an interesting tour made about this time by Fulton among the castles and country-places of the British nobility for the study of their artistic treasures. After leaving London, he went to Exeter, in the County of Devon, and for a time was a resident of Powderham Castle, the chief seat of the Courtenays. The steward of the estate, a gentleman by birth and education, entertained all guests without court rank, for the Baron of Powderham lived in a degree of royal exclusiveness. During Fulton's residence at the castle, he occupied himself with the copying of several famous works of art. To his titled benefactor Fulton extended a gratitude which was later put to the test, and found faithful. Professor Renwick tells us in somewhat veiled terms that several years after Robert Fulton had returned to America,

> the heir of the title and fortunes of the Courtenays, became a refugee in our land under circumstances of disgrace and humiliation. . . . Every door was closed against him except that of Fulton. The feelings of Fulton were probably those which lead the benevolent to minister to the comforts and to

soothe the mental anguish of the condemned criminal; but in the instance we allude to it required not only the existence of such feelings, but a high degree of courage to exercise them in the face of a popular impression, which, whether well or ill founded, was universally entertained.

During Robert Fulton's sojourn in Devonshire, he formed a friendship with several men of distinction, and it is said that portraits and landscapes painted by him at this period are to be found in several of the stately homes of England. It must be remembered that during all these years he was supporting himself entirely by his own efforts with palette and brush.

In Devonshire he won the personal interest of two influential peers of the realm, whose scientific investigations were a keen joy and an important factor in defining his subsequent career. These men, the Duke of Bridgewater and Earl Stanhope, were scientists of advanced thought. The former had inherited a vast estate, which, although it abounded in mineral wealth, failed to render an adequate financial return, because the mines were inaccessible through lack of proper development for the transportation of their output. The growing town of Manchester had need of coal for its manufactories, and there was plenty of coal in the lands of the Duke of Bridgewater. But all products had to be carried from the estate in sacks upon pack-horses. The duke, therefore, with the aid of a native genius, Brindley by name, whom he termed his engineer, opened canal navigation throughout his lands. This was attained only at great cost in the face of appalling difficulties and much opposition. It is said that at one time, he barely escaped confinement as a lunatic, so ridiculous did his plans appear to critical friends and relatives. At the time Fulton met him, the success of his canal project was manifest, and he was already amassing wealth through the aid of this new method of water carriage. Similar schemes were projected throughout the country, and the duke became the proprietor of several navigation companies which were at that time in formation to construct a great system of waterways through England. It is thought that the duke's plans, if not his solicitation, had much to do with Fulton's abandonment of art for civil engineering; for from this time on his thoughts were occupied with canal navigation and kindred practical subjects.

With the Earl of Stanhope, whose talent ran to mechanical devices and scientific research, Fulton entered into a spirited correspondence. The earl was visionary, and his inventions, though they bordered on great discovery, and were based upon noble aims, were never carried to any degree of practical perfection. One of his plans was for the application of steam to navigation, by the use of a curious paddle, resembling the webbed foot of a waterfowl. He communicated his ideas on this subject to Fulton, who showed the practical impossibility of the project. Professor Renwick states that Fulton, in a letter written during the year 1793 from Devonshire, briefly gave, in exchange for the earl's impracticable plan for steam navigation, the very principles of his own later application, which afterward was successfully demonstrated on the Hudson River. Earl Stanhope, however, proceeded with his own plan, and in an experiment made at the London docks, met with failure. But his generous nature continued to find interest in Fulton's plans and aspirations, and upon several subsequent occasions he gave evidences of a sincere friendship for the American inventor.

From Devonshire, Fulton went to Birmingham, where he took up his residence. Although his name does not appear in the list of engineers who were engaged upon the Duke of Bridgewater's project of building canals from Birmingham to the chief seaports, there is little doubt that he went there with the aim of studying the new enterprise. It is asserted by several biographers of Fulton that during his eighteen months' residence in Birmingham he met and entered into confidential correspondence with Watts, the inventor of the steam engine. One narrator states that Fulton actually superintended the construction of an engine, where no other aid could be obtained. This friendship has been questioned by others, whose proof against it lies in the fact that a letter from Joel Barlow stated that Fulton had never met Watts. Mr. Colden is the authority for the statement that as early as 1793, Fulton had turned

his thoughts toward steam navigation as an important possibility, and had outlined his plan for putting it in practice. But these dreams did not keep him from the development of other practical contrivances. In 1794 he obtained from the British government a patent for a double inclined plane for raising and lowering canal-boats, and also received from the British Society of Arts and Commerce the thanks and an honorary medal of the society for a submitted invention for sawing marble. About the same period he obtained English patents for a machine for spinning flax, and for a new invention for twisting hemp rope. He appears to have been reaching out in many directions of thought to try to solve some industrial problem, great or small; but his energies were chiefly turned toward the further development of canal systems. He devised and obtained English patents for a dredging-machine for scooping out earth to form the channels for canals or aqueducts, and later patented "The Market or Passage Boat" for use upon canals; and still later, a "Dispatch Boat," devised for special speed in transporting goods which required expedition. These smaller inventions, although they were useful at the time in furthering the utility of canal navigation, were only steps toward a greater development.

Fulton's power as an accurate draftsman enabled him to describe fully upon paper, with accompanying charts, his various essays toward inventions. He also wrote copious notes upon the subjects which he had in mind, and later, as his ideas matured, he wrote essays and pamphlets upon specific subjects, and sent them, with accompanying letters, to those persons who had the power to promote their advancement. In 1796 he published "A Treatise on Canal Navigation," illustrated by seventeen plates, and designed to show "the numerous advantages to be derived from small canals." The title-page indicated that the authorship was "By Robert Fulton, Civil Engineer," his first public use of that signature. He appears to have abandoned entirely his painting and thereafter to have used his talent for art only to illustrate his ideas for mechanical contrivances. A copy of the "Treatise" in the Lenox Library contains a four-page letter to General Bonaparte from the author. In his preface he says:

> The fear of meeting the opposition of envy, or the illiberality of ignorance is, no doubt, the frequent cause of preventing many ingenious men from ushering opinions into the world which deviate from common practice. Hence for want of energy, the young idea is shackled with timidity and a useful thought is buried in the impenetrable gloom of eternal oblivion. But if we consider for a moment, how much men are the sons of habit, we shall find that almost the whole operations of society are the produce of accident and a combination of events, rendered familiar by custom, and interwoven into the senses by time: insomuch that it is mere chance if the ideas are awakened to a sense of particular errors. But in such case, it is fortunate when they arise in a mind active to investigate and which feels only contented to rest on the basis of reason: for without this, man must ever remain in a fixed point and improvement will be at an end: the adventurer must, therefore, arm himself with fortitude to meet the attacks of illiberality and prejudice, determined to yield to nothing but superior reason; resting assured that every virtuous mind will commend an exertion to remove the rubbish from around the Temple of Truth, even should the undertaking fail. . . . The mechanic should sit down among levers, screws, wedges, wheels, etc., like a poet among the letters of the alphabet, considering them as the exhibition of his thoughts; in which a new arrangement transmits a new idea to the world. It is for want of this discrimination that many a worthy man of easy demeanor is tormented by the criticism of ignorant insignificance; for men of the least genius are ever the first to deprecate and the last to commend: and for an obvious reason, they have not sense to know the produce of genius when they see it.

Throughout the succeeding pages he endeavors to show the advantages of a system of small canals, which, if introduced in any fertile country, would increase the financial resources of all the inhabitants of the inland districts by enabling them to offer their farm products to the inhabitants of the larger coast towns. He acknowledged that his first study of the subject of canal navigation was induced by the reading of a paper which described the canal proposed by Earl Stanhope. Fulton's "Treatise" dealt with the practical contrivances incident to such a waterway, and the patent devices already secured for the easy trans-

portation of boats from one level to another by use of the inclined planes. But, as Colden wrote in 1796:

The author does not confine himself to a mere description of his invention or machinery. He takes an extensive view of canal navigation as connected with political economy. He enters into calculations of the expense, advantages, and profit of the mode of conveyance he proposes, in contrast with those which had been before used, and by so doing, presents a body of information, which in itself is highly useful and interesting, and must be particularly so to us now that the eyes of the community seem to be opening to the very extraordinary natural advantages which our country affords, for the most extensive and magnificent inland navigation in the world.

Fulton sent copies of his "Treatise" to Governor Mifflin of Pennsylvania, and to George Washington, who was then President of the United States, urging their thoughtful consideration of the project. The letter to President Washington, now in the possession of The Historical Society of Pennsylvania, is reproduced here for the first time.

London, Sept. 12th, 1796.

To His Excellency, George Washington,
President of the United States:

SIR: By my friend Dr. Edwards I beg leave to present you with this publication; which I hope will be honoured with your Perusal at a liesure hour: The object of which is to Exhibit the Certain mode of Giving Agriculture to every Acre of the immense Continent of America; By means of a Creative System of Canals.

When this Subject first entered my thoughts, I had no Idea of its Consequence. But the scene gradually opened and at Length exhibited the most extensive and pleasing prospect of Improvements: hence, I now consider it of much national Importance; And View it like the application of those particular principles which produce certain effects.

Thus the discovery of the Mariner's Compass Gave Commerce to the World.

The Invention of printing is dissipating darkness and giving a Polish to the Mass of Men.

And the Introduction of the Creative System of Canals as certain in their Effects will give an Agricultural Polish to every Acre of America. I therefore Beg Leave to Submit to your Contemplation the Last Chapter with the Supplement; which exhibits the Specific System for America: And hoping that your Excellencie's Sanction will awaken the Public attention to the Subject:

I Remain with all possible Respect, your Excellencie's Most Obedient & Very Humble Servant

Robert Fulton.

Among the Washington papers in the Library of Congress is this reply:

Philad. 14th Decr 1796.

ROBERT FULTON ESQR.

SIR,

By the hands of Doct. Edwards I was favored with your Treatise on the improvement of Canal Navigation. For your goodness in sending it to me I pray you to accept my best thanks.

The subject is interesting and I dare presume is well treated, but as the Book came to me in the midst of busy preparatory scenes for Congress I have not had liesure yet to give it the perusal which the importance of such a work would merit. I shall do it with pleasure I am persuaded when I have.

With Esteem I am Sir
Your obt & Obliged
& Hble Servt
Go: Washington.

No official action followed. Professor Renwick states that the "letter to the Governor of Pennsylvania produced even less effect. The State adhered pertinaciously to its plan of turnpike roads, a plan, which, if it did create a better mode of communication than had before been enjoyed, was not less expensive than canals on Fulton's plan would have been, and far less beneficial."

The "Treatise on Canals," with Fulton's letter to Governor Mifflin, was translated into French and published in Paris in the seventh year of the Republic. It won the attention of many engineers and mechanicians, but apparently produced no large constructive results.

Universal free trade was the avowed motive of all of Fulton's various experiments, and to this end he wrote several treatises during his residence in Birmingham and later. During 1795 he published some essays on canals in the London "Morning Star," and two years later he addressed a paper to the French Directory, to which Colden's "Biography of Fulton" makes brief reference. It should be remembered that only a short time before Fulton's removal to Birmingham, the French Revolution had charged two na-

tions with new desires of advancement. This great historical event had immense weight in the definition of Fulton's subsequent career. His earliest impressions of patriotism had been gained during the struggle for American Independence, and the reasonable and sympathetic minds of England and America were excited to profound commiseration over the unhappy conditions resultant from the misrule of the French democracy. The unbiased minds of the American people were active in observation; Fulton, who was avowedly a Republican, shared the prevalent sympathy for the oppressed. But in 1796 the excesses of the French Revolution had ceased, and Great Britain had begun an aggression on the seas through which the United States were the greatest sufferers. Fulton shared the resentment which England's attitude excited among Americans. In a second paper we shall deal with his activity in France, where he resided from 1797 until 1804.

THREE SONNETS ON OBLIVION

BY GEORGE STERLING

OBLIVION

HER eyes have seen the monoliths of kings
Upcast like foam of the effacing tide;
She hath beheld the desert stars deride
The monuments of power's imaginings:
About their base the wind Assyrian flings
The dust that throned the satrap in his pride;
Cambyses and the Memphian pomps abide
As in the flame the moth's presumptuous wings.

There gleams no glory that her hand shall spare,
Nor any sun whose rays shall cross her night,
Whose realm enfolds man's empire and its end.
No armor of renown her sword shall dare,
No council of the gods withstand her might—
Stricken at last Time's lonely Titans bend.

THE DUST DETHRONED

Sargon is dust, Semiramis a clod.
In crypts profaned the moon at midnight peers;
The owl upon the Sphinx hoots in her ears,
And scant and sear the desert grasses nod
Where once the armies of Assyria trod,
With younger sunlight splendid on the spears;
The lichens cling the closer with the years,
And seal the eyelids of the weary god.

Where high the tombs of royal Egypt heave,
The vulture shadows with arrested wings
The indecipherable boasts of kings,
Till Arab children hear their mother's cry
And leave in mockery their toy—they leave
The skull of Pharaoh staring at the sky.

THE NIGHT OF GODS

Their mouths have drunken the eternal wine—
The draught that Baäl in oblivion sips.
Unseen about their courts the adder slips,
Unheard the sucklings of the leopard whine;
The toad has found a resting-place divine,
And bloats in stupor between Ammon's lips.
O Carthage and the unreturning ships,
The fallen pinnacle, the shifting Sign!

Lo! when I hear from voiceless court and fane
Time's adoration of eternity,—
The cry of kingdoms past and gods undone,—
I stand as one whose feet at noontide gain
A lonely shore; who feels his soul set free,
And hears the blind sea chanting to the sun.

TOPICS OF THE TIME

CLEVELAND

THE qualities which made President Cleveland a powerful element in the life of the nation, one of our executives of highest accomplishment and influence, have been appreciated more and more widely during his later years, and were generously expressed by opponents as well as by allies on the occasion of his death. In addition to this there has been a growing sense of the disinterestedness of his character and of the deep sincerity of his patriotism. He had lived to see his own traits of industry in the public service, his frankness, dauntless bravery, and complete incorruptibility, become accepted standards of comparison as to political aspirants and public servants. To say of a public man that he had some of the sturdy traits of Cleveland has long been a valued form of praise.

Then, too, there has been a genuine appreciation of the quiet dignity of bearing, in retirement, of one who was for years the country's only Ex-President. The sorrow at his death was sincere and widespread, and was far from being confined to those who had been his political supporters: the country was felt to have lost a great conservative force, a personality that told for judgment, steadfastness, and a profound sense of public duty. The impression of his character and career extended to foreign nations, and found expression in the tributes of the world.

To the circle of his personal friends Mr. Cleveland stood for all the great qualities from which grew his distinguished acts; but in private life he was so different a man from what many imagined the stern, courageous statesman to be that it will probably be long before all the lineaments of his portrait will be familiar to his fellow-countrymen. He who could stoutly resist private appeal and public clamor, when duty and conscience were involved, was one of whom it might be said that he had a genius for companionship. The sweetness, the gentleness, the tenderness, of a strong nature, are things that must be seen near to be thoroughly understood; and, which thus seen, have a very great and poignant attraction.

There is a distinct vacancy in our public life when a towering personality such as the Ex-President's disappears from view, and generations may pass before just such a figure looms again. But when a man like Grover Cleveland—the neighbor, the companion, the friend—passes away, there is a void in many hearts that can never, in this life, be filled again.

ACADEMIC HANDS ACROSS THE SEA

IT is a lamentable fact that certain periodicals and certain writers in Great Britain lose no opportunity to stir up ill-feeling between the men of education in England and in America. Meantime the academic authorities of the two countries constantly give evidence of that good feeling which should especially illustrate the world of culture.

Degrees are frequently conferred in Great Britain and in America to distinguished scholars and citizens of the other country; but an instance of academical interchange occurred recently of quite a new character, and for this reason the incident is worth particular attention.

Lehigh University desired to confer the honorary degree of master and science upon the eminent electrical engineer Horace Field Parshall of London, an American, and a graduate of Lehigh's electrical course. The Lehigh authorities did not wish to use the ordinary method,—in absentia,—and President Drinker therefore requested the University of Liverpool to confer the degree "for and on behalf of the Lehigh University, and by its authority and as its attorney and representative." This was done, in July last, at Liverpool. In Vice-Chancellor Dale's letter accepting the duty, he said:

> So far as I am aware, no precedent or parallel for such an act can be found in the history of British Universities. But it is our business to make precedents as well as to follow them, and we trust that in so doing our act will be regarded as an expression of fellowship and sympathy with kindred institutions carrying on similar work, established for similar services, and bound to us by many ties.

Such an act as this, and such sentiments as these, make for good feeling between nations, and the peace of the world.

"PREVENTION"

WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO UNNECESSARY BLINDNESS

"EFFICIENCY" as a new watchword in philanthropy, government, and business was the subject of comment in this department a while ago. The word is being more and more used. Mr. Allen's book, and the promulgations of the Bureau of Municipal Research, have helped the dissemination of the word and the idea, till now even advertisers have taken it up, and this quality of efficiency is earnestly claimed as an important element in contrivances put upon the market.

Another watchword seems to be acquiring new life and significance in our busied existence, and this is the familiar word "Prevention." We hear it on all sides, in fields sacred as well as secular. In the realm of finance, thoughtful experts study fundamental means for the prevention of evils rather than methods of temporary relief.

In the treatment of crime, philanthropists are taking less and less interest in punishment, and devoting themselves more and more earnestly to cure, and to prevention. It is the evident relation of drunkenness to crime that has given strength to the anti-liquor agitation. In every area of the sociological and philanthropical field,—in dealing with the question of poverty and allied subjects,—prevention finds increasing favor, running, indeed, at times, as is natural, into ill-considered, ignorant, extravagant, and faddish schemes, proposed sometimes in cheerful disregard of the very laws of our being. In the religious world we find that the "old-fashioned" methods of evangelical agitation, though by no means disused, are partly set aside in the minds and methods of many leaders of religion, for energetic efforts of a different sort. The "Outlook," the other day, spoke of the "old evangelism, which aimed only to correct individual sinners," and of the "new evangelism, which aims also to reform the social evils and wrongs that breed sinners."

In medicine, prevention goes hand in hand with cure, and with such ingenuity and energy is the former pursued that year by year lives are saved in incalcula-

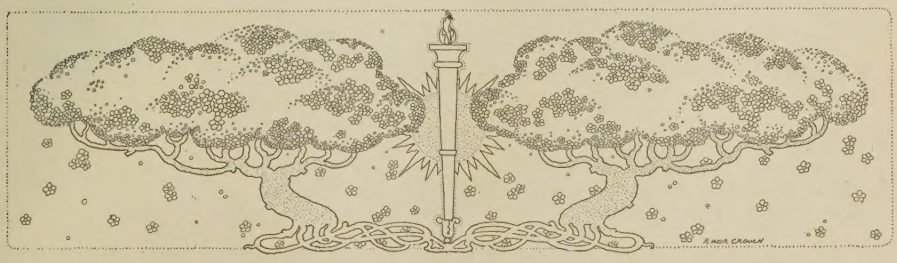
ble numbers, and the future is bright with the promise of still more effective methods of life-saving by the wholesale. In this connection should be noted Dr. Ditman's recent important suggestions in "The Columbia University Quarterly" with regard to the study and practice of preventive medicine. He advocates the establishment, in one of our great cities, of a "School of Sanitary Science and Public Health" which should give training in the known methods of preventing disease, and opportunity for study of further preventives. He urges also the scheme of a National Board of Health, and presents an array of facts in themselves overwhelming arguments in favor of action along the lines laid down. In this general direction is the useful activity of the American Museum of Safety Devices, a natural and now separate outgrowth of the Institute of Social Service. The methods, more and more extensively put into operation for the cure and prevention of tuberculosis, are becoming yearly more familiar to every community.

As to the prevention of unnecessary blindness,[1] this is a matter which the physicians of the country have been alive to these many years, but which the New York Association for the Blind has just taken up by means of a special committee. This movement resulted from the fact that a member of the new association, who has been a leader in far-reaching measures of philanthropy, recently became impressed by the startling fact that, —as Dr. Lewis puts it,—*"from thirty to forty per cent. of those who are blind need never have become so had proper measures been taken at the right time to prevent this affliction."* In this case the method of prevention is a simple and absolutely painless precaution to be exercised with new-born children—a method invented a quarter of a century ago in Leipsic, and now known and generally approved throughout the medical world.

The work of the Special Committee, in coöperation with competent physicians and State authorities, will doubtless be taken up in other States of America, and before another quarter of a century has passed this one device of prevention will doubtless be the means of saving from misfortune thousands of members of the human family who will never have known of their danger. Should this prevention become universal, the hardship of blindness would be diminished to an extent it is impossible to compute.

And is it too strained an optimism for us to look forward to a time when the danger of this phase of blindness, as of other preventable diseases, will, *by purer and more sanitary living*, be largely removed from the ills to which humanity is heir? That day of radical prevention will be hastened by a franker and more scientific attitude on the part of both physicians and the public. Already signs are multiplying of a great and widespread awakening—an awakening which may do that for humanity which has been for centuries the dream not only of the "wise physician," but also of the long line of the world's great preachers, prophets, and poets.

[1] See "Prevention of Unnecessary Blindness a Public Duty," by F. Park Lewis, M.D., President of the New York State Commission for the Blind. "Outlook for the Blind," Cambridge, Mass.



IN LIGHTER VEIN

The Sky Marines

BY ALFRED DAMON RUNYON

("Private Jones, B Company, — Regiment, is assigned to duty with the balloon corps." — Army Orders.)

With a dynamite bomb in me hand,
A-sailin' the deep-blue sky,
You 'll reckon with me on land or on sea
Sometime in the sweet bye an' bye.

Put away yer coast defense, an' send yer
boats to dock;
Muster out yer armies, which the same is
crawlin' ants.
Hide yer little cities, which you thought was
built on rock;
Stow yer apparatus, for you have n't got
a chance.

With a dynamite bomb in me hand,
A-shoutin' ahoy to the moon,
A dinky valve-stop 'twixt a thousand-foot
drop,
In a baggy ole war balloon.

Oncet I was a soldier with a rifle in me hand;
(Stop yer moldin' bullets, for you 'll
need 'em never more.)
Thought I was a wonder, which no doubt
I was — on land;
Now I knows what horror is a-thinkin'
of a war.

With a dynamite bomb in me hand,
Oh, pity the earth an' the sea!
I open me hand, and there won't be no land,
An' mebbe there won't be no sea.

Rent a few tornadoes, if yer thinkin' of a fight;
Hire the rain an' lightnin', an' go buy the
wrath o' Him.
Bribe the day to stay away, an' then corrupt
the night;
Even then yer chances 'g'in' our hand is
mighty slim.

With a dynamite bomb in me hand,
I 'm watchin' the shiftin' scenes;
I grin at the crowds, an' the drippy ole clouds
Make a path for the sky marines.

Put away yer armies now, an' walk the ways
o' peace;
What 's the use o' playin' while I 'm
slammin' round the skies?
Spend yer coin for silk an' gas, an' quiet
will increase;
Let yer war-boats founder, an' give me
the Nobel prize.

With a dynamite bomb in me hand,
I 'm watchin' the quiet increase;
I 'm a reg'lar dove a-floatin' above
An' argyin' strongly for peace.

My Lady's Maid

My Lady's maid would bring a phrase
From golden Pope, could he but gaze
Upon her, petulant, petite;
From ribboned hair to tiny feet
The daintiest of urban fays.

My Lady 's really quite the craze;
I worship her through gilded days,
But *love* Marie, the gay, the neat,
My Lady's maid.

Her skill in art demands my praise;
Be hers Vandyke's or Lely's bays.
How feebly Nature can compete
With rouge and dye she 's learned complete:
The witch knows in what magic ways
My Lady 's made!

Sinclair Lewis.

The Investigator

Yes, I 'm a vegetarian (between meals,
understand);
I 'm proud to be included with the "no-life-
taking" band.
Instead of eating creatures that have hoofs
or claws or wings
Or shells or fins, I 'd rather dine on cabbages
and things.
Ah, yes; in theory, at least, this notion is
complete,
But when I 'm hungry, — hang your greens!
— I 've got to have some meat.

I am a mental scientist (when I am well
and strong);
It 's such a lofty pleasure just to know that I
belong
With those who do not have to take those
nasty little pills,
But through the strength of thinking things
can banish all their ills.

Ah, yes; the mind is everything; but, mind you, when I 'm sick,
A good, old-fashioned doctor comes to *my* house, double-quick.

In politics, you can infer, I 'm independent quite
(When there is no election near). I stand for truth and right.
I care not what the label is, it 's all the same to me:
I 'm not the sort of man to wear a party collar. See?
It 's principle I 'm after; yes, sirree; that 's it. But, wait:
Election day I always vote the same old ticket "straight."

Nixon Waterman.

The Mythological Zoo

BY OLIVER HERFORD

With pictures by the Author

Drawn by Oliver Herford

X—The Gryphon

It chanced that Allah, looking round,
When he had made his creatures, found
Half of an eagle and a pair
Of extra lion's legs to spare.
So, hating waste, he took some glue
And made a Gryphon of the two.
But when his handiwork he eyed,
He frowned — and it was petrified,
Doomed for all time to represent
Impatience on a monument.
Sometimes upon our path to-day
Its living counterpart will stray —
Columbia's eagle strutting in
An awfully English lion's skin,
With glass in eye and swagg'ring gate:
Behold the Gryphon up to date.

Drawn by Oliver Herford

XI—The Minotaur

No book of monsters is complete
Without the Minotaur of Crete.
Yet should I draw him you would quail,
So in his place I draw a veil.
O stars, that from Creation's birth
Have winked at everything on earth,
Who shine where poets fear to tread,
Relate the story in my stead!
No wonder that, by Theseus slain,
His loss was everybody's gain.
Nor need *we* boast; we, too, could do
With — well, a Theseus or two.

Aphorisms

BY THOMAS L. MASSON

EVERY pleasure that stops with its consummation is a vice.

It 's a wise city that knows its own fathers.

Character is an accumulation.

It takes time to acquire bad habits.

Nowadays we think in headlines.

The egotist is the most dependent of creatures: he has only himself to fall back on.

Twins never come singly.

There would be no weather if it never changed.

Our enemies often understand us better than our friends: they are farther off.

A good office boy is a miniature great man.

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